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BRITISH AUTHORS
TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 765.

FREDERICK THE GREAT BY CARLYLE

VOL. 11.

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

PARIS: C. REINWALD & C^{ie}, 15, RUE DES SAINTS PÈRES.

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COLLECTION
OF
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FREDERICK THE GREAT BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

VOL. XI.

HISTORY
OF
FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA,
CALLED
FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BY
THOMAS CARLYLE.

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VOL. XI.



LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1865.

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BOOK XVIII.

SEVEN-YEARS WAR RISES TO A HEIGHT.

1757-1759.

(CONTINUED.)

20th-25th Aug. 1758.

CHAPTER XIII

BATTLE OF ZORNDORF.

SUNDAY, 20th August, Friedrich, with his small Army, hardly above 15,000 I should guess, arrived at Frankfurt-on-Oder: "his Majesty," it seems, "lodged in the "Lebus Suburb, in the house of a Clergyman's Widow; "and was observed to go often out of doors, and listen "to the cannonading, which was going on at Cüstrin."* From Landshut hither, he has come in nine days; the swiftest marching; a fiery spur of indignation being upon all his men and him, for the last two days fierier than ever, — longing all to have a blow at those incendiary Russian gentlemen. Five days ago, the Russians, attempting blindly on the Garrison of Cüstrin, had burnt, — nothing of the Garrison at all, — but the poor little Town altogether. Which has filled everybody with lamentation and horror. And, listen yonder, they are still busy on the solitary Garrison of Cüstrin; — audible enough to Friedrich, from his northern or Lebus Suburb, which lies nearest the place, at a distance of some twenty miles.

Of Fermor's redhot savagery on Cüstrin, it is lamentably necessary we should say something: to say much would be a waste of record; as the thing itself was a waste of powder. A thing hideous to think of; without the least profit to Fermor, but with total ruin

* Rügenbeck, i. 347.

to all the inhabitants, and to the many strangers who had sought refuge there. One interior circumstance is memorable and lucky to us. Artillery-Captain Tielcke happened to be with these people; had come in the train of "two Saxon Princes, serving as volunteers;" and, with a singular lucidity, and faithful good sense, not scientific alone, he illuminates these black Russian matters for such as have to do with them.

Tielcke's *Book of Contributions to the Art of War** is still in repute with Soldiers, especially in the Artillery line; and indeed shows a sound geometrical head, and contains bits of excellent Historical reading interspersed among the scientific parts. This Tielcke, it appears, was a common foot-soldier, one of those Pirna 14,000 made Prussian against their will; but Tielcke had a milkmaid for sweetheart in those regions, who, good soul, gave him her generous farewell, a suit of her clothes, perhaps a pair of her pails; and in that guise he walked out of bondage. Clear away; to Warsaw, to favour with the King and others (being of real merit, an excellent, studious, modest little man); and here he now reappears, in a higher capacity; as articulate Eyewitness of the Cüstrin Business and the Zorndorf, among much other Russian darkness, which shall remain comfortably blank to us.

Up to Cüstrin, the Journal of the Operations of the Russian Army, which I could give from day to day,** is of no interest except to the Nether Powers of this Universe; the Russian Operations hitherto having con-

* *Beyträge zur Kriegs-Kunst und (zur) Geschichte des Krieges von 1756 bis 1763* (six thin vols. 4to, with many Plates); cited above.

** "*Tagebuch beyder &c.* (Diary of both Armies from the beginning of the Campaign till Zorndorf)", in Tielcke, II. 1-75; Tempelhof, II. 136, 216-224; *Helden-Geschichte*, v.; &c. &c.

sisted in slow marches, sluttish cookeries, cantonings, bivouackings, with destruction of a poor innocent Country, and arson, theft and murder done on the great scale, by inhuman vagabonds, Cossacks so-called, *not* tempered on this occasion by the mercy of Calmucks. The regular Russian Army, it appears, participates in the common horror of mankind against such a method of making war; but neither Feldmarschall Fermor, nor General Demikof (properly *Thémicoud*, a Swiss, deserving little thanks from us, who has taken in hand to command these Missionaries of the Pit), can help the results above described. Which are justly characterised as abominable, to gods and men; and not fit to be recorded in human Annals; execration, and if it were possible, oblivion, being the human resource with them. The Russian Officers, it seems, despise this Cossack rabble incredibly; for their fighting qualities withal are close on zero, though their talent for arson and murder is so considerable. And, contrariwise, the Cossacks, for their part, have no objection to plunder or even, if obstreperous, to kill, any regular Officer they may meet unescorted in a good place. Their talent for arson is great. They do uncountable damage to the Army itself; provoking all the Country people to destroy by fire what could be eaten or used, the foraging, food and equipments of horse and man; so that horse and man have to be fed by victual carted hundreds of miles out of Poland; and the Russian Army sticks, as it were, tethered with a welter of broken porridge-pots and rent mealbags hung to every foot it has.

East Prussen is quiet from the storms of War; holds its tongue well, and hopes better days: but the

Russians themselves are little the better for it, a country so lately burned bare; they are merely flung so many scores of miles forward, farther from home and their real resources, before they can begin work. They have no port on the Baltic: poor blockheads, they are aware how desirable, for instance, Dantzic would be; to help feeding them out of ships; but the Dantzigers won't. Colberg, a poor little place, with only 700 militia people in it, would be of immense service to them as a sea-haven: but even this they have not yet tried to get; and after trying, they will find it a job. "Why not unite with the Swedes and take Stettin (the "finest harbour in the Baltic), which would bring Russia, "by ships, to your very hand?" This is what Montalembert is urgent upon, year after year, to the point of wearying everybody; but he can get no official soul to pay heed to him, — the difficulties are so considerable. "Swedes, what are they?" say the Russians: "Russians what?" say the Swedes. "Sweden would "be so handy for the Artilleries," urges Montalembert; "Russians for the Soldiery, or covering and fighting "part." — "Can't be done!" Officiality shakes its head: and Montalembert is obliged to be silent.

The Russians have got into the Neumark of Brandenburg, on those bad terms; and are clearly aware that, without some Fortress as a Place of Arms, they are an overgrown Incompetency and Monstrosity in the field of War; doing much destruction, most of which proves *self*-destructive before long. But how help it? If the carrying of meal so far be difficult, what will the carrying of siege-furniture be? A flat impossibility. Fermor, aware of these facts, remembers what happened at Oczakow, — long ago, in our presence, and

20th-25th Aug. 1758.

Keith's and Münnich's, if the reader have not quite forgot. Münnich, on that occasion, took Oczakow without any siege-furniture whatever, by boldly marching up to it; nothing but audacity and good luck on his side. Fermor determines to try Cüstrin in the like way, — if peradventure Prussian soldiery be like Turk? —

Fermor rose from Posen, August 2d, almost three weeks ago; making daily for the Neumark and those unfortunate Oder Countries; nobody but Dohna to oppose him, — Dohna in the ratio of perhaps one against four. Dohna naturally laid hold of Frankfurt and the Oder Bridge, so that Fermor could not cross there; whereupon Fermor, as the next best thing, struck northward for the Warta (black Polish stream, last big branch of Oder); crossed this, at his ease, by Landsberg Bridge, August 10th;* and after a day or two of readjustment in Landsberg, made for Cüstrin Country (his next headquarter is at Gross Kamin); hoping, in some accidental or miraculous way to cross Oder thereabouts, or even get hold of Cüstrin as a Place of Arms. If peradventure he can take Cüstrin without proper siege-artillery, in the Oczakow or Anti-Turk way? Fermor has been busy upon Cüstrin since August 15th; — in what fashion we partly heard, and will now, from authentic sources, see a little for ourselves.

The Castle of Cüstrin, built by good Johann of Cüstrin, and "roofed with copper," in the Reformation times, — we know it from of old, and Friedrich has since had some knowledge of it. Cüstrin itself is a rugged little Town, with some moorland traffic, and is still a place of great military strength, the garrison of those parts. Its rough pavements, its heavy stone battlements and barriers, give it a gnarled

* Tempelhof, II. 216.

obstinate aspect, — stern enough place of exile for a Crown-Prince fallen into such disfavour with Papa! A rugged, compact, by no means handsome little Town, at the meeting of the Warta and the Oder; stands naturally among sedges, willows and drained mire, except that human industry is pleasantly busy upon it, and has long been. So that the neighbourhood is populous beyond expectation; studded with rough cottages in whitewash; hamlets in a paved condition; and comfortable signs of labour victoriously wrestling with the wilderness. Cüstrin, an arsenal and garrison, begirt with two rivers, and with awful bulwarks, and bastions cased in stone, — “perhaps too high,” say the learned, — is likely to be impregnable to Russian engineering on those terms. Here, with brevity, is the catastrophe of Cüstrin.

Tuesday, 15th August 1758, At two in the morning, several thousand Russians, grenadiers, under Quarter-Master General Stoffeln, whom the readers of Mannstein know from old Oczakow times, are astir; pushing along from Gross Kamin, through the scraggy firwoods, and flat peat countries; intending a stroke on Cüstrin, if perhaps they can get it: * — not the slightest chance to get Cüstrin; Prussian soldiership and Turkish being two quite different things! The pickeering and manœuvring of Stoffeln shall not detain us. Stoffeln came along by the Landsberg road (course of the now Königsberg-Cüstrin Railway); and drove in the Prussian out-parties, who at first took him for Cossacks. Stoffeln set himself down on the north side of the place; planted cannon in certain claypits thereabouts, and about nine o'clock began firing shells and incendiary grenadoes at a great rate. Tielcke saw everything; — and had the honour to take luncheon, that evening, with certain chief Officers, sitting on the ground, after all was over, and only a few shots from the Garrison still dropping. **

At the third grenado, which, it seems, fell into a straw magazine, Cüstrin took fire; could not be quenched again, so much dry wood in it, so much disorder too, the very soldiers some of them disorderly (a bad deserter set); so that it soon flamed aloft, — from side to side one sea of flame: and man, woman and child, every soul (except the Garrison, which sat

* Tempelhof, II. 217; but Tielcke, II. 66 et seq., the real source.

** Tielcke, II. 75 n.

enclosed in strong stone), had to fly across the River, under penalty of death by fire. Of Cüstrin, by five in the evening, there was nothing left but the black ashes; the Garrison standing unharmed, and the Church, School-house, and some stone edifices in a charred skeleton condition. "No life was lost, except that of one child in arms." All Neumark had lodged its valuables in this place of strength; all are fled now in horror and terror across the Oder, by the Bridge, before it also unquenchably takes fire, at the western or Non-Russian end of the place. Such a day as was seldom seen in human experience; — Fermor responsible for it, happily not we.

Fermor, in the evening, said to his Artillery People: "Why have you ceased to fire grenadoes?" "Excellency, the Town is out; nothing now but ashes and stone." "Never mind; give them the rest, one every quarter of an hour. We shall not need the grenadoes again. The cannon-balls we shall; them, therefore, do not waste." On the morrow morning; after this performance on the Town, Fermor sends a Trumpeter: "Surrender, or else —!" rather in the tremendous style. "Or else?" answers the Commandant, pointing to the ashes, to the black inconsumable stones; and is deaf to this *ex-postfacto* Trumpeter. The Russians say they sent one yesterday morning, not *ex-postfacto*, but he was killed in the pickeerings, and never heard of again. A mile or so to rear of Cüstrin, on the westward or Berlin side of the River, lies Dohna, for the last four days; expecting that the Laws of Nature will hold good, and Cüstrin prove tenable against such sieging. So stands it on Friedrich's arrival.

We left Friedrich in the Lebus Suburb of Frankfurt, Sunday, August 20th, listening to the distant cannonade. Next morning, he is here himself; at Dohna's Camp of Görgast, taking survey of affairs; came early, under rapid small escort, leaving his Army to follow; scorn and contemptuous indignation the humour of him, they say; resolution to be swiftly home upon that surprising Russian armament, and teach it new manners. The black skeleton of Cüstrin stares hideously across the River; "Cüstrin Siege" so called

still going on; — had better make despatch now, and take itself away! He greatly despises Russian soldier-ship: "Pooh, pooh," he would answer, if Keith from experience said, "Your Majesty does not do it justice;" — and Keith has been known to hint, "If the trial ever come, your Majesty will alter that opinion." A day or two hence, amid these hideous Russian fire-traceries, the Hussars bring him a dozen of Cossacks they have made prisoners: Friedrich looks at the dirty green vagabonds; says to one of his Staff: "And this is the kind of Doggery I have to bother with!" — The sight of the poor country people, and their tears of joy and of sorrow, on his re-appearance among them, much affected him. Taking inspection of Dohna, he finds Dohna wonderfully clean, pipe-clayed, complete: "You are very fine indeed, you; — I bring you a set of fellows, rough as *grasteufeln*" ('grass-devils,' I never know whether insects or birds); "but they can bite," — hope you can!

Tuesday, August 22d, at five in the morning our Army has all arrived, the Frankfurt people just come in; 30,000 of us now in Camp at Görgast. Friedrich orders straightway that a certain Russian Redoubt on the other side of the River, at Schaumburg, a mile or two down stream, be well cannonaded into ruin, — as if he took it for some incipency of a Russian Bridge, or were himself minded to cross here, under cover of Cüstrin. Friedrich's intention very certainly is to cross, — here or not just here; — and that same night, after some hours of rest to the Frankfurt people, — night of Tuesday-Wednesday, Friedrich, having persuaded the Russians that his crossing-place will be their Redoubt at Schaumburg, marches ten or twelve miles down the

River, silently his 30,000 and he, till opposite the Village of Güstebiese; rapidly makes his Bridges there, unmolested: Fermor, with his eye on the cannonaded Redoubt only, has expected no such matter; and is much astonished when he hears of it, twenty hours after. Friedrich, across with the vanguard, at an early hour of Wednesday, gets upon the knoll at Güstebiese for a view: and all Güstebiese, hearing of him, hurries out, with low-voiced tremulous blessings, irrepressible tears: "God reward your Majesty, that have come to us!" — and there is a hustling and a struggling, among the women especially, to kiss the skirts of his coat. Poor souls: one could have stood tremendous cheers; but this is a thing I forgive Friedrich for being visibly affected with.

Friedrich leaves his baggage on the other side of the Oder, and the Bridge guarded; our friend Hordt, with his Free-Corps, doing it. Friedrich marches forward some ten miles that night; eastward, straight for Gross Kamin, as if to take the Russians in rear; encamps at a place called Klossow, spreading himself obliquely towards the Mützel (black sluggish tributary of the Oder in those parts), meaning to reach Neu Damm on the Mützel tomorrow, there almost within wind of the Russians, and be ready for crossing on them. It was at Klossow (23d August, evening), that the Hussars brought him in their dozen or two of Cosacks, and he had his first sight of Russian soldiery; by no means a favourable one, "Ugh, only look!" — As we are now approaching Zorndorf, and the monstrous tug of Battle which fell out there, readers will be glad of the following:

"From Damm on the Mützel, where Friedrich intends

“crossing it tomorrow night, south to Gross Kamin, not far from the Warta, where Fermor’s headquarter lately was, may be about five miles. From Cüstrin, Kamin lies north-east about eight or ten miles: Zorndorf, the most considerable Village in this tract, lies, — little dreaming of the sad glory coming to it, — pretty much in the centre between big Warta and smaller Mützel. The Country is by nature a peat-wilderness, far and wide; but it has been tamed extensively; grows crops, green pastures; is elsewhere covered with wood (Scotch fir, scraggy in size, but evidently under forest management); perhaps half the country is in Fir tracts, what they call *Heiden* (Heaths); the cultivated spaces lying like light-green islands with black-green channels and expanses of circumambient Fir. The Drewitz Heath, the Massin or Zicher Heath, and others about Zorndorf, will become notable to us. The Country is now much drier than in Friedrich’s time; the human spade doing its duty everywhere: so that much of the Battle-ground has become irrecongnisable, when compared with the old marshy descriptions given of it. Zorndorf, a rough substantial Hamlet, has nothing of boggy now visible near by; lies east to west, a firm broad highway leading through: a sea of forest before it, to south; to north, good dry barley-grounds or rye-grounds, sensibly rising for half a mile, then waving about in various slow slight changes of level towards Quartschen, Zicher, &c.: forming an irregular cleared “island,” altogether of perhaps four miles by three, with unlimited circumambiences of wood. It was here, on this island as we call it, that the Battle, which has made Zorndorf famous, was fought.

“Zorndorf (or even the open ground half a mile to north of it, which will be more important to us) is probably not 50 feet above the level of the Mützel, nor 100 above Warta and Oder, six miles off; but it is the crown of the Country; — the ground dropping therefrom, every way, in lazy dull waves or swells; towards Tamsel and Gross Kamin on south-east; towards Birken-Busch, Quartschen, Dar-mützel* on north-west; as well as towards Damm and its Bridge north-east, where Friedrich will soon be, and to-

* Dar of the Mützel, whatever “Dar” may be.

"wards Cüstrin south-west, where he lately was, each a five
"or six miles from Zorndorf.

"Such is the poor moorland tract of Country; Zorndorf
"the centre of it, — where the Battle is likely to be: — Zorn-
"dorf and environs a bare quasi-island among these woods;
"extensive bald crown of the landscape, girt with a frizzle of
"firwoods all round. Boggy pools there are, especially on
"the western side (all drained in our time). Mützel, or north
"side, is of course the lowest in level: and accordingly," what
is much to be marked by readers here, "from the south, or
"Zorndorf side, at wide intervals, there saunter along, in a
"slow obscure manner, Three miserable continuous Leakages,
"or oozy Threads of Water, all making for Quartschen, to
"north or north-west, there to disembogue into the Mützel.
"Each of these has its little Hollow; of which the western-
"most, called Zabern Hollow (*Zaberngrund*), is the most con-
"siderable, and the most important to us here: *Galgengrund*
"(Gallows Hollow) is also worth naming in this Battle; the
"third Leakage, though without importance, invites us to
"name it, *Hosebruch*, quasi *Stocking-quagmire*, — because
"you can use no stockings there, except with manifest disad-
"vantage." — Take this other concluding trait:

* * "Inexpressible fringe of marsh, two or three miles
"broad, mostly bottomless, woven with sluggish creeks and
"stagnant pools, borders the Warta for many miles, towards
"Landsberg; Cüstrin-Landsberg Causeway the alone sure
"footing in it; after which, the country rises insensibly, but
"most beneficially, and is mainly dryer till you get to the
"Mützel again, and find the same fringe of mud lace-work
"again. Zorndorf we called the crown of it. Tamsel,
"Wilkersdorf, Klein Kamin, Gross Kamin, and other places
"known to us, lie on the dry turf-fuel country, but looking
"over close upon the hem of that marsh-fringe, and no doubt
"getting peats, wild-ducks, pike-fishes, eels, and snatches of
"summer pasture and cow-hay out of it."

Thursday, August 24th, Friedrich is again speeding
on; occupying Darmützel, and other crossing places of
the Mützel;* — by no means himself crossing there;

* Mitchell to Holderness, "Dermitzel, 24th August 1758" (*Memoirs and Papers*, i. 425; lb. ii. 40-47, Mitchell's Private Journal).

on the contrary, carefully breaking all the Bridges before he go ("No retreat for those Russian vagabonds, only death or surrender for them!") — himself not intending to cross till he be up at Damm, Neu Damm, well eastward of his Russians, and have got them all pinfolded between Mützel and Oder in that way. In the evening, he reaches Damm and the Mill of Damm, some three or four miles higher up the Mützel; — and there pushes partly across at once. That is to say, his vanguard at once, and takes a defensive position; his Artillery and other Divisions, by degrees, in the silent night hours; and, before day-break tomorrow, every soul will be across, and the Bridge broken again; — and Fermor had better have his accounts settled.

Fermor's roving Cossack clouds seldom bring him in intelligence; but only return stained with charcoal grime, and red murder: up to late last night, he had not known where Friedrich was at all; had idly thought him busy with the Schaumburg Redoubt, on the other side of Oder, fencing and precautioning: but now (night of the 23d), these Cossacks do come in with news, "Indisputable to our poor minds, the Prussians are at Klossow yonder, — captured a dozen green vagabonds of us, and have sent us galloping!" — which news, with the night closing in on him, was astonishing, thrice and four times important to Fermor.

Instantly he raises the siege of Cüstrin, any siege there was; gets his immense baggage-train shoved off that night to Klein Kamin, Landsberg way; summons the force from Landsberg to join him without loss of a moment; — and in the mean while, pitches himself in long bivouac in the Drewitz Wood or Fir-Heath, with the quaggy Zabergrund in front. Quaggy Zaber-

grund, — do readers remember it; one of those "Three continuous Leakages," very important to Fermor and us at present? This is the safest place Fermor can find for himself; scraggy firs around, good quagmires and Zabern Hollow in front; looking to the east, waiting what a new day will bring. That was Fermor's posture, while Friedrich quitted Klossow in the dawn of the 24th. Be busy, ye Cossack doggeries; return with news, not with mere grime and marks of blood on your mouths!

Evening of the 24th, Cossacks report that Friedrich has got to Damm Mill; has hold of the Bridge there; and may be looked for, sure as the daylight tomorrow. Fermor is 50,000 odd, his Landsberg forces all coming in; one Detachment out Stettin way, which cannot come in; Fermor finds that his baggage-train is fairly on the road to Klein Kamin; — and that he will have to quit this bosky bivouac, and fight for himself in the open ground, or do worse.

Theseus and the Minotaur over again, — that is to say, Friedrich at Handgrips with Fermor and his Russians (25th August 1758).

Artless Fermor draws out to the open ground, north of Zorndorf, south of Quartschen; arranges himself in huge quadrilateral mass, with his "staff-baggage" (lighter baggage) in the centre, and his front, so to speak, every where.* Mass, say two miles long by one mile broad; but it is by no means regular, and has many zigzags

* Excellent Plan of him, or rather Plans, in his successive shapes, in Tielcke, II. (Plates 4, 5, 6, 7, 8).

according to the ground, and narrows and droops southward on the eastern end: one of the most artless arrangements; but known to Fermor, and the readiest on this pinch of time. Münnich devised this quadrilateral mode; and found it good against the Turks, and their deluges of raging horse and foot: Fermor could perhaps do better; but there is such a press of hurry. Fermor's western flank, or biggest breadth of quadrilateral, leans on that Zabern Hollow, with its fine quagmires; his eastern, narrowest part, droops down on certain mud-pools and conveniences towards Zicher. Gallows Hollow, a slighter than the Zabern, runs through the centre of him; and, with his best people, he fronts towards the Mützel Bridges, especially towards Damm Mill Bridge, whence Friedrich will emerge, sure as the sunrise, one knows not with what issue. Artless Fermor is nothing daunted; nor are his people; but stand patiently under arms, regardless of future and present, to a degree not common in soldiering.

Friday, August 25th, by half past three in the morning, Friedrich is across the Mützel; self and Infantry by Damm-Mützel Bridge, cavalry by another Bridge (*Kersten-brücke*, means "Christian Bridge," in the dialect of Charlemagne's time, a very old arrangement of Successive Logs up there!) some furlongs higher up. The Bridge at Damm is perhaps some three miles from the nearest Russians about Zicher; but Friedrich has no thought of attacking Fermor there; he has a quite other program laid, and will attack Fermor precisely on the side opposite to there. Friedrich's intention is to sweep quite round this monstrous Russian Quadrilateral; to break in upon it on the western flank, and hurl it back upon Mützel and its quagmires. He has

broken his two bridges after passing, all bridges are gone there, and the country is bottomless: surrender at discretion if once you are driven thither! And Friedrich's own retreat, if he fail, is short and open to Cüstrin. "Admirable," say the critics, "and altogether in Friedrich's style!" — Friedrich, adds one Critic, was not aware that the Russian Heavy-Baggage Train, which is their powderflask and breadbasket and staff of life, lies at Klein Kamin, within few miles on his left just now, Russians themselves on his right; that the Russians could have been abolished from those countries without fighting at all! * This is very true. Friedrich's haste is great, his humour hot; and he has not heard of this Klein-Kamin fact, which in common times he would have done, and of which in a calmer mood he would, with a fine scientific gusto, have taken his advantage.

Friedrich pours incessant southward; cavalry parallel to infantry and a certain distance beyond it, eastward of it; and they have burnt the Bridges; which is a curious fact! Continually southward, as if for Tamsel: — poor old Tamsel, do readers recollect it at all, does Friedrich at all? No pleasant dinner, or lily-and-rose complexions, there for one to-day! — Some distance short of Tamsel, Friedrich, emerging, turns westward; — intending what on earth? thinks Fermor. Friedrich has been mostly hidden by the woods all this while, and enigmatic to Fermor. Fermor does now at last see the colour of the facts; — and that one's chief front must change itself to southward, one's best leg and arm be foremost, or towards Zorndorf, not towards the Müttel as hitherto. Fermor stirs up his Quadrilateral, makes the

* Retzow, I. 305-329.

required change, "You, best or northern line, step across, and front southward; across to southward, I say; second-best go northward in their stead:" and so, with some other slight polishings, suggested by the ground and phenomena, we anew await this Prussian Enigma with our best leg foremost. The march or circular sweep of these Prussian lines, from Damm Bridge through the woods and champaign to their appointed place of action, is seven or eight miles; lines when halted in battle-order will be two miles long or more.

Friedrich pours steadily along, horse and foot, by the rear of Wilkersdorf, of Zorndorf, — Russian Minotaur scrutinising him in that manner with dull blood-shot eyes, uncertain what he will do. It is eight in the morning, hot August; wind a mere lull, but southerly if any. Small Hussar pickets ride to right of the main Army March; to keep the Cossacks in check: who are roving about, all on wing; and pert enough, in spite of the Hussar pickets. Desperado individuals of them gallop up to the Infantry ranks, and fire off their pistols there, — without reply; reply or firing, till the word come, is strictly forbidden. Infantry pours along, like a ploughman drawing his furrow, heedless of the circling crows. Crows or Cossacks, finding they are not regarded, set fire to Zorndorf, and gallop off. Zorndorf goes up readily, mainly wood and straw; rolls in big clouds of smoke far northward in upon the Russian Minotaur, making him still blinder in the important moments now coming.

Friedrich rides up to view the Zabern Hollow: "Beyond expectation deep; very boggy, too, with its foul leakage or brook: no attacking of their western flank through this Zabern-grund; — attack the corner

of them, then; here on the south-west!" That is Friedrich's rapid resource. The lines halt, accordingly; make ready. Behind flaming Zorndorf stands his extreme left, which is to make the attack; infantry in front; horse to rear and farther leftwards, — and under the command of Seidlitz in this quarter, which is an important circumstance. Right wing, reaching to behind Wilkersdorf, is to refuse itself; whole force of centre is to push upon that Russian corner, to support the left in doing it; — according to the Leuthen or *Leuctra* principle, once more. May no mistakes occur in executing it this day! —

The first division of the Prussian Infantry, or extreme Left, marches forward by the west end of flaming Zorndorf; next division, which should stand close to right of it, or even behind it, in action, and follow it close into the Russian fire, has to march by the east end of Zorndorf; this is a farther road, owing to the flames; and not a lucky one. Second division could never get into fair contact with that first division again: that was the mistake: and it might have been fatal, but was not, as we shall see. First division has got clear of Zorndorf, in advancing towards its Russian business; — is striding forward, its left flank safe against the Zabern-grund; steadily by fixed stages, against the fated Russian Corner, which is its point of attack. First division, second division, are clear of Zorndorf, though with a wide gap between them; are steadily striding forward towards the Russian Corner. Two strong batteries, wide apart, have planted themselves ahead; and are playing upon the Russian Quadrilateral, their fires crossing at the due Corner yonder, with terrible effect; Russian artillery, which are mul-

titudinous and all gathered down to this south-western corner, are responding, though with their fire spread, and far less effectual. The Prussian line steps on, extreme left perhaps in too animated a manner; their cannon batteries enfilade the thick mass of Russians at a frightful rate ("forty-two men of a certain regiment blown away by a single ball," in one instance*), drive the interior baggage-horses to despair: a very agitated Quadrilateral, under its grim canopy of cannon smoke, and of straw smoke, heaped on it from the Zorndorf side here. Manteuffel, leader of that first or leftmost division, sees the internal simmering; steps forward still more briskly, to firing distance; begins his platoon thunder, with the due steady fury, — had the second division but got up to support Manteuffel! The second division is in fire too; but not close to Manteuffel, where it should be.

Fermor notices the gap, the wavering of Manteuffel unsupported; plunges out in immense torrent, horse and foot, into the gap, into Manteuffel's flank and front; hurls Manteuffel back, who has no support at hand: "*Arah, Arah!* Victory, Victory (*Hurrah, Hurrah!*)!" shout the Russians, plunging wildly forward, sweeping all before them, capturing twenty-six pieces of cannon, for one item. What a moment for Friedrich; looking on it from some knoll somewhere near Zorndorf, I suppose; hastily bidding Seidlitz strike in: "Seidlitz now!" The hurrahing Russians cannot keep rank at that rate of going, like a buffalo stampede; but fall into heaps and gaps: Seidlitz, with a swiftness, with a dexterity beyond praise, has picked his way across that quaggy Zabern Hollow; falls, with say 5,000 horse, on

* Tieleke.

the flank of this big buffalo stampede; tumbles it into instant ruin; — which proves irretrievable, as the Prussian Infantry come on again, and back Seidlitz.

In fifteen minutes more (I guess it now to be ten o'clock), the Russian Minotaur, this end of it, on to the Gallows Ground, is one wild mass. Seldom was there seen such a charge; issuing in such deluges of wreck, of chaotic flight, or chaotic refusal to fly. The Seidlitz cavalry went sabring till, for very fatigue, they gave it up, and could no more. The Russian horse fled to Kutzdorf, — Fermor with them, who saw no more of this Fight, and did not get back till dark; — had not the Bridges been burnt, and no crossing of the Mützel possible, Fermor never would have come back, and here had been the end of Zorndorf. Luckier if it had! But there is no crossing of the Mützel, there is only drowning in the quagmires there: — death any way; what can be done but die?

The Russian infantry stand to be sabred, in the above manner, as if they had been dead oxen. More remote from Seidlitz, they break open the sutlers' brandy-casks, and in few minutes get roaring drunk. Their officers, desperate, split the brandy-casks; soldiers flap down to drink it from the puddles; furiously remonstrate with their officers, and "kill a good many of them" (*viele*, says Tielcke), especially the foreign sort. "A frightful blood-bath," by all the Accounts: blood-bath, brandy-bath, and chief Nucleus of Chaos then extant above ground. Fermor is swept away: this chaos, the very Prussians drawing back from it, wearied with massacring, lasts till about one o'clock. Up to the Gallows-ground, the Minotaur is mere wreck and delirium: but beyond the Gallows-ground, the other



half forms a new front to itself; becomes a new Minotaur, though in reduced shape. This is Part First of the Battle of Zorndorf; Friedrich, — on the edge of great disaster at one moment, but miraculously saved, — has still the other half to do (unlucky that he left no Bridges on the Mützel), and must again change his program.

Half of the Minotaur is gone to shreds in this manner; but the attack upon it, too, is spent: what is to be done with the other half of the monster, which is again alive; which still stands, and polypus-like has arranged a new life for itself, a new front against the Galgen-grund yonder? Friedrich brings his right wing into action. Rapidly arranges right wing, centre, all of the left that is disposable, with batteries, with cavalry; for an attack on the opposite or south-eastern end of his monster. If your monster, polypus-like, come alive again in the tail part, you must fell that other head of him. Batteries, well in advance, begin work upon the new head of the monster, which was once his tail; fresh troops, long lines of them, pushing forward to begin platoon volleying: — time now, I should guess, about half-past two. Our infantry has not yet got within musket range, — when torrents of Russian Horse, Foot too following, plunge out; wide-flowing, stormfully swift; and dash against the coming attack. Dash against it; stagger it; actually tumble it back, in the centre part; take one of the batteries, and a whole battalion prisoners. Here again is a moment! Friedrich, they say, rushed personally into this vortex; rallied these broken battalions, again rallied and led them up; but it was to no purpose: they could not be made to stand, these centre battalions; — “some sudden

panic in them, a thing unaccountable," says Tempelhof; "they are Dohna's people, who fought perfectly at "Jägersdorf, and often elsewhere" (they were all in such a finely burnished state, the other day; but have not biting talent, like the grass-devils): enough, they fairly scour away, certain disgraceful battalions, and are not got ranked again till below Wilkersdorf, above a mile off; though the grass-devils, on both hands of them, stand grimly steady, left in this ominous manner.

What would have become of the affair, one knows not, if it had not been that Seidlitz once more made his appearance. On Friedrich's order, or on his own, I do not know; but sure it is, Seidlitz, with sixty-one squadrons, arriving from some distance, breaks in like a *Deus ex Machinâ*, swift as the storm-wind, upon this Russian Horse-torrent; drives it again before him, like a mere torrent of chaff, back, ever back, to the shore of Acheron and the Stygian quagmires (of the Mützel, namely); so that it did not return again; and the Prussian Infantry had free field for their platoon exercise. Their rage against the Russians was extreme; and that of the Russians corresponded. Three of these grass-devil battalions, who stood nearest to Dohna's runaways, were natives of this same burnt-out Zorndorf Country; we may fancy the Platt-Teutsch hearts of them, and the sacred lightning, with a moisture to it, that was in their eyes. Platt-Teutsch platooning, bayonet-charging, — on such terms no Russian or mortal Quadrilateral can stand it. The Russian Minotaur goes all to shreds a second time; but will not run. "No quarter!" — "Well, then none!"

"Shortly after four o'clock," say my Accounts, "the

"firing," regular firing, "altogether ceased; ammunition nearly spent, on both sides; Prussians snatching cart-ridge boxes of Russian dead;" and then began a tug of deadly massacring and wrestling man to man, "with bayonets, with butts of muskets, with hands, even "with teeth (in some Russian instances), such as was "never seen before." The Russians, beaten to fragments, would not run: whither run? Behind is Mützel and the bog of Acheron; — on Mützel is no bridge left; "the shore of Mützel is thick with men and horses, "who have tried to cross, and lie there swallowed in the ooze" — "like a pavement," says Tielcke. The Russians, — never was such *vis inertiae* as theirs now. They stood like sacks of clay, like oxen already dead; not even if you shot a bullet through them, would they fall at once, says Archenholtz, but were deliberate about it.

Complete disorder reigned on both sides; except that the Prussians could always form again when bidden, the Russians not. This lasted till nightfall, — Russians getting themselves shoved away on these horrid terms, and obstinate to take no other. Towards dark, there appeared, on a distant knoll, something like a ranked body of them again, — some 2,000 foot and half as many horse; whom Thémicoud (superlative Swiss Cossack, usually written Demikof or Demikow) had picked up, and persuaded from the shore of Acheron, back to this knoll of vantage, and some cannon with them. Friedrich orders these to be dispersed again: General Forcade, with two battalions, taking the front of them, shall attack there; you, General Rauter, bring up those Dohna fellows again, and take them in flank. Forcade pushes on, Rauter too, — but at the first taste of cannon-shot, these poor Dohna-people (such their now

flurried, disgraced state of mind) take to flight again, worse than before; rush quite through Wilkersdorf this time, into the woods, and can hardly be got together at all. Scandalous to think of. No wonder Friedrich "looked always askance on those regiments that had "been beaten at Gross Jägersdorf, and to the end of "his life gave them proofs of it:"* very natural, if the rest were like these!

Of poor General Rauter, Tempelhof and the others, that can help it, are politely silent; only Saxon Tielcke tells us, that Friedrich dismissed him, "Go, you, to some other trade!" — which, on Prussian evidence too, expressed in veiled terms, I find to be the fact: *Militair-Lexikon*, obliged to have an article on Rauter, is very brief about it; hints nothing unkind; records his personal intrepidity; and says, "in 1758, he, on his request, had leave to withdraw," — poor soul, leave and more!

Forcade, left to himself, kept cannonading Thémicoud; Thémicoud responding, would not go; stood on his knoll of vantage, but gathered no strength: "Let him stand," said Friedrich, after some time; and Thémicoud melted in the shades of night, gradually towards the hither shore of Acheron, — that is, of Acheron-Mützel, none now attempting to *pave* it farther, but simmering about at their sad leisure there. Feldmarschall Fermor is now got to his people again, or his people to him; reunited in place and luck: such a chaos as Fermor never saw before or after. No regiment or battalion now is; mere simmering monads, this fine Army; officers doing their utmost to cobble it into

* Retzow; — and still more emphatically, *Briefe eines alten Preussischen Officiers* (Hohenzollern, 1790), i. 34, ii. 52, &c.

something of rank, without regard to regiments or qualities. Darkness seldom sank on such a scene.

Wild Cossack parties are scouring over all parts of the field; robbing the dead, murdering the wounded; doing arson, too, wherever possible; and even snatching at the Prussian cannon left rearwards, so that the Hussars have to go upon them again. One large mass of them plundering in the Hamlet of Zicher, the Hussars surrounded: the Cossacks took to the outhouses; squatted, ran, called in the aid of fire, their constant friend: above 400 of them were in some big barn, or range of straw houses; and set fire to it, — but could not get out for Hussars; the Hussars were at the outgate: Not a devil of you! said the Hussars; and the whole four hundred perished there, choked, burnt, or slain by the Hussars, — and this poor Planet was at length rid of them.*

Friedrich sends for his tent-equipages; and the Army pitches its camp in two big lines, running north and south, looking towards the Russian side of things; Friedrich's tent in front of the first line; a warrior King among his people, who have had a day's work of it. The Russian loss turns out, when counted, to have been 21,529 killed, wounded and missing, 7,990 of them killed; the Prussian sum-total is 11,390 (above the Prussian third man), of whom 3,680 slain. And on the shores of Acheron northward yonder, there still is a simmering. And far and wide the country is alight with incendiary fires, — many devils still abroad. Excellency Mitchell, about eight in the evening, is sent for by the King; finds various chief Generals, Seidlitz among them, on their various businesses there; congratulates "on the noble victory" (not so conclusive

* *Holden-Geschichte*, v. 166.

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hitherto) "which Heaven has granted your Majesty." "Had it not been for him," said Friedrich, — "Had it not been for him, things would have had a bad look by this time!" and turned his sun-eyes upon Seidlitz, with a fine expression in them.* To which Seidlitz's reply, I find, was an embarrassed blush, and of articulate only, "Hm, no, ha, it was your Majesty's Cavalry that did their duty, — but Wakenitz" (my second) "does deserve promotion!" — which Wakenitz, not in a too overflowing measure, got.

Fermor, during the night-watches, having cobbled himself into some kind of ranks or rows, moves down well westward of Zabern Hollow; to the Drewitz Heath, where he once before lay, and there makes his bivouac in the wood, safe under the fir-trees, with the Zabern-ground to front of him. By the above reckoning, 28 or 29,000 still hang to Fermor, or float vaporously round him; with Friedrich, in his two lines, are some 18,000: — in whole, 46,000 tired mortals sleeping thereabouts; near 12,000 others have fallen into a deeper sleep, not liable to be disturbed; — and of the wounded on the field, one shudders to imagine.

Next day, Saturday 26th, Fermor, again brought into some kind of rank, and safe beyond the quaggy Zabern ground, sent out a proposal, "That there be Truce of Three Days for burying the dead!" — Dohna, who happened to be General in command there, answers, "That it is customary for the Victor to take charge of burying the slain; that such proposal is surprising, and quite inadmissible, in present circumstances." Fermor, in the mean while, had drawn him-

* Preuss, II. 153. Mitchell (II. 432) mentions the Interview, nothing of Seidlitz.

self out, fronting his late battlefield and the morning sun; and began cannonading across the Zabern ground; too far off for hitting, but as if still intending fight: to which the Prussians replied with cannon, and drew out before their tents in fighting order. In both armies there was question, or talk, of attacking anew; but in both "there was want of ammunition," want of real likelihood. On Fermor's side, that of "attacking," could be talk only, and on Friedrich's, besides the scarcity of ammunition, all creatures, foot and especially horse, were so worn out with yesterday's work, it was not judged practically expedient. A while before noon, the Prussians retired to their Camp again; leaving only the artillery to respond, so far as needful, and bow-wow across the Zabern-ground, till the Russians lay down again.

Friedrich's Hussars knew of the Russian *Wagenburg*, or general Baggage reservoirs, at Klein Kamin, by this time. The Hussars had been in it, last night; rummaging extensively, at discretion for some time; and had brought away much money and portable plunder. Why Friedrich, who lay direct between Fermor and his *Wagenburg*, did not, this day, extinguish said *Wagenburg*, I do not know; but guess it may have been a fault of omission, in the great welter this was now grown to be to the weary mind. Beyond question, if one had blown up Fermor's remaining gunpowder, and carried off or burnt his meal-sacks, he must have cowered away all the faster towards Landsberg to seek more. Or perhaps Friedrich now judged it immaterial, and a question only of hours?

About midnight of Saturday-Sunday, there again rose bow-wowing, bellowing of Russian cannon; not from

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beyond the Zabern-ground this time, nor stationary anywhere, but from the south some transient part of it; and not far off; — a ball struck a carriage near the King's tent, and shattered it. Thick mist mantles everything, and it is difficult to know what the Russians have on hand in their sylvan seclusions. After a time, it becomes manifest the Russians are on retreat; winding round, through the southern woods, behind Zorndorf and the charred Villages, to Klein Kamin, Landsberg way. Friedrich, following now on the heel of them, finds all got to Klein Kamin, to breakfast there in their Wagenburg refectory, — sharply vigilant, many *flèches* (little arrow-shaped redoubts, so called) and much artillery round them. Nothing considerable to be done upon them, now or afterwards, except pick up stragglers, and distress their rear a little. The King himself, in the first movement, was thought to be in alarming peril, such a blaze of caseshot rose upon him, as he went reconnoitring foremost of all.*

And this was, at last, the end of Zorndorf Battle; on the third day this. Was there ever seen such a fight of Theseus and the Minotaur! Theseus, rapid, dextrous, with Heaven's lightning in his eyes, seizing the Minotaur; lassoing him by the hinder foot, then by the right horn; pouring steel and destruction into him, the very dust darkening all the air. Minotaur refusing to die when killed; tumbling to and fro upon its Theseus; the two lugging and tugging, flinging one another about, and describing figures of 8 round each other, for three

* Tempelhof, II. 216-238; Tielcke, II. 79-154; Archenholtz, I. 253-264; *Heiden-Geschichte*, v. 156-179 (with many *Lists*, private *Letters* and the like details); &c.

days before it ended. Minotaur walking off on his own feet, after all. It was the bloodiest battle of the Seven-Years War; one of the most furious ever fought; such rage possessing the individual elements; rage unusual in modern wars. Must have altered Friedrich's notion of the Russians, when he next comes to speak with Keith. It was not till the fourth day hence (August 31st), so unattackably strong was this position at Klein Kamin, that the Russian Minotaur would fairly get to its feet a second time, and slowly stagger off, in real earnest, Landsberg way, and Königsberg way; — Friedrich right glad to leave Dohna in attendance on it; and hasten off (September 2d) towards Saxony and Prince Henri, where his presence is now become very needful.

Fermor, walking off in this manner, — not till the third day, nay not conclusively till the seventh day, after Zorndorf, — strove at first to consider himself victorious. "I passed the night on the field of battle" (or *not* far from it, for good reasons, Mützel being bridgeless): "may not I, in the language of enthusiasm, be considered conqueror? Here are 26 of their cannon, got when I cried 'Arah!' prematurely. (Where the 103 pieces of my own are, and my 27 flags, and my Army-chest and sundries? Dropped somewhere; they will probably turn up again!)" thinks Fermor, — or strives to think, and says. So that, at Petersburg, at Paris and Vienna, in the next three weeks, there were *Te Deums*, Ambrosian chantings, fires-of-joy; and considerable arguing among the Gazetteers on both parts, — till the dust settled, and facts appeared as they were. To the effect: "*Te Deum NON laudamus*; alas no, we must retract; and it was good gunpowder thrown after bad!"

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On always homewards, but at its own pace, waited on by Dohna, goes the Russian Monster; violently case-shotting if you prick into its rearward parts. One Palmbach, with a Detachment of 15,000, which was thought sufficient for the object, did try to make a dash on Colberg, — how happy had we any port on the Baltic, to feed us in this Country! But though Colberg is the paltriest crow's-nest (*bicoque*), according to all engineers, and is defended only by 700 militia (the Colonel of them, one Heiden, a gray old Halfpay, not yet renowned in the soldier world, as he here came to be), Palmbach, with his best diligence, could make nothing of it; but, after battering, bombarding, even scalading, and in all ways blurring and blazing at a mighty rate for four weeks, and wasting a great deal of gunpowder and 2,000 Russian lives, withdrew on those remarkable terms.* And did then, as tail of Fermor, what Fermor and the Russian Monster was universally doing, make off at a good pace, — having nothing to live upon farther, — and vanish from those Countries, to the relief of Dohna and mankind.

September 2d, Friedrich, leaving all that, had marched for Saxony; his presence urgently required there. Daun ought to be far on with the conquest of that Country? Might have had it, say judges, if he had been as swift as some. — At Zorndorf, among the Russian Prisoners were certain Generals, Soltikof, Czernichef, Sulkowski the Pole, proud people in their own eyes: no lodging for them but the cellars of Cüstrin.

* In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 349-365 ("3d-31st October 1758"), a complete and minute *Journal* of this First Siege of Colberg, which is interesting to read of, as all the Three of them are.

Russian Generals complained, "Is this a lodging for Field Officers of rank!" Friedrich was not used to profane swearing, or vituperative outbursts; but he answered to the effect: "Silence, ye incendiary individuals: Is there a choice left of lodgings, and for you above others!" Upon which they lay silent for some days, till better suited; in fact, till exchanged, — and perhaps will soon turn up on us again.

CHAPTER XIV.

BATTLE OF HOCHKIRCH.

So soon as Friedrich quitted Bohemia and Silesia for his Russian Enterprise, there rose high question at Vienna, "To what shall our Daun now turn himself?" A Daun, a Reichs Army, free for new employment; in Saxony not much to oppose them, in Silesia almost nothing in comparison. "Recapture of Silesia?" Yes truly; that is the steady pole-star at Vienna. But they have no Magazines in Silesia, no Siege-furnitures; and the season is far spent. They decide that there shall be a stroke upon Dresden, and recovery of Saxony, in Friedrich's absence. Nothing there at present but a Prince Henri, weak in numbers, say one to two of the Reichs Army by itself. Let the Reichs Army rise now, and advance through the Metal Mountains from south-east on Prince Henri; let Daun circle round on him, through the Lausitz from north-east: cannot they extinguish Henri between them; snatch Dresden, a weak ill-fortified place, by sudden onslaught, and recapture Saxony? That will be magnanimous to our august Allies; — and that will be an excellent scaffolding for recapture of Silesia next year. And cannot Daun leave a Force in the Silesian vicinities, — Deville with so many thousands, Harsch with so many, — to besiege one of their Frontier Places; Neisse, for example? Siege-furnitures to come from Mähren:

Neisse is not farther from Olmütz than Olmütz was from it.

That was the scheme fallen upon; now getting executed while Friedrich is at Zorndorf well away. And that, if readers fix it intelligently in their memory, will suffice to introduce to them the few words more that can be allowed us here upon it. A very few words, compressed to the utmost, — merely as preface to Hochkirch, whither we must hasten; Hochkirch being the one incident which, except to studious soldiers, has now and here any interest, out of the very many incidents which, then and there, were so intensely interesting to all mankind. To readers who are curious, and will take with them any poorest authentic Outline of the Localities concerned, the following condensed Note will not be unintelligible.

Daun and the Reichs Army invade Saxony, in Friedrich's Absence.

“Daun, pushing out with his best speed, along the Bohemian-Silesian border, had got to Zittau, *August 17th*; which “poor City is to be his basis and storehouse; the greatest “activity and wagoning now visible there,” — among the burnt walls getting rebuilt. “And in the same days, Zweibrück and his Reichs Army are vigorously afoot; Zweibrück “pushing across the Metal Mountains, the fastest he can; intending to plant himself in Pirna Country. Not to mention “General Dombâle, Zweibrück's Austrian Second; who has “the Austrian 15,000 with him; and, by way of preface, has “emerged to westward, in Zwickau-Tschopau Country; calculating that Prince Henri will not be able to attend to him “just now. And in effect Prince Henri, intent upon Zweibrück and the Pirna Country, takes position in the old “Prussian ground there (‘head-quarter Gross Seidlitz,’ as in “1756); and can only leave a Detachment in Tschopau “Country to wait upon Dombâle; who does at least shoot out “Croat parties, ‘quite across Saxony, to Halle all the way,’

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"and entertain the Gazetteers, if he can do little real mischief."

"*August 19th*, from Zittau, Daun, after short pause, again "pushes forward, — nothing but Ziethen attending him in the "distance, till we see whitherward; — Margraf Karl waiting "impatient, at Grüssau, till Ziethen see.* Daun, soon after "Zittau, shoots out Loudon, Brandenburg way, as if magnanimously intending 'coöperation with the Russians;' "which would give Daun pleasure, could it be done without "cost. Loudon does despatch a 500 hussars to Frankfurt" (Friedrich now gone for Cüstrin), "who, I think, carry a Letter "for Fermor there; but lose it by the way," — for the benefit of readers, if they will wait. "Loudon captures a poor little "place in Brandenburg itself; bullies it into surrender, after "a day (the very day of Zorndorf Battle, 'August 25th'): — "place called Peitz, garrisoned by forty-five invalids; who "go on 'free withdrawal,' poor old souls, and leave their "exiguous stock of salt-victual and military furnitures to "Loudon.** Upon which Loudon whirls back out of those "Countries; finding his skirts trodden on by Ziethen, — who "now sees what Daun and he are at; and warns Margraf "Karl" (properly Keith, who has now joined again, as real president or chief) "That *hither* is the way. Margraf Karl, on "the slip for some time past, starts from Grüssau instantly (I "should guess, not above 25,000 of all arms); leaving Fouquet "with perhaps 10,000 to do his utmost, when Generals Harsch "and Deville with their 20 or 30,000 come upon Silesia and "him, — as indeed they are already doing; already blockading Neisse, more or less, with an eye to besieging it so soon "as possible.

"Meanwhile, Serene Highness of Zweibrück, the Reichs-folk and some Austrians with him, prefaced by Dombåle "more to westward, is wending into Pirna Country; and, in "spite of what Prince Henri can do (Mayer and the Free "Corps shiningly diligent, and Henri one of the watchfullest "of men), Zweibrück does get in; sets Maguire with Austrians "upon besieging Pirna, that is to say, the Sonnenstein of "Pirna; *3d-5th September*, gets the Sonnenstein, a thought

* Tempelhof, II. 258, 260 et seq.

** In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 229-232, the "Capitulation" in extenso.

“sooner than was counted on;* and roots himself there, —
 “headquarters in Struppen’ again, ‘bridge at Ober-Raden’
 “again, all as in 1756; which, if nothing else can well do it,
 “may give his Highness a momentary interest with some
 “readers, here. Prince Henri is at Gross Seidlitz, alive every
 “fibre of him: but with Daun circling round to northward on
 “his left, intending evidently to take him in flank or rear;
 “with Dombâle already to rear, in the above circumstances,
 “on his right; and Zweibrück himself lying here in front free
 “to act, and impregnable if acted upon: what is Prince Henri
 “to do? It is for Henri’s rear, not his flank, that Daun aims:
 “August 26th, Daun, who had got to Görlitz, a march or two
 “from Zittau, started again at his best step by the Bautzen
 “Highway towards Meissen Bridge, a 70 or 80 miles down the
 “Elbe: there Daun intends to cross, and to double back upon
 “Dresden and Prince Henri; who will thus find himself
 “enclosed between *three* fires, — if two were not enough, or
 “even if one (the Daun one itself, or the Zweibrück itself,
 “not to count the Dombâle), in such strength as Prince Henri
 “has!

“A lost Prince Henri, — if there be not shift in him, if
 “there be not help coming to him! Prince Henri, seeing how
 “it was, drew back from Gross Seidlitz; with beautiful sud-
 “denness, one night; unmolested: in the morning, Zweibrück’s
 “hussars find him posted inexpugnable on the Heights of
 “Gahmig, — which is nearer Dresden a good step; nearer
 “Dombâle; and not so ready to be enclosed by Daun, without
 “enclosure of Dresden too. Prince Henri’s manœuvring, in
 “this difficult situation, is the admiration of military men:
 “how he stuck by Gahmig; but threw out, in the vital points,
 “little camps, — ‘camp of Kesselsdorf’ (a place memorable),
 “on the west of Dresden; and on the east, in the north Suburb
 “of Dresden itself, across the River (should we have to go
 “across the River for Daun’s sake), a ‘strong abatis;’ and
 “neglected nothing; self, and everybody under him, lively as
 “eagles to make themselves dangerous, Mayer in particular
 “distinguishing himself much. Prince Henri would have
 “been a hard morsel for Daun. But beyond that, there is help
 “on the road.”

* In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 223-228, account of this poor Siege, and of the movements before and after.

17th Aug. — 12th Sept. 1758.

Friedrich intervening, Daun draws back; entrenches himself, in Neighbourhood to Dresden and Pirna; Friedrich following him. Four Armies standing there, in dead Lock, for a Month; with Issue, a Flank March on the Part of Friedrich's Army, — which halts at Hochkirch (September 12th — October 10th, 1758).

Daun, since August 26th, is striding towards Meissen Bridge; without rest, day after day, at the very top of his speed, — which I find is “nine miles a day;”* Bos being of heavy foot, at his best. September 1st, Daun has got within ten miles of Meissen Bridge, when — Here is news, my friends: King of Prussia has beaten our poor Russians; will soon be in full march this way! King of Prussia and Markgraf Karl both bending hitherward; at the rate, say of “nineteen miles a day,” instead of nine: — Meissen Bridge is not the thing we shall want! Daun instantly calls halt, at this news; waits, entrenches; and, in a day or two, finding the news true, hurries to rearward all he can. From the Russian side too, Daun has heard of Zorndorf, and the grand “Victory” of Fermor there; but knows well, by this sudden reëmergence of the Anti-Fermor, what kind of Victory it is.

Was it here while waiting about Meissen, or where was it, that Daun got his Letter to Fermor answered in that singular way? The letter of two weeks ago, — carried by Loudon's Hussars or by whomsoever, — for certain, it was retorted, or returned upon Daun; not as if from the Dead-Letter Office, but with an Answer he little expected! Here is what record I have; very vague for a well-known little fact of sparkling nature:

* Tempelhof, II. 261.

"A curious Letter fell into Friedrich's hands" (Bearer, I always guess, the Loudon Hussar-Captain with his 500, pretending to form junction with Fermor), "Prussian Hussars picking it up somewhere, — date, place, circumstances, blurred into oblivion in those poor Books; Letter itself indisputable enough, and Answer following on it; Letter and Answer substantially to this effect:

"*Daun to Fermor*" (Probably from Zittau, by Loudon's Hussars).

"Your Excellenz does not know that wily Enemy as I do. By no means get into battle with such a one. Cautiously manœuvre about; detain him there, till I have got my stroke in Saxony done: don't try fighting him. — DAUN."

"Answer as from Fermor (Zorndorf once done, Daun, by the first opportunity got his Answer, duly signed 'Fermor,' but evidently in a certain King's handwriting):

"Your Excellenz was in the right to warn me against a cunning Enemy, whom you knew better than I. Here have I tried fighting him, and got beaten. Your unfortunate — FERMOR."*

September 9th, Friedrich and Margraf Karl, correct to their appointment, meet at Grossenhayn, some miles north of Meissen and its Bridge; by which time Daun is clean gone again, back well above Dresden again, strongly posted at Stolpen (a place we once heard of, in General Haddick's time, last Year), well in contact with Daun's Pirna friends across the River, and out of dangerous neighbourhoods. Friedrich and the Margraf have followed Daun at quick step; but

* Müller, *Kurzfassste Beschreibung der drei Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1755); in whom, alone, of all the reporters, is the story given in an intelligible form. This Müller's Book is a meritoriously brief Summary, incorrect in no essential particular, and with all the Battle-Plans on one copper-plate; Lieutenant Müller, this one; not Professor Müller alias Schottmüller by any means!

12th Sept. — 10th Oct. 1758.

Daun would pause nowhere, till he got to Stolpen, among the bushy gulleets and chasms. September 12th, Friedrich had speech of Henri, and the pleasure of dining with him in Dresden. Glad to meet again, under fortunate management on both parts; and with much to speak and consult about.

A day or two before, there had lain (or is said to have lain) a grand scheme in Daun: Zweibrück to burst out from Pirna, by daybreak, and attack the Camp of Gahmig in front (35,000 against 20,000); Daun to cross the River on pontoons, some hours before, under cloud of night and be ready on rear and left flank of Gahmig (with as many supplemental thousands as you like): what can save Prince Henri? Beautiful plan; on which there were personal meetings and dinings together by Zweibrück and Daun; but nothing done.* At the eleventh hour, say the Austrian accounts, Zweibrück sent word, "impossible tomorrow; cannot get in my Out-Parties in time!" — and next day, here is Friedrich come, and a collapse of everything. Or perhaps there never seriously was such a plan? Certain it is, Daun takes camp at Stolpen, a place known to him, one of the strongest posts in Germany; entrenches himself to the teeth, — good rear-guard towards Zittau and the Magazines; River and Pirna on our left flank; Loudon strong and busy on our right flank, barring the road to Bautzen; — and obstinately sits there, a very bad tooth in the jaw of a certain King; not to be extracted by the best kinds of forceps and the skilfullest art, for nearly a month to come. Four Armies, Friedrich's, Henry's, Daun's, Zweibrück's, all within swords-stroke of each, — the

* Tempelhof, II. 262-265.

universal Gazetteer world is on tiptoe. But except Friedrich's eager shiftings and rubbings upon Stolpen (west side, north, and at length north-east side), all is dead-lock, and nothing comes of it.

Friedrich has his food convenient from Dresden; but a road to Bautzen withal is what he cannot do without; — and there lies the sorrow, and the *aching*, as this tooth knows well, and this jaw well! Harsch and Deville are busy upon Neisse, have Neisse under blockade, perhaps upon Kosel too, for some time past,* and are carting the siege-stock to begin bombardement: a road to Silesia, before very long, Friedrich must and will have. Friedrich's operations on Daun in this post are patiently artful, and curious to look upon, but beyond description here: enough to say, that in the second week he makes his people hut themselves (weather wet and bad); and in the fourth week, finding that nothing contrivable would provoke Daun into fighting, — he loads at Dresden provisions for I think nine days; makes, from two or from three sides, a sudden spurt upon Loudon, who is Daun's northern outpost; brushes Loudon hastily away; and himself takes the road for Bautzen, by Daun's right flank, thrown bare in this manner.**

Road for Bautzen; which is the road for Zittau withal, for Daun's breadbasket, as well as for Neisse and Harsh! Nine-days provision; that is our small outfit, that and our own right hands; and the waste world lies all ahead. *October 1st*, Retzow, as vanguard, sweeps

* Neisse "blockaded more and more" since August 4th (Kosel still earlier, but only by Pandour people); not completely so, till September 30th, or even till October 26th: *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 268-270.

** Tempelhof, ii. 278.

out the few Croats from Bautzen, deposits his meal-wagons there; occupies Hochkirch, and the hilly environs to east; is to take possession of Weissenberg especially, and of the Stromberg Hill and other strong points: which Retzow punctually does, forgetting nothing, — excepts perhaps the Stromberg, not quite remembered in time; a thing of small consequence in Retzow's view, since all else had gone right.

Hearing of which, Daun, with astonishment, finds that he must quit those beautifully chasmy fastnesses of Stolpen, and look to his bread; which is getting to lie under the enemy's feet, if Zittau road be left yonder as it is. *October 5th*, after councils of war and deliberation enough, Daun gets under way;* cautiously, favoured by a night very dark and wet, glides through to right of Friedrich's people, softly along between Bautzen and the Pirna Country; nobody molesting him, so dark and wet: and after one other march in those bosky solitudes, sits down at Kittlitz, — ahead or to east of Bautzen, of Hochkirch, of Retzow and all Friedrich's people; — and again sets to palisading and entrenching there. Kittlitz, near Löbau, there is Daun's new headquarter; Löbau Water, with its intricate hollows, his line of defence: his posts going out a mile to north and to south of Kittlitz. And so sits; once more blocking Zittau road, and quietly waiting what Friedrich will do.

Friedrich is at Bautzen since the 7th; impatient enough to be forward, but must not till a second larger provision convoy from Dresden come in. Convoy once in, Friedrich hastens off, Tuesday 10th October, towards Weissenberg Country, where Retzow is; some ten or twelve miles to eastward, — Zittau-ward, if that chance

* Tempelhof, II. 279.

to suit us; Silesia-ward, as is sure to suit. At the "Pass of Jenkowitz," short short way from Bautzen, Pandours attempt our baggage; need to be battered off, and again off: which apprises Friedrich that Daun's whole Army is ahead in the neighbourhood somewhere. Marching on, Friedrich, from the knoll of Hochkirch, shoulder of the southern Hills, gets complete view of Daun, — stretching north and south, at right angles to the Zittau roads and to Friedrich, in the way we described; — and is a little surprised, and I could guess piqued, at seeing Daun in such a state of forwardness. "Encamp here, then!" he says, — here, on this row of Heights parallel to Daun, within a mile of Daun: just here, I tell you! under the very nose of Daun, who is above two to one of us; and see what Daun will do. Marwitz, his favourite Adjutant, one of those free-spoken Marwitzes, loyal, skilful, but liable to stiff fits, takes the liberty to remonstrate, argue; says at length, He, Marwitz, dare not be concerned in marking out such an encampment; not he, for his poor part! And is put under arrest; and another Adjutant does it; cannon playing on his people and him, while engaged in the operation.

Friedrich's obstinate rashness, this Tuesday Evening, has not wanted its abundant meed of blame, — rendered so emphatic by what befel on Saturday morning next. His somewhat too authoritative fixity; a certain radiancy of self-confidence, dangerous to a man; his sovereign contempt of Daun, as an inert dark mass, who durst undertake nothing: all this is undeniable, and worth our recognition in estimating Friedrich. One considerably extenuating circumstance does at last turn up, —

in the shape of a new piece of blame to the erring Friedrich; his sudden anger, namely, against the meritorious General Retzow; his putting Retzow under arrest that Tuesday Evening: "How, General Retzow? You have *not* taken hold of the Stromberg for me!" That is the secret of Retzow: and on studying the ground you will find that the Stromberg, a blunt tabular Hill, of good height, detached, and towering well up over all that region, might have rendered Friedrich's position perfectly safe. "Seize me the Stromberg tomorrow morning, the first thing!" ordered Friedrich. And a Detachment went accordingly; but found Daun's people already there, — indisposed to go; nay determined not to go, and getting reinforced to unlimited amounts. So that the Stromberg was left standing, and remained Daun's; furnished with plenty of cannon by Daun. Retzow's arrest, Retzow being a steady favourite of Friedrich's, was only of a few hours: "pardonable that oversight," thinks Friedrich, though it came to cost him dear. For the rest, I find, Friedrich's keeping of this Camp, without the Stromberg, was intended to end, the third day hence: "Saturday 14th, then, since Friday proves impossible!" Friedrich had settled. And it did end, Saturday 14th, though at an earlier *hour*, and with other results than had been expected. Keith said, "The Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here." "We must hope they are more afraid of us than even of the gallows," answered Friedrich. A very dangerous Camp; untenable without the Stromberg. Let us try to understand it, and Daun's position to it, in some slight degree.

"Hochkirch (*Highkirk*) is an old Wendish-Saxon Village, "
"standing pleasantly on its Hilltop, conspicuous for miles round

"on all sides or on all but the south side, where it abuts upon
 "other Heights, which gradually rise into Hills a good deal
 "higher than it. The Village hangs confusedly, a jumble of
 "cottages and cole-garths, on the crown and north slope
 "of the Height; thatched, in part tiled, and built mostly
 "of rough stone-blocks, in our time, — not of wood, as
 "probably in Friedrich's. A solid, sluttishly comfortable-
 "looking Village; with pleasant hay-fields, or long narrow
 "hay-stripes (each villager has his stripe), reaching down to
 "the northern levels. The Church is near the top; Church-
 "yard, and some little space farther, are nearly horizontal
 "ground, till the next Height begins sloping up again towards
 "the woody Hills southward. The view from this little
 "esplanade atop, still better from the Church belfry, is wide
 "and pretty. Free on all sides except the south: pleasant
 "Heights and Hollows, of arable, of wood, or pasture; well-
 "watered by rushing Brooks, all making northward, direct
 "for Spree (the Berlin Spree), or else into the Löbau Water,
 "which is the first big branch of Spree.

"The place is still partly of Wendish speech; the Parson
 "has to preach one half of the Sunday in Wend, the other in
 "German. Among the Hills to south," well worth noting at
 "present, "is one called *Czarnabog*, or 'Devil's Hill;' where the
 "Wendish Devil and his Witches (equal to any German on
 "his Blocksberg, or preternatural Brocken of the Harz) hold
 "their Annual *Witches'-Sabbath*, — a thing not to be contem-
 "plated without a shudder by the Wendish mind. There-
 "abouts, and close from Hochkirch southward, all is shadowy
 "intricacy of thicket and wild wood. Northward too from
 "Hochkirch, and all about, I perceive the scene was woodier
 "then than now; — and must have looked picturesque enough
 "(had anybody been in quest of that), with the multifarious
 "uniforms, and tented people sprinkled far and wide among
 "the leafy red-and-yellow of October 1758."*

In the Village of Wuischke, precisely at the northern
 base of that shaggy *Czarnabog* or Devil's-Hill, stand
 Loudon and 3,000 Croats and grenadiers, as the extreme
 left of Daun's position. Wuischke is nearly straight

* Tourist's Note, September 1858.

south of Hochkirch; so far westward has Loudon pushed forward with his Croats, hidden among the Hills; though Daun's general position lies a good mile to east of Friedrich's: — irregularly north and south, both Friedrich and Daun; the former ignorant what Croats and Loudonries there may be, among those Devil's Hills to his right; the latter not ignorant. Friedrich's right wing, Keith in command of it, stretches to Hochkirch and a little farther: beyond Hochkirch, it has Four flank Battalions in potence form, with proper vedettes and pickets; and above all, with a strong Battery of Twenty Guns, which it maintains on the next Height immediately adjoining Hochkirch, and perceptibly higher than Hochkirch. This is the finis of Keith on his right; and, — except those vedettes, and pickets of Free-corps people, thrown out a little way a-head, into the bushes, on that side, — Friedrich's right wing knows nothing of the shaggy elevations horrent with wood, which lie to southward; and merely intends to play its Twenty Cannon upon them, should they give birth to anything. This is Friedrich's posture on his right or south wing.

From Hochkirch northward or nearly so, but sprinkled about in all the villages and points of strength, as far up as Drehsa and beyond Drehsa, to near Kotitz, a less important village, Friedrich extends about four miles; centre at Rodewitz, where his own headquarter is, above two miles north of Hochkirch. Not far from Rodewitz, but a little to left and ahead, stands his second and best Battery, of Thirty Guns; ready to play upon Lauska, a poor village, and its roadway, should the Austrians try anything there, or from their Stromberg post, which is a good mile behind Lauska. His

strength, in these lines, some count to be only 28,000, or less. Four or five miles to north-east, in and behind Weissenberg (which we used to know last summer), lies Retzow, with perhaps 10 or 12,000, which will bring him up to 40,000, were they properly joined with him as a left wing. Daun's force counts 90,000; with Friedrich lying under his nose in this insolent manner.

Daun's headquarter, as we said, is Kittlitz; a Village some two miles short of Löbau, in the direction south-east of Friedrich; perhaps five miles to south-east of Rodewitz, Friedrich's lodging. It is close upon the Bautzen-Zittau Highway; Zittau some twenty miles to south of it, Herrnhuth and the pacific Brethren about halfway thither. Kittlitz lies more to south than Hochkirch itself; and Daun's outposts, as we saw, circle quite round among those Devil's Hills, and envelop Friedrich's right flank. But Daun's main force lies chiefly northward, and well to west, of Kittlitz; parallel to Friedrich, and eastward of him; with elaborate entrenchments; every village, brook, bridge, height and bit of good ground, Stromberg to end with, punctually secured. Obliquely over the Stromberg, holding the Stromberg and certain Villages to south-east and to north-west of it, lies D'Ahremberg, as right wing: about 20,000 he, put into oblique *potence*; looking into Kotitz, which is Friedrich's extreme left; and in a good measure dividing Friedrich from the Retzow 10,000. And lastly, as reserve, in front of Reichenbach, eight or nine miles to east of all that, lies the Prince of Baden-Durlach, 25,000 or so; barring Retzow on that side, and all attempts on the Silesian Road there. Daun's lines, not counting-in the southern outposts or Devil's-

Hill parties, are considerably longer than Friedrich's, and also considerably deeper. The two headquarters are about five miles apart: but the two fronts, — divided by a brook and good hollow running here (one of many such, making all for Löbau Water), — are not half a mile apart. Towards Hochkirch and the top of this brook, the opposing posts are quite crammed close on one another; divided only by their hollow. Many brooks, each with a definite hollow, run tinkling about here, swift but straitened to get out; especially Löbau Water, which receives them all, has to take a quite meandering circling course (through Daun's quarters and beyond them) before it can disembogue in Spree, and decidedly set out for Berlin under that new name. The Landscape, — seen from Hochkirch Village, still better from the Church-steeple which lifts you high above it, and commands all round except to the south, where Friedrich's battery-height quite shuts you in, and hides even those Devil's Hills beyond, — is cheerful and pretty. Village belfries, steeples and towers; airy green ridges of heights, and intricate greener valleys; now rather barer than you like. The Tourist tells me, in Friedrich's time there must have been a great deal more of wood than now.

What actually befel at Hochkirch (Saturday, 14th October 1758).

Friedrich, for some time, — probably ever since Wednesday morning, when he found the Stromberg was not to be his, — had decided to be out of this bad post. In which, clearly enough, nothing was to be done, unless Daun would attempt something else than

more and more entrenching and palisading himself. Friedrich, on the second day (Thursday 12th), rode across to Weissenberg, to give Retzow his directions, and take view of the ground: "Saturday night, Herr Retzow, sooner it cannot be" (Friedrich had aimed at Friday night, but finds the Provision Convoy cannot possibly be up); "Saturday night, in all silence, we sweep round out of this, — we and you; — hurl Baden-Durlach about his business; and are at Schöps and Reichenbach, and the Silesian Highway open next morning, to us!"* Quietly everything is speeding on towards this consummation, on Friedrich's part. But on Daun's part there is, — started, I should guess, on the very same Thursday, — another consummation getting ready, which is to fall out on Saturday *morning*, fifteen hours before that other, and entirely supersede that other! —

Keith's opinion, that the Austrians deserve to be hanged if they don't attack us here, is also Loudon's opinion and Lacy's, and indeed everybody's, — and at length Daun's own; who determines to try something here, if never before or after. His plan, all judges admit, was elaborate and good; and was well executed too, — Daun himself presiding over the most critical part of the execution. A plan to have ruined almost any Army, except this Prussian one and the Captain it chanced to have. A universal camisado, or surprisal of Friedrich in his Camp, before daylight: everybody knows that it took effect (Hochkirch, Saturday 14th October 1758, 5 A.M. of a misty morning); nobody expects of an unassisted fellow-creature much light on so doubly dark a thing. But the truth is, there are ample

* Tempelhof, n. 320.

accounts, exact, though very chaotic; and the thing, steadily examined, till its essential features extricate themselves from the unessential, proves to be not quite so unintelligible, and nothing like so destructive, overwhelming and ruinous as was supposed.

Daun's plan is very elaborate, and includes a great many combinations; all his 90,000 to come into it, simultaneously or in succession. But the first and grandly vital part, mainspring and father to all the rest, is this: That Daun, in person, after nightfall of Friday, shall, with the pick of his force, say 30,000 horse and foot, with all their artilleries and tools, silently quit his now position in front of Hochkirch, Friedrich's right wing. Shall sweep off, silently to southward and leftward, by Wuischke; thence westward and northward, by the nothern base of those Devil Mountains, through the shaggy hollows and thick woods there, hitherto inhabited by Croats only, and unknown to the Prussians: forward, ever forward, through the night-watches that way; till he has fairly got to the flank of Hochkirch and Friedrich: Daun to be standing there, all round from the southern environs of Hochkirch, westward through the woods, by Meschwitz, Steindörfel, and even north to Waditz (if readers will consult their Map), silently enclosing Friedrich, as in the bag of a net, in this manner; — ready every man and gun by about four on Saturday morning. Are to wait for the stroke of five in Hochkirch steeple; and there and then to begin business, — there first; but, on success *there*, the whole 90,000 everywhere, — and to draw the strings on Friedrich, and bag and strangle his astonished people and him.

The difficulty has been to keep it perfectly secret

from so vigilant a man as Friedrich: but Daun has completely succeeded. Perhaps Friedrich's eyes have been a little dimmed by contempt of Daun: Daun, for the last two days especially, has been more diligent than ever to palisade himself on every point; nothing, seemingly, on hand but felling woods, building abatis, against some dangerous Lion's-spring. They say also, he detected a traitor in his Camp; traitor carrying Letters to Friedrich under pretence of fresh eggs, — one of the eggs blown, and a Note of Daun's Procedures substituted as yolk. "You are dead, sirrah," said Daun; "hoisted to the highest gallows: Are not 'you? But put-in a Note of my dictating, and your 'beggarly life is saved.'" Retzow Junior, though there is no evidence except of the circumstantial kind, thinks this current story may be true.* Certain it is, neither Friedrich nor any of his people had the least suspicion of Daun's project, till the moment it exploded on them, when the clock at Hochkirch struck five. Daun, in the last two days, has been felling even more trees than they are aware of, — thousands of trees in those Devil's wildernesses to Friedrich's right; and has secretly hewn himself roads, passable by night for men and ammunition-wagons there: — and in front of Friedrich, especially Hochkirch way, Daun seems busier than ever felling wood, this Friday night; numbers of people running about with axes, with lanterns over there, as if in the push of hurry, and making a great deal of noise. "Intending retreat for Zittau tomorrow!" thinks Friedrich, as the false egg-yolk had taught him; or merely, "That poor precautionary fellow!" supposing the false yolk a myth. In

* Retzow, I. 347.

short, Daun has got through his nocturnal wildernesses with perfect success. And stands, dreamt of by no enemy, in the places appointed for his 30,000 and him; and that poor old clock of Hochkirch, unweariedly grunting forward to the stroke of five, will strike up something it is little expecting! —

The Prussians have vedettes, pickets, and small outposts of Free-corps people scattered about within their border of that Austrian Wood, the body of which, about Hochkirch as everywhere else, belongs wholly to Croats. Of course there are guard-parties, sentries duly vigilant, in the big Battery to south-east of Hochkirch, — and along south-westward in that *potence*, or fore-arm of Four Battalions, which are stationed there. Four good Battalions looking southward there, with Cavalry to right; Ziethen's Cavalry, — whose horses stand saddled through the night, ready always for the nocturnal "Pandourade," which seldom fails them. There, as elsewhere, are the due vigilances, watchmen, watch-fires. The rest of the Prussian Army is in its blankets, wholly asleep, while Daun stands waiting for the stroke of five.

That Daun, bursting in with his chosen 30,000, will trample down the sleeping Prussian *potence* at Hochkirch; capture its big Battery to left, its Village of Hochkirch to rear, and do extensive ruin on the whole right wing of Friedrich; rendering Friedrich everywhere an easy conquest to the rest of Daun's people, who stand, far and wide, duly posted and prepared, waiting only their signal from Hochkirch: much of this, all of it that had regard to Hochkirch Battery and Village, and the Prussians stationed there, Daun did execute. And readers, from the data they have

got, must conceive the manner of it, — human description of the next Two Hours, about Hochkirch, in the thick darkness there, and stormful sudden inroad, and stormful resistance made, being manifestly an impossible thing. Nobody was “massacred in his bed,” as the sympathetic gazetteers fancied; nobody was killed, that I hear of, without arms in his hand: but plenty of people perished, fierce of humour, on both sides; and from half-past five till towards eight, there was a general blaze of fiery chaos pushing out ever and anon, swallowed in the belly of night again, such as was seldom seen in this world. Instead of confused details, and wearisome enumeration of particulars, which nobody would listen to or understand, we will give one intelligent young gentleman’s experience, our friend Tempelhof’s, who stood in this part of the Prussian Line; experience distinct and indubitable to us; and which was pretty accurately symbolical, I otherwise see, of what befel on all points thereabouts. Faithfully copied, and in the essential parts, not even abridged, here it is:

Tempelhof, at that time a subaltern of artillery, was stationed with a couple of 24-pounders in attendance on the Battalion Plothow, which with three others and some cavalry lay to the south side of Hochkirch, forming a kind of fore-arm or *potence* there to right of the big Battery, with their rear to Hochkirch; and keeping vedettes and Free-corps parties spread out into the woods and Devil’s Hills ahead. Tempelhof had risen about three, as usual; had his guns and gunners ready; and was standing by the watch-fire, “expecting the customary Pandourade,” and what form it would take this morning. “Close on five o’clock; and not a mouse stirring! We are not to have our Pandourade, then?” On a sudden, noise bursts out; noise enough, sharp fire among the Free-corps people; fire growing ever sharper, noisier, for the next

half hour, but nothing whatever to be seen. "Battalion Plothow had soon got its clothes on, all to the spatterdashes; and took rank to right and left of the *flèche*, and of my two guns, in front of its post: but on account of the thick fog everything was totally dark. I fired off my cannons" (shall we say straight southward?) "to learn whether there was anything in front of us. No answer: 'Nothing there — Pshaw, a mere crackery (*Geknacker*) of Pandours and our Free-corps people, after all!' But the noise grew louder, and came ever nearer; I turned my guns towards it" (southward, south-eastward, or perhaps a gun each way?) — "and here we had a salvo in response, from some battalions who seemed to be two hundred yards or so ahead. The Battalion Plothow hereupon gave fire; I too plied my cannons what I could, — and had perhaps delivered fifteen double shots from them, when at once I tumbled to the ground, and lost all consciousness" for some minutes or moments.

Awakening with the blood running down his face, poor Tempelhof concluded it had been a musket-shot in the head; but on getting to his hands and knees, he found the place "full of Austrian grenadiers, who had crept in through our tents to rear; and that it had been a knock with the butt of the musket from one of those fellows, and not a bullet," that had struck him down. Battalion Plothow, assailed on all sides, resisted on all sides; and Tempelhof saw from the ground, — I suppose, by the embers of watchfires, and by rare flashes of musketry, for they did not fire much, having no room, but smashed and stabbed and cut, — "an infantry fight which in murderous intensity surpasses imagination. I was taken prisoner at this turn; but soon after, got delivered by our cavalry again."*

This latter circumstance, of being delivered by the Cavalry, I find to be of frequent occurrence in that first act of the business there: the Prussian Battalion, surprised on front and rear, always makes murderous fight for itself; is at last overwhelmed, obliged to retire, perhaps opening its way by bayonet-charge; — upon

* Tempelhof, II. 324 n.

which our Cavalry (Ziethen's, and others that gathered to him) cutting in upon the disordered surprisers, cut them into flight, rescue the prisoners, and for a time reinstate matters. The Prussian battalions do not run (nobody runs); but when repulsed by the endless odds, rally again. The big Battery is not to be had of them without fierce and dogged struggle; and is retaken more than once or twice. Still fiercer, more dogged, was the struggle in Hochkirch Village; especially in Hochkirch Church and Churchyard, — whither the Battalion Margraf-Karl had flung themselves; the poor Village soon taking fire about them. Soon taking fire, and continuing to be a scene of capture and recapture, by the flame-light; while Battalion Margraf-Karl stood with invincible stubbornness, pouring death from it; not to be compelled by the raging tide of Austrian grenadiers; not by "six Austrian battalions," by "eight," or by never so many. Stood at bay there; levelling whole masses of them, — till its cartridges were spent, all to one or two per man; and Major Lange, the heroic Captain of it, said, "We shall have to go, then, my men; let us cut ourselves through!" — and did so, in an honourably invincible manner; some brave remnant actually getting through, with Lange himself wounded to death.

I think it was not till towards six o'clock that the right wing generally became aware what the case was: "More than a Pandourade, yes;" — though what it might be, in the thick fog which had fallen, blotting out all vestiges of daylight, nobody could well say. Rallied Battalions, reinforced by this or the other Battalion hurrying up from leftward, always charge in upon the enemy, in Hochkirch or wherever he is busy:

generally push him back into the Night; but are then fallen upon on both flanks by endless new strength, and obliged to draw back in turn. And Ziethen's Horse, in the mean while, do execution; breaking in on the tumultuous victors; new Cuirassiers, Gendarmes dashing up to help, so soon as saddled, and charging with a will: so that, on the whole, the enemy, variously attempting, could make nothing of us on that western, or rearward side, — thanks mainly to Ziethen and the Horse. "Had we but waited till three of our Battalions had got up!" say the Prussian narrators. But it is thick mist; few yards ahead, you cannot see at all, unless it be flame; and close at hand, all things and figures waver indistinct, — hairy outlines of blacker shadows on a ground of black.

It must have been while Lange was still fighting, perhaps before Lange took to the Church of Hochkirch, scarcely later than half-past six (but nobody thought of pulling out his watch in such a business!) — about six, or half-past six, when Keith, who has charge of this wing, and lodges somewhere below or north of Hochkirch, came to understand that his big Battery was taken; that here was such a Pandourade as had not been before; and that, of a surety, said Battery must be retaken. Keith springs on horseback; hastily takes "Battalion Kannacker" and several remnants of others; rushes upwards, "leaving Hochkirch a little to right; direct upon the big Battery." Recaptures the big Battery. But is set upon by overwhelming multitudes, bent to have it back; — is passionate for new assistance in this vital point; but can get none: had been "*disarted* by both his Aide-de-camps," says poor John Tebay, a wandering English

horse-soldier, who attends him as mounted groom; "asked twenty times, and twenty more, 'Where are my Aide-de-camps!'"* — but could get no response or reinforcement; and at length, quite surrounded and overwhelmed, had to retire; opening his way by the bayonet; and before long, suddenly stopping short, — falling dead into Tebay's arms; shot through the heart. Two shots on the right side he had not regarded; but this on the left side was final: Keith's fightings are suddenly all done. Tebay, in distraction, tried much to bring away the body; but could by no present means; distractedly "rid for a coach;" found, on return, that the Austrians had the ground, and the body of his master; Hochkirch, Church and all, now undisputedly theirs.

To appearance, it was this news of Keith's repulse (I know not whether of Keith's *death* as yet) that first roused Friedrich to a full sense of what was now going on, two miles to south of him. Friedrich, according to his habits, must have been awake and afoot when the Business first broke out; though, for some considerable time, treating it as nothing but a common crackery of Pandours. Already, finding the Pandourade louder than usual, he had ordered out to it one battalion and the other that lay handy: but now he pushes forward several battalions under Franz of Brunswick (his youngest Brother-in-law), with Margraf Karl and Prince

* "Captens Cockey and Goudy" he calls them — (*Cocceji*, whose Father the Kanzler we have seen, and *Gaudi* whose self), — who both had, in succession, struck into Hochkirch as the less desperate place, according to Tebay: See *Tebay's Letter to Mitchell*, "Crossen, October 29th" (in *Memoirs and Papers*, II. 501-505); — which is probably true every word, allowing for Tebay's temper; but is highly indecipherable, though not entirely so after many readings and researchings.

Moritz: "Swift you, to Hochkirch yonder!" — and himself springs on horseback to deal with the affair. Prince Franz of Brunswick, poor young fellow, cheerily coming on, near Hochkirch had his head shorn off by a cannon-ball. Moritz of Dessau, too, "riding within twenty yards of the Austrians," so dark was it, he so nearsighted, got badly hit, — and soon after driving to Bautzen for surgery, was made prisoner by Pandours;* never fought again, "died next year of cancer in the lip." Nothing but triumphant Austrian shot and cannon-shot going yonder; these battalions too have to fall back with sore loss.

Friedrich himself, by this time, is forward in the thick of the tumult, with another body of battalions; storming furiously along, has his horse shot under him; storms through, "successfully, by the other side of Hochkirch" (Hochkirch to his left): — but finds, as the mist gradually sinks, a ring of Austrians massed ahead, on the Heights; as far as Steindörfel and farther, a general continent of Austrians enclosing all the south and south-west; and, in fact, that here is now nothing to be done. That the question of his flank is settled; that the question now is of his front, which the appointed Austrian parties are now upon attacking. Question especially of the Heights of Drehsa, and of the Pass and Brook of Drehsa (rearward of his centre part), where his one retreat will lie, Steindörfel being now lost. Part first of the Affair is ended; Part second of it begins.

Rapidly enough Friedrich takes his new measures.

* In *Archenholts* (i. 289-290), his dangerous adventures on the road to Bautzen, in this wounded condition.

Seizes Drehsa Height, which will now be key of the field; despatches Möllendorf thither (Möllendorf our courageous Leuthen friend); who vigorously bestirs himself; gets hold of Drehsa Height before the enemy can; Ziethen coöperating on the Heights of Kumschütz, Canitz and other points of vantage. And thus, in effect, Friedrich pulls up his torn right skirt (as he is doing all his other skirts) into new compact front against the Austrians: so that, in that south-western part especially, the Austrians do not try it farther; but "retire at full gallop," on sight of this swift seizure of the Keys by Möllendorf and Ziethen. Friedrich also despatches instant order to Retzow, to join him at his speediest. Friedrich everywhere rearranges himself, hither, thither, with skilful rapidity, in new Line of Battle; still hopeful to dispute what is left of the field; — longing much that Retzow could come on wings.

By this time (towards eight, if I might guess) Day has got the upper hand; the Daun Austrians stand visible on their Ring of Heights all round, behind Hochkirch and our late Battery, on to westward and northward, as far as Steindörfel and Waditz; — extremely busy rearranging themselves into something of line; there being much confusion, much simmering about in clumps and gaps, after such a tussle. In front of us, to eastward, the appointed Austrian parties are proceeding to attack: but in daylight, and with our eyes open, it is a thing of difficulty, and does not prosper as Hochkirch did. Duke D'Ahremberg, on their extreme right, had in charge to burst in upon our left, so soon as he saw Hochkirch done: D'Ahremberg does try; as do others in their places, nearer Daun; but with comparatively little success. D'Ahrem-

berg, meeting something of check or hindrance where he tried, pauses, for a good while, till he see how others prosper. Their grand chance is their superiority of number; and the fact that Friedrich can try nothing upon *them*, but must stand painfully on the defensive till Retzow come. To Friedrich, Retzow seems hugely slow about it. But the truth is, Baden-Durlach, with his 20,000 of Reserve, has, as per order, made attack on Retzow, 20,000 against 12: one of the feeblest attacks conceivable; but sufficient to detain Retzow till he get it repulsed. Retzow is diligent as Time, and will be here.

Meanwhile, the Austrians on front do, in a sporadic way, attack and again attack our batteries and posts; especially that big Battery of Thirty Guns, which we have to north of Rodewitz. The Austrians do take that Battery at last; and are beginning again to be dangerous, — the rather as D'Ahremberg seems again to be thinking of business. It is high time Retzow were here! Few sights could be gladder to Friedrich, than the first glitter of Retzow's vanguard, — horse, under Prince Eugen of Würtemberg, — beautifully wending down from Weissenberg yonder; skilfully posting themselves, at Belgern and elsewhere, as thorns in the sides of D'Ahremberg (sharp enough, on trial by D'Ahremberg). Followed, before long, by Retzow himself; serenely crossing Löbau Water; and, with grave celerity, and the best of skill, likewise posting himself, — hopelessly to D'Ahremberg, who tries nothing farther. The sun is now shining; it is now ten in the day. Had Retzow come an hour sooner; — before we lost that big Battery and other things! But he could come no sooner; be thankful he is here at last, in such an over-awing manner.

Friedrich, judging that nothing now can be made of the affair, orders retreat. Retreat, which had been getting schemed, I suppose, and planned in the gloom of the royal mind, ever since loss of that big Battery at Rodewitz. Little to occupy him, in this interim; except indignant waiting, rigorously steady, and some languid interchange of cannon-shot between the parties. Retreat is to Klein-Bautzen neighbourhood (new head-quarter Doberschütz, outposts Kreckwitz and Purschwitz); four miles or so to north-west. Rather a shifting of your ground, which astonishes the military reader ever since, than a retreating such as the common run of us expected. Done in the usual masterly manner; part after part wending off, Retzow standing minatory here, Möllendorf minatory there, in the softest quasi-rhythmic sequence; Cavalry all drawn out between Belgern and Kreckwitz, baggage-wagons filing through the Pass of Drehsa; — not an Austrian meddling with it, less or more; Daun and his Austrians standing in their ring of five miles, gazing into it like stone statues; their regiments being still in a confused state, — and their Daun an extremely slow gentleman.*

And in this manner Friedrich, like a careless swimmer caught in the Mahlstrom, has not got swallowed in it; but has made such a buffeting of it, he is here out of it again, without bone broken, — not, we hope, without instruction from the adventure. He has lost 101 pieces of cannon, most of his tents and camp-furniture; and, what is more irreparable, above 8,000 of his brave people, 5,381 of them and 119 Officers (Keith and Moritz for two) either dead or captive. In

* Tempelhof, II. 319-336; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, II. 432-453; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 241-257; Archenholts, &c. &c.

men the Austrian loss, it seems, is not much lower, some say is rather a shade higher; by their own account, 325 Officers, 5,614 rank and file, killed and wounded, — not reckoning 1,000 prisoners they lost to us, and “at least 2,000” who took that chance of deserting in the intricate dark woods.*

Friedrich, all say, took his punishment in a wonderfully cheerful manner. De Catt the Reader, entering to him that evening as usual, the King advanced, in a tragic declamatory attitude; and gave him, with proper voice and gesture, an appropriate passage of Racine:

*“Enfin après un an, tu me revois, Arbate,
“Non plus comme autrefois cet heureux Mithridate
“Qui, de Rome toujours balançant le destin,
“Tenait entre elle et moi l’univers incertain.
“Je suis vaincu; Pompée a saisi l’avantage
“D’une nuit qui laissait peu de place au courage;
“Mes soldats presque nus, dans” — • •*

Not a little to De Catt’s comfort.† During the retreat itself, Retzow Junior had come, as Papa’s Aide-de-camp, with a message to the King; found him on the heights of Klein Bautzen, watching the movements. Message done with, the King said, in a smiling tone, “Daun has played me a slippery trick today!” “I have seen it,” answered Retzow; “but it is only a “scratch, which your Majesty will soon manage to heal “again.” — “*Glaubt Er dies*, Do you think so?” “Not “only I, but the whole Army firmly believe it of your “Majesty.” — “You are quite right,” added the King, in a confidentially candid way: “We will manage “Daun. What I lament is the number of brave men

* Tempelhof, II. 336; but see Kausler, p. 576.

† Rördenbeck, I. 354.

"that have died this morning."* On the morrow, he was heard to say publicly: "Daun has let us out of 'check-mate; the game is not lost yet. We will rest 'ourselves here, a few days; then go for Silesia, and 'deliver Neisse." The Anecdote-Books (perhaps not mythically) add this: "Where are all your guns, though?" said the King to an Artilleryman, standing vacant on parade, next day. "*Ihro Majestät*, the Devil 'stole them all, last night!" — "Hm, well, we must 'have them back from him."**

Nothing immoderately depressive in Hochkirch, it appears; — though, alas, on the fourth day after, there came a message from Baireuth; which did strike one down: "My noble Wilhelmina dead; died in the very hours while we were fighting here!"*** Readers must conceive it: coming unexpected more or less, black as sudden universal hurricane, on the heart of the man; a sorrow sacred, yet immeasurable, irremediable to him; as if the sky too were falling on his head, in aid of the mean earth and its ravengings: — of all this there can nothing be said at present. Friedrich's one relief seems to have been the necessity laid on him of perpetual battling with outward business; — we may fancy, in the rapid weeks following, how much was lying, at all times, in the background of his mind suppressed into its caves.

Daun, it appears, was considerably elated: spent a great deal of his time, so precious just at present, in writing despatches, in congratulating and being congratu-

* Retzow, i. 359 n.

** Archenholtz, i. 299.

*** On a common Business-Letter to Prince Henri, "Doberschütz, 18th October 1758," is this sudden bit of Autograph: "*Grand Dieu, ma Sœur de Bareith!*" — (Schöning, *Der Siebenjährige Krieg, nach der Original-Correspondenz &c., aus den Staats-Archiven: Potsdam, 1851: i. 287.*)

tulated; — did an elaborate *Te-Deum*, or Ambrosian Song, in artillery and *vox humana*, — which with the adjuncts, say splenetic people, as at Kolin, sensibly assisted Friedrich's affairs. Daun was by no means of braggart turn; but the recognition of his matchless achievement by the gazetteer public, whether in exultation or in lamentation, was loud and universal; and the joy, in Vienna and the cognate quarters, knew no bounds for the time being. Thus, among other tokens, the Holiness of our Lord the Pope, blessing Heaven for such success against the Heretic, was pleased to send him "a Consecrated Hat and Sword," — such as the old Popes were wont, very long ago, to bestow on distinguished Champions against the Heathen, — (much jeered at, and crowed over, by a profane Friedrich*): "the effect of which miraculous furnishings," says Tempelhof, "turned out to be that the Feldmarschall "never gained any success more;" — in fact, except that small thing on Finck next Year, never any, as it chanced. Daun had withdrawn to his old camp, on the day of Hochkirch; leaving only a detachment on the field there: it was not for six or seven days more that he stepped out to the Kreckwitz and Purschwitz neighbourhood; more within sight of his vanquished enemy, — but nothing like vigilant enough of what might still be in him, after such vanquishing! — We must spare this Note, for the sake of a heroic kind of man, who had not too much of reward in the world:

"Tebay could not recover Keith's body: Croats had the "plundering of Keith; other Austrians, not of Croat kind,

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 122, 124, 126, &c. &c.: in *Preuss*, n. 196, complete List of these poor Pieces; which are hearty, not hypocritical, in their contemptuous hilarity, but have little other merit.

"carried the dead General into Hochkirch Church: Lacy's emotion on recognising him there, — like a tragic gleam of his own youth suddenly brought back to him, as instar-light, piercing and sad, from twenty-years distance, — is well known in Books. On the morrow, Sunday October 15th, Keith had honourable soldier's-burial there, — 'twelve canon' salvoing thrice, and 'the whole Corps of Colloredo' with their muskets thrice; Lacy as chief mourner, not without tears. Four months after, by royal order, Keith's body was conveyed to Berlin; reinterred in Berlin, in a still more solemn public manner, with all the honours, all the regrets; and Keith sleeps now in the Garrison-Kirche: — far from bonny Inverugie; the hoarse sea-winds and caverns of Dunottar singing vague requiem to his honourable line and him, in the imaginations of some few. 'My Brother leaves me a noble legacy,' said the old Lord Marischal: last year he had Bohemia under ransom; and his personal estate is 70 ducats" (about 25*l.*)*

"In Hochkirch Church there is still, not in the Church-yard as formerly, a fine, modestly impressive Monument to Keith; modest Urn of black marble on a Pedestal of gray, — and, in gold letters, an Inscription not easily surpassable in the lapidary way: * * 'DUM IN PRELIO NON PROCUL
'HINC INCLINATAM SUORUM ACIEM MENTE MANU VOCE ET EXMPLO
'RESTITUEBAT PUGNANS UT HEROAS DECET OCCUBUIT. D. XIV.
'OCTOBREIS' — These words go through you like the clang of steel.† Friedrich's sorrow over him ('tears,' high eulogies, 'loua extrêmement') is itself a monument. Twenty years after, Keith had from his master a Statue, in Berlin. One of Four; to the Four most deserving: Schwerin (1771), Winterfeld (1777), Seidlitz (1778), Keith (when?)†† — which still stand in the Wilhelm Platz there.

* Varnhagen, p. 261.

† In *Rödenbeck*, i. 149. Given also (very nearly correct) in *Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith* (London, 1849), i. 151. This is the junior of the two Diplomatic Sir Roberts, genealogical cousins of Keith; by this one (in 1771, not 1776 as German Guide-books have it) the Hochkirch Monument was set up. A very interesting Collection of *Letters*, those of his; — edited with the usual darkness, or rather more.

†† Nicolai (*Beschreibung der Residenzstädte*, i. 193, 194) gives these dates or the Three, and for Keith's no date.

"Hochkirch Church has been rebuilt in late years: a "spacious airy Church, with galleries, and requisites, especially with free air, light and cleanliness. Capable perhaps of 1,500 sitters: half of them Wends. 'Above 700 skeletons,' in one heap, were dug out, in cutting the new foundations.' "The strong outer Door of the old Church, red oak, I should think, is still retained in that capacity; still shows perhaps half-a-dozen rough big quasi-keyholes, torn through it in different parts, and daylight shining in, where the old bullets passed. The Keith Monument, perhaps four feet high, is "on the flagged floor, left side of the pulpit, close by the wall, "— 'the bench where Keith's body lay has had to be cased in "new plank' (zinc would be better) 'against the knives of "tourists.'"

Old Lord Marischal, — George, "*Maréchal d'Ecosse*," as he always signs himself, — was by this time seventy-two; King's Governor of Neufchâtel, for a good while past and to come (1754—1763). In "James," the junior, but much the stronger and more solid, he has lost, as it were, a *father* and younger brother at once; father, under beautiful conditions; and the tears of the old man are natural and affecting. Ten years older than his Brother; and survived him still twenty years. An excellent cheery old soul, he too; honest as the sunlight, with a fine small vein of gaiety, and "pleasant wit," in him: what a treasure to Friedrich at Potsdam, in the coming years; and how much loved by him (almost as one *boy* loves another), all readers would be surprised to discover. Some hints of him will perhaps be allowed us farther on.

Sequel of Hochkirch; the Campaign ends in a Way surprising to an attentive Public (22d October — 20th November 1758).

There followed upon Hochkirch five weeks of rapid events; such as nobody had been calculating on. To the reader, so weary of marchings, manœuverings, surprisals, campings, and details of war, not many words, we hope, may render these results conceivable.

Friedrich staid ten days, refitting himself, in that Camp of Klein Bautzen, on one of the branches of the Spree. Daun, who had retired to his old strong place, on the 14th, scarcely occupying Hochkirch Field at all, came out in about a week; and took a strong post near Friedrich; not attempting anything upon him, but watching him, now better within sight. Friedrich's fixed intention is, to march to Neisse all the same; what probably Daun, under the shadow of his laurels and his new Papal Hat, may not have considered possible, with the road to Neisse blocked by 80,000 men. Friedrich has refitted himself with the requisite new cannon and furnitures, from Dresden; especially with Prince Henri and 6,000 foot and horse, — led by Prince Henri in person; so Prince Henri would have it, the capricious little man; and that Finck should be left in Saxony instead of him. All which weakens Saxony not a little. But Friedrich hopes the Reichs Army is a feeble article; ill off for provision in those parts, and not likely to attempt very much on the sudden. Accordingly:

Friedrich marches, enigmatically, not on Glogau, but on Reichenbach and Görlitz; to Daun's astonishment.

Sunday Evening, October 22d, Convoy of many wagons quits

22d Oct. — 9th Nov. 1758.

Bautzen (Bautzen Proper, not the Village, but the Town), laden with all the wounded of Hochkirch; above 3,000 by count, to carry them to Dresden for deliberate surgery. Keith's Tebay, I perceive, is in this Convoy; not ill hurt, but willing to lie in Hospital a little, and consider. These poor fellows cannot get to Dresden: on the second day, a Daun Detachment, hussaring about in those parts, is announced ahead; and (by new order from headquarters) the Convoy turns northward for Hoyerswerda, — (to Tebay's disgust with the Commandant; "shied off," says Tebay, "for twelve hussars!")* — and I think, in the end, went on to Glogau instead of Dresden. Which was very fortunate for Tebay and the others. The poor wounded being thus disposed of, Friedrich next night, at 10 o'clock, Monday 23d, in the softest manner, pushes off his Bakery and Army Stores a little way, northward down the Spree Valley, on the western fork of the Spree (fork farthest from Daun); follows, himself, with the rest of the Army, next evening, down the eastern fork, also northward. "Going for Glogau," thinks Daun, when the hussars report about it (late on Tuesday night): "Let him go, if he fancy that a road to Neisse! But, indeed, what other shift has he," considers Daun, "but to try rallying at Glogau yonder, safe under the guns?" — and is not in the slightest haste about this new matter.**

United with his baggage-column, Friedrich proceeds north-eastward; crosses Spree still northward or north-eastward; encamps there, in the dark hours of Tuesday; no Daun heeding him. Before daylight, however, Friedrich is again on foot; in several columns now, for the bad country-roads ahead; — and has struck straight south-eastward, if Daun were noting him. And, in the afternoon of Wednesday, Daun is astonished to learn that this wily Enemy is arrived in Reichenbach vicinity; sweeping-in our poor posts thereabouts; immovably astride of the Silesian Highway, after all! An astonished Daun hastens out, what he can, to take survey of the sudden Phenomenon. Tries it, next day and next, with his best Loudons and appliances; finds that this Phenomenon can actually march to Neisse ahead of him, indifferent to Pandours, or giving them as good as they bring; — and that

* Second Letter from Tebay, in Mitchell, *ubi supra*.

** Tempelhof, n. 341-347.

nothing but a battle and beating (could we rashly dream of such a thing, which we cannot) will prevent it. "Very well, then!" Daun strives to say. And lets the Phenomenon march (*from Görlitz, October 30th*); Loudon harassing the rear of it, for some days; not without counter harassment, much waste of cannonading, and ruin to several poor Lausitz Villages by fire, — "Prussians scandalously burn them, when we attack!" says Loudon. Till, at last, finding this march impreguably arranged, "split into two routes," and ready for all chances, Loudon also withdraws to more promising business. Poor General Retzow Senior was of this march; absolutely could not be excused, though fallen ill of dysentery, like to die; — and did die, the day after he got to Schweidnitz, when the difficulties and excitement were over.*

Of Friedrich's march, onward from Görlitz, we shall say nothing farther, except that the very wind of it was salvatory to his Silesian Fortresses and interests. That at Neisse, on and after November 1st, — which is the third or second day of Friedrich's march, — General Treskow, Commandant of Neisse, found the bombardment slacken more and more ("King of Prussia coming," said the Austrian deserters to us); and that, on November 6th, Treskow, looking out from Neisse, found the Austrian trenches empty, Generals Harsch and Deville hurrying over the Hills homewards, — pickings to be had of them by Treskow, — and Neisse Siege a thing finished.** It had lasted, in the way of blockade and half-blockade, for about three months; Deville, for near one month, half-blockading, then Harsch (since September 30th) wholly blockading, with Deville under him, and an army of 20,000; though the

* Retzow, i. 372.

** *Tagebuch*, &c. ("Diary of the Siege of Neisse," 4th August, — 28th October, — 6th November 1758, "1 A. M. suddenly"), in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, II. 468-472; of Treskow's own writing; brief and clear. *Heiden-Geschichte*, v. 268-270.

actual cannonade, very fierce, but of no effect, could not begin till little more than a week ago, — so difficult the getting up of siege-material in those parts. Kosel, under Commandant Lattorf, whose praises, like Treskow's were great, had stood four months of Pandour blockading and assaulting, which also had to take itself away on advent of Friedrich. Of Friedrich, on his return-journey, we shall hear again before long; but in the mean while must industriously follow Daun.

Feldmarschall Daun and the Reichs Army try some Siege of Dresden (9th-16th November).

October 30th, Daun, seeing Neisse Siege as good as gone to water, decided with himself that he could still do a far more important stroke: capture Dresden, get hold of Saxony in Friedrich's absence. Daun turned round from Reichenbach, accordingly; and, at his slow-footed pace, addressed himself to that new errand. Had he made better despatch, or even been in better luck, it is very possible he might have done something there. In Dresden, and in Governor Schmettau with his small garrison, there is no strength for a siege; in Saxony is nothing but some poor remnant under Finck, much of it Free-corps and light people: capable of being swallowed by the Reichs Army itself, — were the Reichs Army enterprising, or in good circumstances otherwise. It is true the Russians have quitted Colberg as impossible; and are flowing homewards dragged by hunger: the little Dohna Army will, therefore, march for Saxony; the little Anti-Swedish Army, under Wedell, has likewise been mostly ordered thither; both at their quickest. For Daun, all turns on despatch; loiter a little, and Friedrich himself will be here again!

Daun, I have no doubt, stirred his slow feet the fastest he could. November 7th, Daun was in the neighbourhood of Pirna Country again, had his Bridge at Pirna, for communication; urged the Reichs Army to bestir itself, Now or never. Reichs Army did push out a little against Finck;

made him leave that perpetual Camp of Gahmig, take new camps, Kesselsdorf and elsewhere; and at length made him shoot across Elbe, to the north-west, on a pontoon bridge below Dresden, with retreating room to northward, and shelter under the guns of that City. Reichs Army has likewise made powerful detachments for capture of Leipzig and the north-western towns; capture of Torgau, the Magazine town, first of all: summon them, with force evidently overpowering, "Free-withdrawal, if you don't resist; and if you do —!" — At Torgau there was actual attempt made (November 12th), rather elaborate and dangerous-looking; under Haddick, with near 10,000 of the "Austrian-auxiliary" sort: to whom the old Commandant, — judging Wedell, the late Anti-Swedish Wedell, to be now near, — rushed out with "300 men and one big gun;" and made such a firing and gesticulating as was quite extraordinary, as if Wedell were here already: till Wedell's self did come in sight; and the overpowering Reichs Detachment made its best speed elsewhere.* The other Sieges remained things of theory; the other Reichs Detachments hurried home, I think, without summoning anybody.

Meanwhile, Daun, with the proper Artilleries at last ready, comes flowing forward (*November 8th-9th*); and takes post in the Great Garden, or south side of Dresden; minatory to Schmettau and that City. The walls, or works, are weak; outside there is nothing but Mayer and the Free-corps to resist, — who indeed has surpassed himself this season, and been extraordinarily diligent upon that lazy Reichs Army. Commandant Schmettau signifies to Daun, the day Daun came in sight, "If your Excellenz advance farther on me, the grim Rules of War in besieged places will order That I burn the Suburbs, which are your defences in attacking me," — and actually fills the fine houses on the Southern Suburb with combustible matter, making due announcements, to Court and population, as well as to Daun. "Burn the Suburbs?" answers Daun: "In the name of civilised humanity, you will never think of such thing!" "That will I, your Excellenz, of a surety, and do it!" answers Schmettau. So that Dresden is full of pity, terror

* Tempelhof, &c.; "Letter from a Prussian Officer," in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 286.

and speculation. The common rumour is, says Excellency Mitchell, who is sojourning there for the present, "That Brühl" (nefarious Brühl, born to be the death of us!) "has persuaded Polish Majesty to sanction this enterprise of Daun's," — very careless, Brühl, what become of Dresden or us, so the King of Prussia be well hurt or spited!

Certain enough, *November 9th*, Daun does come on, regardless of Schmettau's assurances; so that, "about midnight," Mayer, who "can hear the enemy busily building four big batteries" withal, has to report himself driven to the edge of those high Houses (which are filled with combustibles), and that some Croats are got into the upper windows. "Burn them, then!" answers Schmettau (such the dire necessity of sieged places): and, "at 3 A.M." (three hours notice to the poor inmates), Mayer does so; hideous flames bursting out, punctually at the stroke of 3: "whole Suburb seemed on blaze" (about a sixth part of it actually so), "nay you would have said the whole Town was en-vironed in flames." Excellency Mitchell climbed a steeple: "will not describe to your Lordship the horror, the terror and confusion of this night; wretched inhabitants running 'with their furniture' (what of it they had got flung out, between 12 o'clock and 3) 'towards the Great Garden; all Dresden, to appearance, girt in flames, ruins and smoke.' Such a night in Dresden, especially in the Pirna Suburb, as was never seen before.* This was the sad beginning, or attempt at beginning, of Dresden Siege; and this also was the end of it, on Daun's part at present. For four days more, he hung about the place, minatory, hesitative; but attempted nothing feasible; and on the fifth day, — "for a certain weighty reason," as the Austrian Gazettes express it, — he saw good to vanish into the Pirna Rock-Country, and be out of harm's way in the mean while!

The truth is, Daun's was an intricate case just now; needing, above all things, swiftness of treatment; what, of all things, it could not get from Daun. His denun-

* Mitchell, *Memoirs and Papers*, I. 459. In *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 295-302, minute account (corresponding well with Mitchell's); ib. 303-33, the certified details of the damage done: "280 houses lost;" "4 human lives."

ciations on that burnt Suburb were again loud; but Schmettau continues deaf to all that, — means “to defend himself by the known rules of war and of honour;” declares, he “will dispute from street to street, and only finish in the middle of Polish Majesty’s Royal Palace.” Denunciation will do nothing! Daun had above 100,000 men in those parts. Rushing forward with sharp shot and bayonet storm, instead of logical denunciation, it is probable Daun might have settled his Schmettau. But the hour of tide was rigorous, withal; — and such an ebb, if you missed it in hesitating! *November 15th*, Daun withdrew; the ebbing coming. That same day, Friedrich was at Lauban in the Lausitz, within a hundred miles again; speeding hitherward; behind him a Silesia brushed clear, before him a Saxony to be brushed. “Reason weighty” enough, think Daun and the Austrian Gazettes! But such, since you have missed the tide-hour, is the inexorable fact of ebb, — going at that frightful rate. Daun never was the man to dispute facts.

November 20th, Friedrich arrived in Dresden; heard, next day, that Daun had wheeled decisively homeward from Pirna Country; that the Reichs Army and he are diligently climbing the Metal Mountains; and that there is not in Saxony, more than in Silesia, an enemy left. What a Sequel to Hochkirch! “Neisse and Dresden both!” we had hoped as sequel, if lucky: “Neisse or Dresden” seemed infallible. And we are climbing the Metal Mountains, under facts superior to us.

And Campaign Third has closed in this manner; — leaving things much as it found them. Essentially a drawn match; Contending Parties little altered in rela-

tive strength; — both of them, it may be presumed, considerably weaker. Friedrich is not triumphant, or shining in the light of bonfires, as last Year; but, in the mind of judges, stands higher than ever (if that could help him much); — and is not “annihilated” in the least, which is the surprising circumstance.

Friedrich’s marches, especially, have been wonderful, this Year. In the spring time, old Maréchal de Belleisle, French Minister of War, consulting officially about future operations, heard it objected once: “But if the King of Prussia were to burst-in upon us there?” “The King of Prussia is a great soldier,” answered M. de Belleisle; “but his Army is not a shuttle (*navette*),” — to be shot about, in that way, from side to side of the world! No surely; not altogether. But the King of Prussia has, among other arts, an art of marching Armies, which by degrees astonishes the old Maréchal. To “come upon us *en navette*,” suddenly “like a shuttle” from the other side of the web, became an established phrase among the French concerned in these unfortunate matters. *

“The Pitt-and-Ferdinand Campaign of 1758,” says a Note, which I would fain abridge, “is more palpably victorious than Friedrich’s, much more an affair of bonfires than his; though it too has had its rubs. Loss of honour at Crefeld; loss of Louisburg and Codfishery: these are serious blows our enemy has had. But then, to temper the joy over Louisburg, there was, at Ticonderoga, by Abercromby, on the small scale (all the extent of scale he had), a melancholy Platitude committed: that of walking into an enemy without the least reconnoitering of him, who proves to be chin-deep in abatis and fieldworks; and kills, much at his ease, about 2,000 brave fellows, brought 5,000

* Archenholz, i. 316; Montalembert, *scipius*, for the phrase “*en navette*.”

"miles for that object. And obliges you to walk away on
 "the instant, and quit Ticonderoga, like a — surely like a
 "very tragic Dignitary in Cocked-hat! To be cashiered, we
 "will hope; at least, to be laid on the shelf, and replaced
 "by some Wolfe or some Amherst, fitter for the business!
 "Nor were the Descents on the French Coast much to speak
 "of: 'Great Guns got at Cherbourg,' these truly, as ex-
 "hibited in Hyde-Park, were a comfortable sight, especially
 "to the simpler sort: but on the other hand, at Morlaix, on
 "the part of poor old General Bligh and Company, there had
 "been a Platitude equal or superior to that of Abercromby,
 "though not so tragical in loss of men. 'What of that?' said
 "an enthusiastic Public, striking their balance, and joyfully
 "illuminating. — Here is a Clipping from Ohio Country,
 "'Letter of an Officer' (distilled essence of Two Letters),
 "'dated, *Fort-Duquesne, 28th November 1758*:

"Our small Corps under General Forbes, after much
 "sore scrambling through the Wildernesses, and contending
 "with enemies wild and tame, is, since the last four days,
 "in possession of Fort Duquesne' (*Pittsburg* henceforth):
 "Friday 24th, the French garrison, on our appearance,
 "made off without fighting; took to boats down the Ohio,
 "and vanished out of those Countries,' — forever and a day,
 "we will hope. 'Their Louisiana-Canada communication is
 "lost; and all that prodigious tract of rich country,' —
 "which Mr. Washington fixed upon long ago, is ours again,
 "if we can turn it to use. 'This day a detachment of us goes
 "to Braddock's field of battle' (poor Braddock!), 'to bury
 "the bones of our slaughtered countrymen; many of whom
 "the French butchered in cold blood, and, to their own
 "eternal shame and infamy, have left lying above ground
 "ever since. As indeed they have done with all those slain
 "round the Fort in late weeks;' — calling themselves a
 "civilised Nation too!"*

Lower Rhine, July — November 1758. "Ferdinand's
 "manœuvres, after Crefeld, on the France-ward side of
 "Rhine, were very pretty: but, without Wesel, and *versus*
 "a Belleisle as War-Minister, and a Contades who was some-
 "thing of a General, it would not do. Belleisle made un-
 "common exertions, diligent to get his broken people drilled

* Old Newspapers (in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, pp. 41, 39).

"again; Contades was wary, and counter-manceuvred "rather well. Finally, Soubise" (readers recollect him and his 24 or 30,000, who stood in Frankfurt Country, on the hither or north side of Rhine), famed Rossbach Soubise, — "pushing out, at Belleisle's bidding, towards Hanover, in a "region vacant otherwise of troops, — became dangerous to "Ferdinand. 'Making for Hanover?' thought Ferdinand: "Or perhaps meaning to attack my 12,000 English that are "just landed? Nay, perhaps my Rhine-Bridge itself, and "the small Party left there?' Ferdinand found he would "have to return, and look after Soubise. Crossed, accord- "ingly (August 8th), by his old Bridge at Rees, — which he "found safe, in spite of attempts there had been;* — and "never recrossed during this War. Judges even say his first "crossing had never much solidity of outlook in it; and "though so delightful to the public, was his questionablest "step.

"On the 12,000 English, Soubise had attempted nothing. "Ferdinand joined his English at Soest (August 20th); to "their great joy and his,** 10 or 12,000 as a first instalment: "— Grand-looking fellows, said the Germans. And did you "ever see such horses, such splendour of equipment, regard- "less of expense? Not to mention those *Bergschotten* (Scotch "Highlanders), with their bagpipes, sporrans, kilts, and "exotic costumes and ways; astonishing to the German "mind.*** Out of all whom (*Bergschotten* included), Ferdi- "nand, by management, — and management was needed,

* "Fight of Meer" (Chevert, with 10,000, beaten off, and the Bridge saved, by Imhof, with 3,000; — both clever soldiers; Imhof in better luck, and favoured by the ground: "5th August 1758"): *Mauvillon*, i. 315.

** Duke of Marlborough's heavy-laden Letter to Pitt, "Koesfeld, August 15th:" "Nothing but rains and uncertainties;" "marching, latterly, up to our middles in water;" have come from Embden, straight south towards Wesel Country, almost 150 miles (Soest still a good sixty miles to southeast of us). *Chatham Correspondence* (London, 1838), i. 334, 337. The poor Duke died in two months hence; and the command devolved on Lord George Sackville, as is too well known.

*** Romantic view of the *Bergschotten* (2,000 of them, led by the Junior of the Sir Robert Keiths, above mentioned, who is a soldier as yet), in *Archenholts*, i. 351-353: *ib.* and in *Preuss*, ii. 136, of the "uniforms with gold and silver lace," of the superb horses, "one regiment all roan horses, another all black, another all" &c.

"— got a great deal of first-rate fighting, in the next Four Years.

"Nor, in regard to Hanover, could Soubise make any thing of it; though he did (owing to a couple of stupid fellows, General Prince von Ysenburg and General Oberg, detached by Ferdinand on that service) escape the lively treatment Ferdinand had prepared for him; and even gave a kind of Beating to each of those stupid fellows,* — one of which, Oberg's one, might have ruined Oberg and his Detachment altogether, had Soubise been alert, which he by no means was! 'Paris made such jeering about Rossbach and the Prince de Soubise,' says Voltaire,** 'and nobody said a word about these two Victories of his, next Year!' For which there might be two reasons: one, according to Tempelhof, that 'the Victories were of the so-so kind (*sie waren auch darnach*);' and another, that they were ascribed to Broglio, on both occasions, — how justly, nobody will now argue!

"Contades had not failed, in the mean while, to follow with the main Army; and was now elaborately manœuvring about; intent to have Lippstadt, or some Fortress in those Rhine-Weser Countries. On the tail of that second so-so Victory by Soubise, Contades thought, Now would be the chance. And did try hard, but without effect. Ferdinand was himself attending Contades; and mistakes were not likely. Ferdinand, in the thick of the game (October 21st-30th), 'made a masterly movement' — that is to say, cut Contades and his Soubise irretrievably asunder: no junction now possible to them; the weaker of them liable to ruin, — unless Contades, the stronger, would give battle; which, though greatly outnumbering Ferdinand, he was cautious not to do. A melancholic cautious man, apt to be over-cautious, — nicknamed '*L'Apothécaire*'

* 10. "Fight of Sandershausen" (Broglio, as Soubise's vanguard, 12,000; versus Ysenburg, 7,000, who stupidly would not withdraw till beaten: "23d July 1758," before Ferdinand had come across again. 20. Fight of Lutternberg (Soubise, 30,000; versus Oberg, about 18,000, who stupidly hung back till Soubise was all gathered, and then &c., still more stupidly: "10th October 1758"). See *Mauvillon*, i. 312 (or better, *Archenholz*, i. 345); and *Mauvillon*, i. 327. Both Lutternberg and Sandershausen are in the neighbourhood of Cassel; — as many of those Ferdinand fights were.

** *Histoire de Louis XV.*

"by the Parisians, from his down looks, — but had good soldier qualities withal. Soubise and he haggled about, a short while, — not a long, in these dangerous circumstances; and then had to go home again, without result, each the way he came; Contades himself repassing through Wesel, and wintering on his own side of the Rhine."

How Pitt is succeeding, and aiming to succeed, on the French Foreign Settlements: on the Guinea Coast, on the High Seas everywhere; in the West Indies; still more in the East, — where General Lally (that fiery O'Mullally, famous since Fontenoy), missioned with "full-powers," as they call them, is raging up and down, about Madras and neighbourhood, in a violent, impetuous, more and more bankrupt manner: — Of all this, we can say nothing for the present, little at any time. Here are two facts of the financial sort, sufficiently illuminative. The much-expending, much-subsiding Government of France cannot now borrow except at 7 per cent Interest; and the rate of Marine Insurance has risen to 70 per cent.* One way and other, here is a Pitt clearly progressive; and a long-pending *Jenkins's-Ear Question* in a fair way to be settled! —

Friedrich stays in Saxony about a month, inspecting and adjusting; thence to Breslau, for Winter-quarters. His Winter is like to be a sad and silent one, this time; with none of the gaieties of last Year; the royal heart heavy enough with many private sorrows, were there none of public at all! This is a word from him, two days after finishing Daun for the season:

* Retzow, II. 6.

Friedrich to Mylord Marischal (at Colombier in Neufchâtel).

Dresden, 23d November 1758.

"There is nothing left for us, *mon cher Mylord*, but to
"mingle and blend our weeping for the losses we have had.
"If my head were a fountain of tears, it would not suffice for
"the grief I feel.

"Our Campaign is over; and there has nothing come of
"it, on one side or the other, but the loss of a great many
"worthy people, the misery of a great many poor soldiers
"crippled forever, the ruin of some Provinces, the ravage,
"pillage and conflagration of some flourishing Towns. Ex-
"ploits these which make humanity shudder: sad fruits of
"the wickedness and ambition of certain People in Power,
"who sacrifice everything to their unbridled passions! I
"wish you, *mon cher Mylord*, nothing that has the least
"resemblance to my destiny; and everything that is wanting
"to it." "Your old friend, till death."—F.*

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 273.

BOOK XIX.

**FRIEDRICH LIKE TO BE OVERWHELMED IN THE
SEVEN-YEARS WAR.**

1759-1760.

Jan.—April 1759.

CHAPTER I.

PRELIMINARIES TO A FOURTH CAMPAIGN.

THE posting of the Five Armies this Winter, — Five of them in Germany, not counting the Russians, who have vanished to Cimmeria over the horizon, for their months of rest, — is something wonderful, and strikes the picturesque imagination. Such a Chain of Posts, for length, if for nothing else! From the centre of Bohemia eastward, Daun's Austrians are spread all round the western Silesian Border and the south-eastern Saxon; waited on by Prussians, in more or less proximity. Next are the Reichsfolk; scattered over Thüringen and the Franconian Countries; fronting partly into Hessen and Duke Ferdinand's outskirts: — the main body of Duke Ferdinand is far to westward, in Münster Country, vigilant upon Contades, with the Rhine between. Contades and Soubise, — adjoining on the Reichsfolk are these Two French Armies: Soubise's, some 25,000, in Frankfurt-Ems Country, between the Mayn and the Lahn, with its back to the Rhine; then Contades, onward to Maes River and the Dutch Borders, with his face to the Rhine, — and Duke Ferdinand observant of him on the other side. That is the "Cordon of Posts" or winter-quarters, this Year. "From the Giant Mountains and the Metal "Mountains, to the Ocean; — to the mouth of Rhine," may we not say; "and back again to the Swiss Alps "or springs of Rhine, that Upper-Rhine Country being

"all either French or Austrian, and a basis for Sou-
"bise?"* Not to speak of Ocean itself, and its winged
War-Fleets, lone-somely hovering and patrolling; or of
the Americas and Indies beyond!

"This is such a Chain of mutually vigilant Winter-
"quarters," says Archenholz, "as was never drawn in
"Germany, or in Europe, before." Chain of about
300,000 fighting men, poured out in that lengthy
manner. Taking their winter siesta there, asleep with
one eye open, till reinforced for new business of death
and destruction against Spring. Pathetic surely, as
well as picturesque. "Three Campaigns there have
"already been," sighs the peaceable observer: "Three
"Campaigns, surely furious enough; Eleven Battles in
"them,** a Prag, a Kolin, Leuthen, Rossbach;— must
"there still be others, then, to the misery of poor man-
"kind?" thus sigh many peaceful persons. Not con-
sidering what are, and have been, the rages, the in-
iquities, the loud and silent deliriums, the mad blind-
nesses and sins of mankind; and what amount of *cal-*
cining these may reasonably take. Not calcinable in
three Campaigns at all, it would appear! Four more
Campaigns are needed: then there will be innocuous
ashes in quantity; and a result unexpected, and worth
marking in World-History.

It is notably one of Friedrich's fond hopes, — of
which he keeps up several, as bright cloud-hangings in
the haggard inner world he now has, — that Peace is
just at hand; one right struggle more, and Peace must

* Archenholts, i. 306.

** Stenzel, v. 185. This, I suppose, would be his enumeration: Lobositz
(1756); Prag, Kolin, Hastenbeck, Gross-Jägerdorf, Rossbach, Breslau, Leu-
then (1757); Crefeld, Zorndorf, Hochkirch (1758): "eleven hitherto in all."

come! And on the part of Britannic George and him, repeated attempts were made, — one in the end of this Year 1759; — but one and all of them proved futile, and, unless for accidental reasons, need to be mentioned here. Many men, in all nations, long for Peace; but there are Three Women at the top of the world who do not; their wrath, various in quality, is great in quantity, and disasters do the reverse of appeasing it.

The French people, as is natural, are weary of a War which yields them mere losses and disgraces; "War carried on for Austrian whims, which likewise seem to be impracticable!" think they. And their Bernis himself, Minister of Foreign Affairs, who began this sad French-Austrian Adventure, has already been remonstrating with Kaunitz, and grumbling anxiously, "Could not the Swedes, or somebody, be got to mediate? Such a War is too ruinous!" Hearing which, the Pompadour is shocked at the favourite creature of her hands; hastens to dismiss him ("Be Cardinal, then, you ingrate of a Bernis; disappear under that Red Hat!") — and appoints, in his stead, one Choiseul (known hitherto as *Stainville*, Comte de Stainville, French Excellency at Vienna, but now made Duke on this promotion), Duc de Choiseul;* who is a Lorrainer, or Semi-Austrian, by very birth; and probably much fitter for the place. A swift, impetuous kind of man, this Choiseul, who is still rather young than otherwise; plenty of proud spirit in him, of shifts, talent of the reckless sort; who proved very notable in France for the next twenty years.

French trade being ruined withal, money is running

* Minister of Foreign Affairs, "11th November 1758" (Barbier, iv. 294).

dreadfully low: but they appoint a new Controller-General; a M. de Silhouette, who is thought to have an extraordinary creative genius in Finance. Had he but a Fortunatus-Purse, how lucky were it! With Fortunatus Silhouette as purseholder, with a fiery young Choiseul on this hand, and a fiery old Belleisle on that, Pompadour meditates great things this Year, — Invasions of England; stronger German Armies; better German Plans, and slashings home upon Hanover itself, or the vital point; — and flatters herself, and her poor Louis, that there is on the anvil, for 1759, such a French Campaign as will perhaps astonish Pitt and another insolent King. Very fixed, fell, and feminine is the Pompadour's humour in this matter. Nor is the Czarina's less so; but more, if possible; unappeasable except by death. Imperial Maria Theresa has masculine reasons withal; great hopes, too, of late. Of the War's ending till flat impossibility stop it, there is no likelihood.

To Pitt this Campaign 1759, in spite of bad omens at the outset, proved altogether splendid: but greatly the reverse on Friedrich's side; to whom it was the most disastrous and unfortunate he had yet made, or did ever make. Pitt at his zenith, in public reputation; Friedrich never so low before, nothing seemingly but extinction near ahead, when this Year ended. The truth is, apart from his specific pieces of ill-luck, there had now begun for Friedrich a new rule of procedure, which much altered his appearance in the world. Thrice over had he tried by the aggressive or invasive method; thrice over made a plunge at the enemy's heart, hoping so to disarm or lame him: but that, with

resources spent to such a degree, is what he cannot do a fourth time; he is too weak henceforth to think of that.

Prussia has always its King, and his unrivalled talent; but that is pretty much the only fixed item. Prussia *versus* France, Austria, Russia, Sweden and the German Reich, what is it as a field of supplies for war! Except its King, these are failing, year by year; and at a rate fatally *swift* in comparison. Friedrich cannot now do Leuthens, Rossbachs; far-shining feats of victory, which astonish all the world. His fine Prussian veterans have mostly perished; and have been replaced by new levies and recruits; who are inferior both in discipline and in native quality; — though they have still, people say, a noteworthy taste of the old Prussian sort in them; and do, in fact, fight well to the last. But “it is observable,” says Retzow somewhere, and indeed it follows from the nature of the case, “that while the Prussian Army presents “always its best kind of soldiers at the beginning of a “war, Austria, such are its resources in population, “always improves in that particular, and its best troops “appear in the last campaigns.” In a word, Friedrich stands on the defensive henceforth; disputing his ground inch by inch: and is reduced, more and more, to battle obscurely with a hydra-coil of enemies and impediments; and to do heroisms which make no noise in the Gazettes. And, alas, which cannot figure in History either, — what is more a sorrow to me here!

Friedrich, say all judges of soldiership and human character who have studied Friedrich sufficiently, “is greater than ever,” in these four Years now coming.*

* Berenhorst, *Kriegskunst*; Retzow; &c.

And this, I have found more and more to be a true thing; verifiable and demonstrable in time and place, though, unluckily for us, hardly in this time or this place at all! A thing which cannot, by any method, be made manifest to the general reader; who delights in shining summary feats, and is impatient of tedious preliminaries and investigations, — especially of *maps*, which are the indispensablest requisite of all. A thing, in short, that belongs peculiarly to soldier-students; who can undergo the dull preliminaries, most dull but most inexorably needed; and can follow out, with watchful intelligence, and with a patience not to be wearied, the multifarious topographies, details of movements and manœuverings, year after year, on such a Theatre of War. What is to be done with it here! If we could, by significant strokes, indicate, under features true so far as they went, the great wide fireflood that was raging round the world; if we could, carefully omitting very many things, omit of the things intelligible and decipherable that concern Friedrich himself, nothing that had meaning: *if* indeed —! But it is idle pre-luding. Forward again, brave reader, under such conditions as there are!

Friedrich's Winter in Breslau was of secluded, silent, sombre character, this time; nothing of stir in it but from work only: in marked contrast with the last, and its kindly visitors and gaieties. A Friedrich given up to his manifold businesses, to his silent sorrows. "I have passed my winter like a Carthusian monk," he writes to D'Argens: "I dine alone; I spend my life in reading and writing; and I do not sup. When one is sad, it becomes at last too burdensome to hide

"one's grief continually; and it is better to give way
"to it by oneself, than to carry one's gloom into society.
"Nothing solaces me but the vigorous application re-
"quired in steady and continuous labour. This dis-
"traction does force one to put away painful ideas,
"while its lasts: but, alas, no sooner is the work done,
"than these fatal companions present themselves again,
"as if livelier than ever. Maupertuis was right: the
"sum of evil does certainly surpass that of good: —
"but to me it is all one; I have almost nothing more
"to lose; and my few remaining days, what matters it
"much of what complexion they be?"*

The loss of his Wilhelmina, had there been no other grief, has darkened all his life to Friedrich. Readers are not prepared for the details of grief we could give, and the settled gloom of mind they indicate. A loss irreparable and immeasurable; the light of life, the one loved heart that loved him, gone. His passionate appeals to Voltaire to celebrate for him in verse his lost treasure, and at least make her virtues immortal, are perhaps known to readers:** alas, this is a very feeble kind of immortality, and Friedrich too well feels it such. All Winter he dwells internally on the sad matter, though soon falling silent on it to others.

The War is ever more dark and dismal to him; a wearing, harassing, nearly disgusting task; on which, however, depends life or death. This year, he "expects

* "Breslau, 1st March 1759," To D'Argens (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 56).

** *Ode sur la mort de S. A. S. Madame la Princesse de Bareith* (in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, xviii. 79-86): see Friedrich's Letter to him (8th November 1758); with Voltaire's *Verses* in Answer (next month); Friedrich's new Letter (Breslau, 23d January 1759), demanding something more, — followed by the *Ode* just cited (Ib. LXXII. 402; LXXVIII. 82, 92; or *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 20-24; &c.).

"to have 300,000 enemies upon him;" and "is, with "his utmost effort, getting up 150,000 to set against "them." Of business, in its many kinds, there can be no lack! In the intervals he also wrote considerably: one of his Pieces is a *Sermon on The last Judgment*; handed to Reader De Catt, one evening: — to De Catt's surprise, and to ours; the Voiceless in a dark Friedrich trying to give itself some voice in this way! * Another Piece, altogether practical, and done with excellent insight, brevity, modesty, is *On Tactics*; ** — properly it might be called, "Serious very Private Thoughts," thrown on paper, and communicated only to two or three, "On the new kind of Tactics necessary with those Austrians and their Allies," who are in such overwhelming strength. "To whose continual "sluggishness, and strange want of concert, to whose "incoherency of movements, languor of execution, and "other enormous faults, we have owed, with some "excuse for our own faults, our escaping of destruction "hitherto," — but had better *not* trust that way any longer! Fouquet is one of the highly select, to whom he communicates this Piece; adding along with it, in Fouquet's case, an affectionate little Note, and, in spite of poverty, some Newyear's Gift, as usual, — the "Widow's Mite" (300 *l.*, we find); "receive it with "the same heart with which it was set apart for you: "a small help, which you may well have need of, in "these calamitous times." *** Fouquet much admires the new Tactical Suggestions; — seems to think, however,

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xv. 1-10 (see Preuss's *Preface* there; Formey, *Souvenirs*, i. 37; &c. &c.).

** *Réflexions sur la Tactique*: in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 153-166.

*** "Breslau, 23d December 1758;" with Fouquet's Answer, 2d January 1759: in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 114-117.

that the certainly practicable one is, in particular, the last, That of "improving our Artillery to some equality with theirs." For which, as may appear, the King has already been taking thought, in more ways than one.

Finance is naturally a heavy part of Friedrich's Problem; the part which looks especially impossible, from our point of vision! In Friedrich's Country, the War Budget does not differ from the Peace one. Neither is any borrowing possible; that sublime Art, of rolling over on you know not whom the expenditure, needful or needless, of your heavy-laden self, had not yet, — though England is busy at it, — been invented among Nations. Once, or perhaps twice, from the *Stände* of some willing Province, Friedrich negotiated some small Loan; which was punctually repaid when Peace came, and was always gratefully remembered. But these are as nothing, in face of such expenses; and the thought how he did contrive on the Finance side, is and was not a little wonderful. An ingenious Predecessor, whom I sometimes quote, has expressed himself in these words:

"Such modicum of Subsidy" (he is speaking of the English Subsidy in 1758), "how useful will it prove in a Country bred everywhere to Spartan thrift, accustomed to regard waste as sin, and which will lay out no penny except to purpose! I guess the Prussian Exchequer is, by this time, much on the ebb; idle precious metals tending everywhere towards the melting-pot. At what precise date the Friedrich-Wilhelm balustrades; and enormous silver furnitures, were first gone into, Dryasdust has not informed me:

"but we know they all went; as they well might. To
 "me nothing is so wonderful as Friedrich's Budget
 "during this War. One day it will be carefully in-
 "vestigated, elucidated and made conceivable and certain
 "to mankind: but that as yet is far from being the case.
 "We walk about in it with astonishment; almost, were
 "it possible, with incredulity. Expenditure on this side,
 "work done on that: human nature, especially British
 "human nature, refuses to conceive it. Never in this
 "world, before or since, was the like. The Friedrich
 "miracles in War are great; but those in Finance are
 "almost greater. Let Dryasdust bethink him; and gird
 "his flabby loins to this Enterprise; which is very be-
 "hoveful in these Californian times!"

The general Secret of Prussian Thrift, I do fear,
 is lost from the world. And how an Army of about
 200,000, in field and garrison, could be kept on foot,
 and in some ability to front combined Europe, on about
 Three Million Sterling annually ("25 million *thalers*"
 = 3,150,000 £., that is the steady War-Budget of those
 years), remains to us inconceivable enough; — mourn-
 fully miraculous, as it were; and growing ever more so
 in the Nugget-generations that now run. Meanwhile,
 here are what hints I could find, on the Origins of that
 modest Sum, which also are a wonder:*

"The Hoarded Prussian Moneys, or '*Treasures*'" (two of
 them, *Kleine Schatz*, *Grosse Schatz*, which are rigidly saved in
 Peace years, for incidence of War), "being nearly run out,
 "there had come the English Subsidy: this, with Saxony, and
 "the Home revenues and remnants of *Schatz*, had sufficed for
 "1758; but will no longer suffice. Next to Saxony, the English
 "Subsidy (670,000 £. due the second time this year) was always

* Preuss, II. 388-392; Stenzel, v. 137-141.

"Friedrich's principal resource: and in the latter years of the War, I observe, it was nearly twice the amount of what all his Prussian Countries together, in their ravaged and worn-out state, could yield him. In and after 1759, besides Home Income, which is gradually diminishing, and English Subsidy, which is a steady quantity, Friedrich's sources of revenue are mainly Two.

"*First*, there is that of wringing money from your Enemies, from those that have deserved ill of you, — such of them as you can come at. Enemies, open or secret, even Ill-wishers, we are not particular, provided only they lie within arm's-length. Under this head fall principally three Countries (and their three poor Populations, in lieu of their Governments): Saxony, Mecklenburg (or the main part of it, Mecklenburg-Schwerin), and Anhalt; from these three there is a continual forced supply of money and furnishings. Their demerits to Friedrich differ much in intensity; nor is his wringing of them, — which in the cases of Mecklenburg and Saxony increases year by year to the nearly intolerable pitch, — quite in the simple ratio of their demerits; but in a compound ratio, of that and of his indignation and of his wants.

"Saxony, as Prime Author of this War, was from the first laid hold of, collared tightly: 'Pay the shot, then, what you can' (in the end it was almost what you cannot)! As to Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the grudge against Prussia was of very old standing, some generations now; and the present Duke, not a very wise Sovereign more than his Ancestors, had always been ill with Friedrich; willing to spite and hurt him when possible: in Reichs Diet he, of all German Princes, was the first that voted for Friedrich's being put to Ban of the Reich, — he; and his poor People know since whether that was a wise step! The little Anhalt Princes too, all the Anhalts, Dessau, Bernburg, Cöthen, Zerbst" (perhaps the latter partially excepted, for a certain Russian Lady's sake), had voted, or at least had ambiguously half-voted, in favour of the Ban, and done other unfriendly things; and had now to pay dear for their bits of enmities. Poor souls, they had but One Vote among them all Four; — and they only half gave it, tremulously pulling it back again. I should guess it was their terrors mainly, and over-readiness to reckon

“Friedrich a sinking ship; and to leap from the deck of him, — with a spurn which he took for insolent! The Anhalt-Dessauers particularly, who were once of his very Army, half Prussians for generations back, he reckoned to have used him scandalously ill.

“This Year the requisition on the Four Anhalts, — which they submit to patiently, as people who have leapt into the wrong ship, — is, in precise tale: of money, 330,000 thalers (about 50,000*l.*); recruits, 2,200; horses, 1,800. In Saxony, besides the fixed Taxes, strict confiscation of Meissen Potteries and every Royalty, there were exacted heavy ‘Contributions,’ more and more heavy, from the few opulent Towns, chiefly from Leipzig; which were wrung out, latterly, under great severities, — ‘chief merchants of Leipzig all clapt in prison, kept on bread and water till they yielded,’ — as great severities as would suffice, but *not* greater; which also was noted. Unfortunate chief merchants of Leipzig, — with Brühl and Polish Majesty little likely to indemnify them! Unfortunate Country altogether. An intelligent Saxon, who is vouched for as impartial, bears witness as follows: ‘And this I know, that the oppressions and plunderings of the Austrians and Reichsfolk, in Saxony, turned all hearts away from them; and it was publicly said, We had rather bear the steady burden of the Prussians than such ‘help as these our pretended Deliverers bring.’* Whereby, on the whole, the poor Country got its back broken, and could never look up in the world since. Resource *First* was abundantly severe.

“Resource *Second* is strangest of all; — and has given rise to criticism enough! It is no other than that of issuing base money; mixing your gold and silver coin with copper, — this, one grieves to say, is the Second and extreme resource. ‘A rude method, — would we had a better, — of suspending Cash-payments, and paying by bank-notes instead!’ thinks Friedrich, I suppose. From his Prussian Mints, from his Saxon (which are his for the present), “and from the little Anhalt-Bernburg Mint” (of which he expressly purchased the sad privilege, — for *we* are not a Coiner, we are a King reduced to suspend Cash-payments, for the time being), Friedrich poured out over all Germany, in all manner of

* Stenzel (citing from *Kriegskanzlei*, which I have not), v. 137 n.

"kinds, huge quantities of bad Coin. This, so long as it would last, is more and more a copious fountain of supply. This, for the first time, has had to appear as an item in War-Budget 1759: and it fails in no following, but expands more and more. It was done through Ephraim, the not lovely Berlin Jew, whom we used to hear of in Voltaire's time; — through Ephraim and two others, Ephraim as President: in return for a net Sum, these shall have privilege to coin such and such amounts, so and so alloyed; shall pay to General Tauentzien, Army Treasurer, at fixed terms, the Sums specified: 'Go, and do it; our Mint-Officers sharply watching you; Mint-Officers, and General Tauentzien' (with a young Herr Lessing, as his Chief Clerk, of whom the King knows nothing): 'Go, ye unlovely!' And Ephraim and Company are making a great deal of money by the unlovely job. Ephraim is the pair of tongs; the hand, and the unlovely job, are a royal man's. Alas, yes. And none of us knows better than King Friedrich, perhaps few of us as well, how little lovely a job it was; how shockingly *unkingly* it was, — though a practice not unknown to German Kings and King-lets before his time, and since down almost to ours.* In fact, these are all unkingly practices; and the English Subsidy itself is distasteful to a proud Friedrich: but what, in those circumstances, can any Friedrich do?

"The first coinages of Ephraim had, it seems, in them about 3-7ths of copper; something less than the half, and more than the third," — your gold sovereign grown to be worth 28s. 6d. "But yearly it grew worse; and in 1762" (English Subsidy having failed) "matters had got inverted; and there was three times as much copper as silver. Commerce, as was natural, went rocking and tossing, as on a sea under earthquakes; but there was always ready money among Friedrich's soldiers, as among no other: nor did the common people, or retail purchasers, suffer by it. 'Hah, an Ephraimite!' they would say, grinning not ill-humouredly, at sight of one of these pieces; some of which they had more specifically named '*Blue-gowns*'" (owing to a tint of blue perceivable, in spite of the industrious plating in real silver,

* In *Stenzel* (v. 141), enumeration of eight or nine unhappy Potentates, who were busy with it in these same years.

or at least "boiling in some solution" of it); "these they would salute with this rhyme, then current:

"Von aussen schön, von innen schlimm; Outside noble, inside slim:
"Von aussen Friedrich, von innen Eph- Outside Friedrich, inside Ephraim.
"raim.

"By this time, whatever of money, from any source, can be scraped together in Friedrich's world, flows wholly into the Army-Chest, as the real citadel of life. In these latter years of the War, beginning, I could guess, from 1759, all Civil expenditures, and wages of Officials, cease to be paid in money; nobody of that kind sees the colour even of bad coin; but is paid only in 'Paper Assignments,' in Promises to Pay 'after the Peace.' These Paper Documents made no pretence to the rank of Currency: such holders of them as had money, or friends, and could wait, got punctual payment when the term did arrive; but those that could not, suffered greatly; having to negotiate their debentures on ruinous terms, — sometimes at an expense of three-fourths. — I will add Friedrich's practical Schedule of Amounts from all these various Sources; and what Friedrich's own view of the Sources was, when he could survey them from the safe distance.

"*Schedule of Amounts*" (say for 1761). "To make up the Twenty-five Million thalers, necessary for the Army, there are:

"From our Prussian Countries, ruined, harried as they have been,	Thalers. 4 millions only.
"From Saxony and the other Wringings,	7 millions.
"English Subsidy (4 of good gold; becoopered into double),	8 "
"From Ephraim and his Farm of the Mint (<i>Münz-Patent</i>),	7 "

"In sum Twenty-six Millions; leaving you one Million of margin, — and always a plenty of cash in hand for incidental sundries.*

"Friedrich's own view of these sad matters, as he closes his *History of the Seven-Years War*" (at "Berlin, 17th December 1763"), "is in these words: 'May Heaven grant, — if Heaven deign to look down on the paltry concerns of men, that the unalterable and flourishing destiny of this Country

* Preuss, II. 388.

“preserve the Sovereigns who shall govern it, from the
“scourges and calamities which Prussia has suffered in these
“times of trouble and subversion; that they may never again
“be forced to recur to the violent and fatal remedies which
“we (*Ton*) have been obliged to employ in maintenance of
“the State against the ambitious hatred of the Sovereigns of
“Europe, who wished to annihilate the House of Branden-
“burg, and exterminate from the world whatever bore the
“Prussian name!”*

*Of the Small-War in Spring 1759. There are Five
Disruptions of that grand Cordon (February—April);
and Ferdinand of Brunswick fights his Battle of
Bergen (April 13th).*

Friedrich, being denied an aggressive course this Year, by no means sits idly expectant and defensive in the interim; but, all the more vigorously, as is observable, from February onwards, strikes out from him on every side: endeavouring to spoil the Enemy's Magazines, and cripple his operations in that way. So that there was, all winter through, a good deal of Small-War (some of it not Small), of more importance than usual, — chiefly of Friedrich's originating, with the above view, or of Ferdinand his Ally's, on a still more pressing score. And, on the whole, that immense Austrian-French Cordon, which goes from the Carpathians to the Ocean, had by no means a quiet time; but was broken into, and violently hurled back, in different parts: some four, or even five, — attacks upon it in all; three of them by Prince Henri, — in two of which Duke Ferdinand's people coöperated; the business being for mutual behoof. These latter Three were famous in the world, that Winter; and indeed are still recognis-

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 224.

able as brilliant procedures of their kind; though, except dates and results, we can afford almost nothing of them here. These Three, intended chiefly against Reichs people and their Posts and Magazines, fell out on the western and middle part of the Cordon. Another attack was in the extreme eastward, and was for Friedrich's own behoof; under Fouquet's management; — intended against the Austrian-Moravian Magazines and Preparations, but had little success. Still another assault or invasive outroad, northward against the Russian Magazines, there also was; of which by and by. Besides all which, and more memorable than all, Duke Ferdinand, for vital reasons of his own, fought a Battle this Spring, considerable Battle, and did *not* gain it; which made great noise in the world.

It is not necessary the reader should load his memory with details of all these preliminary things; on the contrary, it is necessary that he keep his memory clear for the far more important things that lie ahead of these, and entertain these in a summary way, as a kind of foreground to what is coming. Perhaps the following Fractions of Note, which put matters in something of Chronological or Synoptical form, will suffice him, or more than suffice. He is to understand that the grand tug of War, this Year, gradually turns out not to be hereabouts, nor with Daun and his adjacencies at all, but with the Russians, who arrive from the opposite Northern quarter; and that all else will prove to be merely prefatory and nugatory in comparison.

January 2d, 1759: Frankfurt-on-Mayn, though it is a Reichsstadt, finds itself suddenly become French. "Prince de Soubise" lies between Mayn and Lahn, with his 25,000; beautifully "safe and convenient, — though ill off for a place-of-arms in

"those parts. Opulent Frankfurt, on his right; how handy
"would that be, were not Reichs Law so express! Marburg,
"Giessen are outposts of his; on which side one of Ferdinand's
"people, Prince von Ysenburg, watches him with an 8 or
"10,000, capable of mischief in that quarter.

"On the Eve of Newyear's day, or on the auspicious Day
"itself, Soubise requests, of the Frankfurt Authorities, per-
"mission for a regiment of his to march through that Imperial
"City. To which, by law and theory, the Imperial City can
"say Yes or No; but practically cannot, without grave incon-
"venience, say other than Yes, though most Frankfurters
"wish it could. 'Yes,' answer the Frankfurt Magnates; Yes,
"surely, under the known conditions. Tuesday, January 2d,
"about 5 in the morning, while all is still dark in Frankfurt,
"regiment Nassau appears, accordingly, at the Sachsen-
"hausen Gate, Townguard people all ready to receive it and
"escort it through; and is admitted as usual. Quite as usual:
"but instead of being escorted through, it orders, in calm
"peremptory voice, the Townguard, To ground arms; with
"calm rapidity, proceeds to admit ten other regiments or
"battalions, six of them German; seizes the artillery on the
"Walls, seizes all the other Gates: — and poor Frankfurt
"finds itself tied hand and foot, almost before it is out of bed!
"Done with great exactitude, with the minimum of confusion,
"and without a hurt skin to anybody. The Inhabitants stood
"silent, gazing; the Townguard laid down their arms, and
"went home. Totally against law; but cleverly done; perhaps
"Soubise's chief exploit in the world; certainly the one real
"success the French have yet had.

"Soubise made haste to summon the Magistrates: 'Law of
"Necessity alone, most honoured Sirs! Reichs Law is clear
"against me. But all the more shall private liberties, re-
"ligions, properties, in this Imperial Free-Town, be sacred
"to us. Defence against any aggression; and the strictest of
"discipline observed. Depend on me, I bid you!' — And
"kept his word to an honourable degree, they say; or in ab-
"sence, made it be kept, during the Four Years that follow.
"Most Frankfurters are, at heart, Anti-French: but Soubise's
"affability was perfect; and he gave evening parties of a
"sublime character; the Magistrates all appearing there,

"in their square perukes and long gowns, with a mournful 'joy.'*"

Soubise soon went home, to assist in important businesses, — Invasion of England, no less; let England look to itself this Summer! — and Broglio succeeded him, as Army-Captain in the Frankfurt parts; with laurels accruing, more or less. Soubise, like Broglio, began with Rossbach; Soubise ends with Frankfurt, for the present; where Broglio also gains his chief laurels, as will shortly be seen. Frankfurt is a great gain to France, though an illicit one. It puts a bar on Duke Ferdinand in that quarter; secures a starting-point for attacks on Hessen, Hanover; for coöperation with Contades and the Lower Rhine. It is the one success France has yet had in this War, or pretty much that it ever had in it. Due to Prince de Soubise, in that illegal fashion. — A highly remarkable little Boy, now in his tenth year, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, has his wondering eyes on these things: and, short while hence, meets daily, on the stairs and lobbies at home, a pleasant French Official Gentleman who is quartered there; between whom and Papa occur rubs, — as readers may remember, and shall hear in April coming.

Grand Cordon disrupted: Erfurt Country, 16th February — 2d March. "About six weeks after this Frankfurt achievement, "certain Reichsfolk and Austrian Auxiliaries are observed to "be cutting down endless timber, '18,800 palisades, 6,000 "trees of 60 feet,' and other huge furnishings, from the poor "Duke of Gotha's woods; evidently meaning to fortify themselves in Erfurt. Upon which Prince Henri detaches a General Knobloch thitherward, Duke Ferdinand contributing "4,000 to meet him there; which combined expedition, after "some sharp knocking and shoving, entirely disrooted the "Austrians and Reichsfolk, and sent them packing. Had them "quite torn out by the end of the month; and had planned 'to "attack them on two sides at once' (March 2d), with a view "of swallowing them whole, — when they (these Reichs "Volscians, in such a state of flutter) privately hastened off, "one and all of them; the day before."**

This was *Breakage First* of the Grand Cordon; an explosive hurling of it back out of those Erfurt parts. Done by Prince

* Tempelhof, III. 7-8; Stenzel, v. 198-200.

** Narrative, in *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1022 et seq.

Henri's people, in concert with Duke Ferdinand's, — who were mutually interested in the thing.

Breakage Second: Erfurt-Fulda Country, 31st March — 8th April. "About the end of March, these intrusive Austrian Reichsfolk made some attempt to come back into those Countries; but again got nothing but hard knocks; and gave up the Erfurt project. For, close following on this *First*, there was a *Second* still deeper and rougher Breakage, in those same regions; the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick dashing through, on a special Errand of Ferdinand's own" (of which presently), "with an 8 or 10,000, in his usual fiery manner; home into the very bowels of the Reich (April 3d, and for a week onward); and returning with 'above 2,000 prisoners' in hand; especially with a Reich well frightened behind him; — still in time for Duke Ferdinand's Adventure" (in fact, for his Battle of Bergen, of which we are to hear). "Had been well assisted by Prince Henri, who 'made dangerous demonstrations in the distance,' and was extremely diligent, — though the interest was chiefly Ferdinand's, this time.* — Contemporary with that *First* Erfurt Business, there went on, 300 miles away from it, in the quite opposite direction, another of the same; — too curious to be omitted.

Across the Polish Frontier: February 24th — March 4th. "In the end of February, General Wobersnow, an active man, was detached from Glogau, over into Poland, Posen way, To overturn the Russian provision-operations thereabouts; in particular, to look into a certain high-flying Polack, a Prince Sulkowski of those parts; who with all diligence is gathering food, in expectation of the Russian advent; and indeed has formally 'declared War against the King of Prussia;' having the right, he says, as a Polish Magnate, subject only to his own high thought in such affairs. The Russians and their wars are dear to Sulkowski. He fell prisoner in their cause, at Zorndorf, last Autumn; was stuck, like all the others, Soltikof himself among them, into the vaulted parts of Cüstrin Garrison: 'I am sorry I have no Siberia for you,' said Friedrich, looking, not in a benign way, on the captive Dignitaries, that hot afternoon; 'go to Cüstrin, and see what you have provided for yourselves!' Which they had to do; nothing, for certain days, but

* Tempelhof, III. 19-22

"cellarage to lodge in; King inexorable, deaf to remonstrance. "Which possibly may have contributed to kindle Sulkowski "into these extremely high proceedings.

"At any rate, Wobersnow punctually looks in upon him: "seizes his considerable stock of Russian proviants; his belli- "gerent force, his high person itself; and in one luckless hour, "snuffs him out from the list of potentates. His belligerent "force, about 1,000 Polacks, were all compelled, 'by the "cudgel,' say my authorities, to take Prussian service" (in garrison-regiments, and well scattered about, I suppose); "his "own high person found itself sitting locked in Glogau, left "to its reflexions. Sat thus 'till the War ended,' say some; "certainly till the Sulkowski War had been sufficiently ex- "ploded by the laughter of mankind." Here are, succinctly, the dates of this small memorability:

"End of February, Wobersnow gathers, at Glogau, a "force of about 8,000 horse and foot. Marched, *24th February*, "over Oder Bridge, straight into Poland; that same night, "to the neighbourhood of Lissa and Reisen (Sulkowski's "dominion), about thirty miles north-east of Glogau. Sul- "kowski done next day; — part of the capture is 'fifteen "small guns.' Wobersnow goes, next, for Posen; arrives, "*28th February*; destroys Russian Magazine, ransoms Jews. "Shoots out other detachments on the Magazine Enterprise; "— detaches Platen along the Wartha, where are picked up "various items, among others 'eighty tuns of brandy,' — but "himself proceeds no farther than Posen. *March 4th*, sets "out again from Posen, homewards."* We shall hear again of Wobersnow, in a much more important way, before long.

To the Polish Republic so-called, Friedrich explained politely, not apologetically: "Since you allow the Russians to march through you in attack of me, it is evident to your just minds that the attacked party must have similar privilege." "Truly!" answered they, in their just minds, generally; and made no complaint about Sulkowski (though Polish Majesty and Primate endeavoured to be loud about 'Invasion' and the like): — and indeed Polish Republic was lying, for a long

* *Nachricht von der Unternehmung des General-Majors von Wobersnow in Polen, im Feb. und März 1759: in Seyfarth, Beylagen, II. 526-529. Hel- den-Geschichte, v. 829.*

while past, as if broken-backed, on the public highway; a Nation anarchic every fibre of it, and under the feet and hoofs of travelling Neighbours, especially of Russian Neighbours; and is not now capable of saying much for itself in such cases, or of doing any thing at all.

Frankfurt Country, April 13th: Duke Ferdinand's Battle of Bergen. "Duke Ferdinand, fully aware what a stroke that seizure of Frankfurt was to him, resolved to risk a long march at this bad season, and attempt to drive the French out. Contades was absent in Paris, — no fear of an attack from Contades's Army; Broglio's in Frankfurt, grown now to about 35,000, can perhaps be beaten if vigorously attacked. Ferdinand appoints a rendezvous at Fulda, of various Corps, Prince Ysenburg's and others, that lie nearest, Hessians many of them, Hanoverians others; proceeds, himself, to Fulda, with a few attendants" (a drive of about 200 miles); — "having left Lord George Sackville" (mark the sad name of him!) — Sackville, head of the English, and General Spörken a Hanoverian, — to take charge in Münster Country, during his absence. It was from Fulda that he shot out the Hereditary Prince on that important Errand we lately spoke of, under the head of "*Breakage Second*," — namely, to clear his right flank, and scare the Reich well off him, while he should be marching on Frankfurt. All which, Henri assisting from the distance, the Hereditary Prince performed to perfection, — and was back (*April 8th*), in excellent time for the Battle.

"Ferdinand stayed hardly a day in Fulda, ranking himself and getting on the road. Did his long march of above 100 miles, without accident or loss of time; — of course, scaring home the Broglio Outposts in haste enough, and awakening Broglio's attention in a high degree; — and arrives, Thursday, April 12th, at Windecken, a Village about fifteen miles north-east of Frankfurt; where he passes the night under arms; intending Battle on the morrow. Broglio is all assembled, 35,000 strong; his Assailant, with the Hereditary Prince come in, counts rather under 30,000. Broglio is posted in, and on both sides of, Bergen, a high-lying Village, directly on Ferdinand's road to Frankfurt. Windecken is about fifteen miles from Frankfurt; Bergen about six: — idle Tourists of our Time, on their return from

"Homburg to that City, leave Bergen a little on their left. "The ground is mere hills, woody dales, marshy brooks; "Broglie's position, with its Village, and Hill, and ravines, "and advantages, is the choicest of the region; and Broglie's "methods, procedures and arrangements in it, are applauded "by all judges.

"*Friday, 13th April 1759*, Ferdinand is astir by daybreak; "comes on, along one of those woody valleys, pickeering, re- "connoitering; — in the end, directly up the Hill of Bergen; "straight upon the key-point. It is about 10 A.M., when the "batteries and musketries awaken there; very loud indeed, "for perhaps two hours or more. Prince von Ysenburg is "leader of Ferdinand's attacking party. Their attack is hot "and fierce, and they stick to it steadily; though garden- "hedges, orchards and impediments are many, and Broglie, "with much cannon helping, makes vigorous defence. These "Ysenburgers fought till their cartridges were nearly spent, "and Ysenburg himself lay killed; but could not take "Bergen. Nor could the Hereditary Prince; who, in aid of "them, tried it in flank, with his own usual impetuosity re- "kindling theirs, and at first with some success; but was him- "self taken in flank by Broglie's Reserve, and obliged to "desist. No getting of Bergen by that method.

"Military critics say coolly, 'You should have smashed it "well with cannon, first' (which Ferdinand had not in "stock here); 'and especially have flung grenadoes into it, "till it was well in flame: impossible otherwise!'" The "Ysenburgers and Hereditary Prince withdraw. No pursuit "of them; or almost less than none; for the one or two "French regiments that tried it (against order), nearly got "cut up. Broglie, like a very Daun at Kolin, had strictly "forbidden all such attempts: 'On no temptation quit your "ground!'

"The Battle, after this, lay quiet all afternoon; Ferdinand "still in sight; motioning much, to tempt French valour into "chasing of him. But all in vain: Broglie, though his sub- "alterns kept urging, remonstrating, was peremptory not to "stir. Whereupon, towards evening, across certain woody "Heights, perhaps still with some hope of drawing him out, "Ferdinand made some languid attempt on Broglie's wing,

* Mauvillon, II. 19.

"or wings; — and this also failing, had to give up the affair. "He continued cannonading till deep in the night; withdrew "to Windecken: and about two next morning, marched for "home, — still with little or no pursuit: but without hope of "Frankfurt henceforth. And in fact, has a painful Summer "ahead.

"Ferdinand had lost 5 cannon, and of killed and wounded "2,500; the French counted their loss at about 1,900.* The "joy of France over this immense victory was extraordinary. "Broglie was made Prince of the Reich, Maréchal de France; "would have been raised to the stars, had one been able, — "for the time being. 'And your immense victory,' so sneered "the bystanders, 'consists in not being beaten, under those "excellent conditions; — perhaps victory is a rarity just "now"

This is the Battle which our Boy-Friend Johann Wolfgang watched with such interest, from his garret-window, hour after hour; all Frankfurt simmering round him, in such a whirlpool of self-contradictory emotions; till towards evening, when, in long rows of carts, poor wounded Hessians and Hanoverians came jolting in, and melted every heart into pity, into wailing sorrow, and eagerness to help. A little later, Papa Goethe, stepping down stairs, came across the Official French Gentleman; who said radiantly: "Doubtless "you congratulate yourself and us on this victory to his "Majesty's arms." "Not a whit (*Keineswegs*)," answered Papa Goethe, a stiff kind of man, nowise in the mood of congratulating: "on the contrary, I wish they had chased you to "the Devil, though I had had to go too!" Which was a great relief to his feelings, though a dangerous one in the circumstances.**

Breakage Third: Over the Metal Mountains into Böhmen (April 14th-20th). "Ferdinand's Battle was hardly ending, "when Prince Henri poured across the Mountains, — in two "columns, Hülsen leading the inferior or rightmost one, — "into Leitmeritz-Eger Country; and made a most successful "business of the Austrian Magazines he found there. Magazines all filled; Enemy all galloping for Prag: — Daun

* Mauvillon, ii. 10-19; Tempelhof, iii. 26-31.

** Goethe's *Werke* (Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1829), xxiv. (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*, i.) 153-157.

"himself, who is sitting vigilant, far in the interior, at Jaromirtz this month past, was thrown into huge flurry, for some days! Speedy Henri (almost on the one condition of *being speedy*) had his own will of the Magazines: burnt, Hülsen and he, 'about 600,000*l.* worth' of Austrian provender in those parts, 'what would have kept 50,000 men "five months in bread' (not to mention hay at all); gave the Enemy sore slaps (caught about 3,000 of him, *not yet* got on gallop for Prag); burnt his 200 boats on the Elbe: — forced him to begin anew at the beginning; and did, in effect, considerably lame and retard certain of his operations through the Summer. Speedy Henri marched for home, April 20th; and was all across the Mountains, April 23d: "a profitable swift nine days."* — And on the sixth day hence, he will have something similar, and still more important, on foot. A swift man, when he must!

Breakage Fourth: Into Mähren (April 16th-21st). "This is Fouquet's attempt, alluded to above; of which, — as every reader must be satisfied with Small-War, — we will give only the dates. Fouquet, ranking at Leobschütz, in Neisse Country, did break through into Mähren, pushing the Austrians before him; but found the Magazines either emptied, or too inaccessible for any worth they had; — could do nothing on the Magazines; and returned without result; home at Leobschütz again on the fifth day."** This, however, had a sequel for Fouquet; which, as it brought the King himself into those neighbourhoods, we shall have to mention, farther on.

Breakage Fifth: Into Franken (May 5th—June 1st). "This was Prince Henri's Invasion of the Bamberg-Nürnberg Countries; a much sharper thing than in any former Year. "Much the most famous, and," luckily for us, "the last of the Small-War affairs for the present. Started, — from Tschopau region, Bamberg way, — April 29th—May 5th. "In Three Columns: Finck leftmost, and foremost (Fink had marched, April 29th, pretending to mean for Bohemia); after whom Knobloch; and (May 5th) the Prince himself. "Who has an eye to the Reichs Magazines and Preparations, "as usual; — nay, an eye to their Camp of Rendezvous, and

* Tempelhof, III. 47-53; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 963-966.

** *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 958-963; Tempelhof, III. 44-47.

"to a fight with their miscellaneous Selves and Auxiliaries, if they will stand fight. 'You will have to leave Saxony, and help us with the Russians, soon: beat those Reichs people first!' urged the King; 'well-beaten, they will not trouble Saxony for a while.' If they will stand fight? But they would not at all. They struck their tents everywhere; burnt their own Magazines, in some cases; and only went mazing hither and thither, — gravitating all upon Nürnberg, and an impregnable Camp which they have in that neighbourhood. Supreme Zweibrück was himself with them; many Croats, Austrians, led by Maguire and others; all marching, whirling at a mighty rate; with a countenance sometimes of vigour, but always with Nürnberg Camp in rear. There was swift marching, really beautiful manœuvring here and there; sharp bits of fighting, too, almost in the battle-form: — Maguire tried, or was for trying, a stroke with Finck; but made off hastily, glad to get away.* May 11th, at Himmelskron in Baireuth, one Riedesel of theirs had fairly to ground arms, self and 2,500, and become prisoners of war." Much of this manœuvring and scuffling was in Baireuth Territory. Twice, or even thrice, Prince Henri was in Baireuth Town: 'marched through Baireuth,' say the careless Old Books. Through Baireuth: — No Wilhelmina now there, with her tremulous melodies of welcome! Wilhelmina's loves, and terrors for her loved, are now all still. Perhaps her poor Daughter of Würtemberg, wandering unjustly disgraced, is there; Papa, the widower Margraf, is for marrying again:** — march on, Prince Henri!

"In Bamberg," says a Note from Archenholz, "the Reichs troops burnt their Magazine; and made for Nürnberg, as usual; but left some thousand or two of Croats, who would not yet. Knobloch and his Prussians appeared shortly after; summoned Bamberg, which agreed to receive them; and were for taking possession; but found the Croats determined otherwise. Fight ensued; fight in the streets; which, in hideousness of noises, if in nothing else, was beyond parallel. The inhabitants sat all quaking in their cellars; not an inhabitant was to be seen: a City dead, — and given

* Tempelhof, III. 64.

** Married, 20th September 1759 (a Brunswick Princess, Sister's-daughter of his late Wife); died within four years.

"up to the demons, in this manner. Not for some hours were "the Croats got entirely trampled out. Bamberg, as usual, "became a Prussian place-of-arms; was charged to pay "ransom of 40,000*l.*; — 'cannot possibly!' — did pay some "14,000*l.*, and gave bills for the remainder."* Which bills, let us mark withal, the Kaiser in Reichs Diet decreed to be invalid: 'Don't pay them!' A thing not forgotten by Friedrich; — though it is understood the Bambergers, lest worse might happen, privately paid their bills. "The Expedition lasted, in whole, not quite four weeks: June 1st, "Prince Henri was at the Saxon frontier again; the German "world all ringing loud, — in jubilation, counter-jubilation, "and a great variety of tones, — with the noise of what he "had done. A sharp swift man; and, sure enough, has "fluttered the Reichs Volscians in their Corioli to an unexpected degree."**

A Colonel Wunsch (Lieutenant-Colonel of the Free-Corps Wunsch) distinguished himself in this Expedition; the beginning of notably great things to him in the few following months. Wunsch is a Würtemberger by birth; has been in many services, always in subaltern posts, and, this year, will testify strangely how worthy he was of the higher. What a Year, this of 1759, to stout old Wunsch! In the Spring, here has he just seen his poor son, Lieutenant Wunsch, perish in one of these scuffles; in Autumn, he will see himself a General, shining suddenly bright, to his King and to all the world; before Winter, he will be Prisoner to Austria, and eclipsed for the rest of this War! — Kleist, of the *Green Hussars*, also made a figure here; and onwards rapidly ever higher; to the top of renown in his business: — fallen heir to Mayer's place, as it were. A Note says: "Poor Mayer of the "Free Corps does not ride with the Prince on this occasion. "Mayer, dangerously worn down with the hard services of "last Year, and himself a man of too sleepless temper, caught "a fever in the New-year time; and died within few days: "burnt away before his time; much regretted by his Brethren "of the Army, and some few others. Gone in this way; with

* Archenholtz, i. 371-3.

** Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, ii. 537-563; *Bericht von der Unternehmung des Prinzen Heinrich in Franken, im Jahr 1759*; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1033-1039; Tempelhof, iii. 58 et seq

"a high career just opening on him at the long last! Mayer was of Austrian, of half Spanish birth; a musical, really melodious, affectionate, but indignant, wildly stormful mortal; and had had adventures without end. Something of pathos, of tragedy, in the wild Life of him.* A man of considerable genius, military and other: — genius in the sleepless kind, which is not the best kind; sometimes a very bad kind. The fame of Friedrich invites such people from all sides of the world; and this was no doubt a sensible help to him." — But enough of all this.

Here, surely, is abundance of preliminary Small-War, on the part of a Friedrich reduced to the defensive! — Fouquet's Sequel, hinted at above, was to this effect. On Fouquet's failing to get hold of the Moravian Magazines, and returning to his Post at Leobschütz, a certain rash General Deville, who is Austrian chief in those parts, hastily rushed through the Jägern-dorf Hills, and invaded Fouquet. Only for a few days; and had very bad success, in that bit of retaliation. The King, who is in Landshut, in the middle of his main cantonments, hastened over to Leobschütz with reinforcement to Fouquet; in the thought that a finishing stroke might be done on this Deville; — and would have done it, had not the rash man plunged off again (May 1st, or the night before); homewards, at full speed. So that Friedrich, likewise at full speed, could catch nothing of him; but merely cannonade him in the Passes of Zuckmantel, and cut off his rearguard of Croats. Poor forlorn of Croats, whom he had left in some bushy Chasm; to gain him a little time, and then

* Still worth reading: in Pauli (our old watery *Brandenburg-History* Friend), *Leben grosser Helden* (Halle, 1759-1764, 9 voll.), III. 142-188; — much the best Piece in that still rather watery (or windy) Collection, which, however, is authentic, and has some tolerable Portraits.

to perish if *they* must! as Tempelhof. remarks.* Upon which Friedrich returned to Landshut; and Fouquet had peace again.

It was from this Landshut region, where his main cantonments are, that Friedrich had witnessed all these Inroads, or all except the very earliest of them; the first Erfurt one, and the Wobersnow-Sulkowski. He had quitted Breslau in the end of March, and gone to his cantonments; quickened thither, probably, by a stroke that had befallen him at Griefenberg, on his Silesian side of the Cordon. At Griefenberg stood the Battalion Düringshofen, with its Colonel of the same name, — grenadier people of good quality, perhaps near 1,000 in whole. Which Battalion, General Beck, after long preliminary study of it, from his Bohemian side, — marching stealthily on it, one night (March 25th-26th), by two or more roads, with 8,000 men, and much preliminary Croatwork, — contrived to envelope wholly, and carry off with him, before help could come up. This, I suppose, had quickened Friedrich's arrival. He has been in that region ever since, — in Landshut for the last week or two; and returns thither after the Deville affair.

And at Landshut, — which is the main Pass into Bohemia or from it, and is the grand observatory point at present, — he will have to remain till the first days of July; almost three months. Watching, and waiting on the tedious Daun, who has the lifting of the curtain this Year! Daun had come to Jaromirtz, to his cantonments, "March 24th" (almost simultaneously with Friedrich to his); expecting Friedrich's Invasion, as usual.

* Tempelhof, III. 56.

Long days sat Daun, expecting the King in Bohemia: — “There goes he, at last!” thought Daun, on Prince Henri’s late flamy appearance there (*Breakage Third* we labelled it); — and Daun had hastily pushed a Division thitherward, double-quick, to secure Prag; but found it was only the Magazines. “Above four-millions worth” (600,000*l.*, counting the *thalers* into sterling), “above four-millions worth of bread and forage gone to ashes, and the very boats burnt? Well; the poor Reichsfolk, or our poor Auxiliaries to them, will have empty haversacks: — but it is not Prag!” thinks Daun.

At what exact point of time Daun came to see that Friedrich was not intending Invasion, and would, on the contrary, require to be invaded, I do not know. But it must have been an interesting discovery to Daun, if he foreshadowed to himself what results it would have on him: “Taking the defensive, then? And what is to become of one’s Cunctatorship in that case!” Yes, truly. Cunctatorship is not now the trade needed; there is nothing to be made of playing Fabius Cunctator: — and Daun’s fame henceforth is a diminishing quantity. The Books say he “wasted above five weeks in corresponding with the Russian Generals.” In fact, he had now weeks enough on hand; being articulately resolved (and even commanded by Kriegshofrath) to do nothing till the Russians came up; — and also (*inarticulately* and by command of Nature) to do as little as possible after! This Year, and indeed all years following, the Russians are to be Daun’s best card.

Waiting for three months here till the curtain rose, it was Friedrich that had to play Cunctator. A wear-

some task to him, we need not doubt. But he did it with anxious vigilance; ever thinking Daun would try something, either on Prince Henri or on him, and that the Play would begin. But the Play did not. There was endless scuffling and bickering of Outposts; much hitching and counter-hitching, along that Bohemian-Silesian Frontier, — Daun gradually hitching up, leftwards, northwards, to be nearer his Russians; Friedrich counter-hitching, and, in the end, detaching against the Russians, as they approached in actuality. The details of all which would break the toughest patience. Not till July came, had both parties got into the Lau-sitz; Daun into an impregnable Camp near Mark-Lissa (in Görlitz Country); Friedrich, opposite and eastward of him, into another at Schmöttseifen: — still after which, as the Russians still were not come, the hitching (if we could concern ourselves with it), the maze of strategic shuffling and counter-dancing, as the Russians get nearer, will become more intricate than ever.

Except that of General Beck on Battalion Düringshofen, — if that was meant as retaliatory, and was not rather an originality of Beck's, who is expert at such strokes, — Daun, in return for all these injurious Assaults and Breakages, tried little or no retaliation; and got absolutely none. Deville attempted once, as we saw; Loudon once, as perhaps we shall see: but both proved futile. For the present absolutely none. Next Year indeed, Loudon, on Fouquet at Landshut — But let us not anticipate! Just before quitting Landshut for Schmöttseifen, Friedrich himself rode into Bohemia, to look more narrowly; and held Trautenau, at the bottom of the Pass, for a day or two — But the reader has had enough of Small-War! Of the present Loudon

attempt, Friedrich, writing to Brother Henri, who is just home from his Franconian Invasion (*Breakage Fifth*), has a casual word, which we will quote. "Reich-Hennersdorf" is below Landshut, farther down the Pass; "Liebau" still farther down, — and its "Gallows," doubtless, is on some knoll in the environs!

Reich-Hennersdorf, 9th June. "My congratulations "on the excellent success you have had" (out in Franckenland yonder)! "Your prisoners, we hear, are 3,000; "the desertion and confusion in the Reichs Army are "affirmed to be enormous: — I give those Reichs fellows two good months" (scarcely took so long) "to be "in a condition to show face again. As for ourselves, "I can send you nothing but contemptibilities. We "have never yet had the beatific vision of Him with "the Hat and Consecrated Sword" (Papal Daun, that is); "they amuse us with the Sieur Loudon instead; "— who, three days ago" (7th July, two days) "did "us the honour of a visit, at the Gallows of Liebau. "He was conducted out again, with all the politeness "imaginable, on to near Schatzlar," well over the Bohemian Border; "where we flung a score of cannon "volleys into the" — into the "*derrière* of him, and "everybody returned home."*

Perhaps the only points now noticeable in this tedious Landshut interim, are Two, hardly noticed then at all by an expectant world. The first is: That in the King's little inroad down to Trautenau, just mentioned, four cannon drawn by horses were part of the King's fighting gear, — the first appearance of Horse Artillery in the world. "A very great invention," says the military mind: "guns and carriages are light, and made of

* In *Schöning*, II. 65: "9th June 1759."

“the best material for strength; the gunners all mounted
“as postillions to them. Can scour along, over hill and
“dale, wherever horse can; and burst out, on the sudden,
“where nobody was expecting artillery. Devised
“in 1758; ready this Year, four light six-pounders;
“tried first in the King’s raid down to Trautenau”
(June 29th-30th). “Only four pieces as yet. But
“these did so well, there were yearly more. Imitated
“by the Austrians, and gradually by all the world.” *

The second fact is: That Herr Guichard (Author
of that fine Book on the War-methods of the Greeks
and Romans) is still about Friedrich, as he has been
for above a year past, if readers remember; and, during
those tedious weeks, is admitted to a great deal of con-
versation with the King. Readers will consent to this
Note on Guichard; and this shall be our ultimatum on
the wearisome Three Months at Landshut.

Major Quintus Icilius. “Guichard is by birth a Magde-
“burger, age now thirty-four; a solid, staid man, with a good
“deal of hard faculty in him, and of culture unusual for a
“soldier. A handy, sagacious, learned and intelligent man;
“whom Friedrich, in the course of a year’s experience, has
“grown to see willingly about him. There is something of
“positive in Guichard, of stiff and, as it were, *gritty*, which
“might have offended a weaker taste; but Friedrich likes the
“rugged sense of the man; his real knowledge on certain
“interesting heads; and the precision with which the known
“and the not rightly known are divided from one another, in
“Guichard.

“Guichard’s business about the King has been miscel-
“laneous, not worth mention hitherto; but to appearance was
“well done. Of talk they are beginning to have more and
“more; especially at Landshut here, in these days of

* Seyfarth, II. 543.

"waiting; a great deal of talk on the Wars of the Ancients, "Guichard's Book naturally leading to that subject. One "night, dateable accidentally about the end of May, the topic "happened to be Pharsalia, and the excellent conduct of a "certain Centurion of the Tenth Legion, who, seeing "Pompey's people about to take him in flank, suddenly flung "himself into oblique order" (*schräge Stellung*, as we did at Leuthen), "thereby outflanking Pompey's people, and ruining "their manœuvre and them. 'A dexterous man, that Quintus "Icilius the Centurion!' observed Friedrich. 'Ah, yes: but, "excuse me, your Majesty, his name was Quintus Cæcilius,' "said Guichard. 'No, it was Icilius,' said the King, positive "to his opinion on that small point; which Guichard had not "the art to let drop; though, except assertion and counter- "assertion, what could be made of it there? Or of what use "was it anywhere?

"Next day, Guichard came with the Book" (what 'Book' nobody would ever yet tell me), "and putting his finger on "the passage, 'See, your Majesty: Quintus Cæcilius!' ex- "tinguished his royal opponent. 'Hm,' answered Friedrich: "so? — Well, you shall be Quintus Icilius, at any rate!" "And straightway had him entered on the Army Books as "Major Quintus Icilius: his Majorship is to be dated, '10th "April 1758' (to give him seniority); and from and after this "'26th May 1759,' he is to command the late Du Verger's "Free-Battalion. All which was done; — the War-Offices "somewhat astonished at such advent of an antique Roman "among them; but writing as bidden, the hand being plain, "and the man an undeniable article. Onward from which time "there is always a 'Battalion Quintus' on their Books, instead "of Battalion Du Verger; by degrees two Battalions Quintus, "and at length three, and Quintus become a Colonel: — at "which point the War ended; and the three Free-Battalions "Quintus, like all others of the same type, were discharged." This is the authentic origin of the new name Quintus, which Guichard got, to extinction of the old; substantially this, as derived from Quintus himself, — though in the precise details of it there are obscurities, never yet solved by the learned. Nicolai, for example, though he had the story from Quintus in person, who was his familiar acquaintance, and often came to see him at Berlin, does not, with his usual punctuality, say,

nor even confess that he has forgotten, what Book it was that Quintus brought with him to confute the King on their Icilius-Cæcilius controversy; Nicolai only says, that he, for his part, in the fields of Roman Literature and History, knows only three Quintus-Iciliuses, not one of whom is of the least likelihood; and in fact, in the above summary, I have had to invert my Nicolai on one point, to make the story stick together.*

"Quintus had been bred for the clerical profession; carefully, at various Universities, Leyden last of all; and had even preached, as candidate for license, — I hope with moderate orthodoxy; — though he soon renounced that career. Exchanged it for learned and vigorous general study, with an eye to some College Professorship instead. He was still hardly twenty-three, when, in 1747, the new Stattholder," Prince of Orange, whom we used to know, who had his eye upon him as a youth of merit, graciously undertook to get him placed at Utrecht, in a vacancy which had just occurred there, — whither the Prince was just bound, on some ceremonial visit of a high nature. The glad Quintus, at that time Guichard and little thinking of such an alias, hastened to set off in the Prince's train; but could get no conveyance, such was the press of people all for Utrecht. And did not arrive till next day, — and found quarter, with difficulty, in the garret of some overflowing Inn.

"In the lower stories of his Inn, solitary Guichard, when night fell, heard a specific *gaudeamus* going on; and inquired what it was. 'A company of Professors, handselling a newly-appointed Professor;' — appointed, as the next question taught, to the very Chair poor Quintus had come for! Serene Highness could not help himself; the Utrechters were so bent on the thing. Quintus lay awake, all night, in his truckle-bed; and gloomily resolved to have done with Professorships, and become a soldier. 'If your Serene Highness do still favour me,' said Quintus next day, 'I solicit, as the one help for me, an ensign's commission!' — And persisted rigorously, in spite of all counsellings, promises and outlooks on the professorial side of things. So that Serene Highness had to grant him his com-

* Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 129-145.

"mission; and Quintus was a soldier thenceforth. Fought, "more or less, in the sad remainder of that Cumberland-Saxe "War; and, after the Peace of 1748, continued in the Dutch "service. Where, loth to be idle, he got his learned Books "out again, and took to studying thoroughly the Ancient Art "of War. After years of this, it had grown so hopeful that he "proceeded to a Book upon it; and, by degrees, determined "that he must get to certain Libraries in England, before "finishing. In 1754, on furlough, graciously allowed and "continued, he came to London accordingly; finished his "manuscript there (printed at the Hague, 1757 *): and new "War having now begun, went over (probably with English "introductions) as volunteer to Duke Ferdinand. By Duke "Ferdinand he was recommended to Friedrich, the goal of "all his efforts, as of every vagrant soldier's in those times: "— and here at last, as Quintus Icilius, he has found per- "manent billet, a Battalion and gradually three Battalions, "and will not need to roam any farther.

"They say, what is very credible, that Quintus proved an "active, stout and effectual soldier, in his kind; and perhaps "we may hear of some of his small-war adventures by and "by: that he was a studious, hard-headed, well-informed "man, and had written an excellent Book on his subject, is "still abundantly clear. Readers may look in the famous "Gibbon's *Autobiography*, or still better in the Guichard Book "itself, if they want evidence. The famous Gibbon was "drilling and wheeling, very peaceably indeed, in the Hamp- "shire Militia, in those wild years of European War. Hamp- "shire Militia served as key, or glossary in a sort, to this new "Book of Guichard's, which Gibbon eagerly bought and "studied; and it was Guichard, *alias* Quintus Icilius, who "taught Gibbon all he ever knew of Ancient War, at least all "the teaching he ever had of it, for his renowned *Decline and "Fall.*" **

* *Mémoires Militaires sur les &c.* (à La Haye, 1757: 2 voll. 4to); — was in the 5th edition, when I last heard of it.

** See Gibbon's *Works* (4to, London, 1796: *Memoirs of my Life and Writings*), i. 97; and (*Extraits de mes Lectures*) ii. 52-54, of dates, May 14th-26th, 1762, — during which days Gibbon is engaged in actual reading of the *Mémoires Militaires*; and already knows the Author by his *alias* of Quintus Icilius, "a man of eminent sagacity and insight, who was in the "Dutch, and is now, I believe, in the Prussian service."

It was in the last days of June that Daun, after many hitchings, got into more decisive general movement northward; and slowly but steadily planted himself at Mark-Lissa in the Lausitz: upon which, after some survey of the phenomenon, Friedrich got to Schmöttseifen, opposite him, July 10th. Friedrich, on noticing such stir, had ridden down to Trautenau (June 29th-30th), new Horse-Artillery attending, to look closer into Daun's affairs; and, seeing what they were, had thereupon followed. Above a month before this, Friedrich had detached a considerable force against the Russians, — General Dohna, of whom in next Chapter: and both Daun and he again sit waiting, till they see farther. Rapid Friedrich is obliged to wait; watching Daun and the Dohna-Russian adventure: slow Daun will continue to wait and watch there, long weeks and months, after that is settled, that and much else, fully to his mind! Each is in his impregnable Camp; and each, Daun especially, has his Divisions and Detachments hovering round him, near or far, on different strategic errands; each Main-Camp like a planet with various moons — Mark-Lissa especially, a kind of sun with planets and comets and planetary moons: — of whose intricate motions and counter-motions, mostly unimportant to us, we promised to take no notice, in face of such a crisis just at hand.

By the 6th of July, slow Daun had got hitched into his Camp of Mark-Lissa; and four days after, Friedrich attending him, was in Schmöttseifen: where again was pause; and there passed nothing mentionable, even on Friedrich's score; and till July was just ending, the curtain did not fairly rise. Pause of above two weeks on Friedrich's part, and of almost three months on

Daun's. Mark-Lissa, an impregnable Camp, is on the Lausitz Border; with Saxony, Silesia, Bohemia all converging hereabouts, and Brandenburg itself in the vicinity, — there is not a better place for waiting on events. Here, accordingly, till well on in September, Daun sat immovable; not even hitching now, — only shooting out Detachments, planetary, cometary, at a great rate, chiefly on his various Russian errands.

Daun, as we said, had been uncomfortably surprised to find, by degrees, that Invasion was not Friedrich's plan this Year; that the dramatic parts are redistributed, and that the playing of Fabius-Cunctator will not now serve one's turn. Daun, who may well be loth to believe such a thing, clings to his old part, and seems very lazy to rise and try another. In fact, he does not rise, properly speaking, or take up his new part at all. This Year, and all the following, he waits carefully till the Russian Lion come; will then endeavour to assist, — or even do jackal, which will be safer still. The Russians he intends shall act lion; he himself modestly playing the subaltern but much safer part! Diligent to flatter the lion; will provide him guidances, and fractional sustenances, in view of the coming hunt; will eat the lion's leavings, once the prey is slaughtered. This really was, in some sort, Daun's yearly game, so long as it would last! —

July ending, and the curtain fairly risen, we shall have to look at Friedrich with our best eyesight. Preparatory to which, there is, on Friedrich's part, ever since the middle of June, this Anti-Russian Dohna adventure going on: — of which, at first, and till about the time of getting to Schmöttseifen, he had great hopes; great, though of late rapidly sinking again: —

into which we must first throw a glance, as properly the opening scene.

Fouquet has been left at Landshut, should the Daun remnants still in Bohemia think of invading. Fouquet is about rooting himself rather firmly into that important Post; fortifying various select Hills round Landshut, with redoubts, curtains, communications; so as to keep ward there, inexpugnable to a much stronger force. There for about a year, with occasional short sallies, on errands that arise, Fouquet sat successfully vigilant; resisting the Devilles, Becks, Harsches; protecting Glatz and the Passes of Silesia: in about a year we shall hear of his fortunes worsening, and of a great catastrophe to him in that Landshut Post.

Friedrich allowed the Reichsfolk "two good months," after all that flurrying and havoc done on them, "before they could show face in Saxony." They did take about that time; and would have taken more, had not Prince Henri been called away by other pressing occasions in Friedrich's own neighbourhood; and Saxony, for a good while (end of June to beginning of September), been left almost bare of Prussian troops. Which encourages the Reichs Army to hurry afield in very unprepared condition, — still rather within the two months. End of July, Light people of them push across to Halberstadt or Halle Country; and are raising Contributions, and plundering diligently, if nothing else. Of which we can take no notice farther: if the reader can recollect it, well; if not, also well. The poor Reichs Army nominally makes a figure this Year, but nominally only; the effective part of it, now and henceforth, being

Austrian Auxiliaries, and the Reichs part as flaccid and insignificant as ever.

Prince Henri's call to quit Saxony was this. Daun, among the numerous Detachments he was making, of which we can take no notice, had shot out Two (rather of *cometary* type, to use our old figure), — which every reader must try to keep in mind. Two Detachments, very considerable: Haddick (who grew at last to 20,000), and Loudon (16,000); who are hovering about mysteriously over the Lausitz; — intending what? Their intention, Friedrich thinks, especially Haddick's intention, may be towards Brandenburg, and even Berlin: wherefore he has summoned Henri to look after it. Henri, resting in cantonments about Tschopau and Dresden, after the late fatigues, and idle for the moment, hastens to obey; and is in Bautzen neighbourhood, from about the end of June and onward. Sufficiently attentive to Haddick and Loudon: who make no attempt on Brandenburg; having indeed, as Friedrich gradually sees, and as all of us shall soon see, a very different object in view! —

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL DOHNA; DICTATOR WEDELL: BATTLE OF
ZÜLLICHAU.

THE Russian Lion, urged by Vienna and Versailles, made his entry, this Year, earlier than usual, — coming now within wind of Mark-Lissa, as we see; — and has stirred Daun into motion, Daun and everybody. From the beginning of April, the Russians, hybernating in the interior parts of Poland, were awake, and getting slowly under way. April 24th, the Vanguard of 10,000 quitted Thorn; June 1st, Vanguard is in Posen; followed by a First Division and a Second, each of 30,000. They called it "Soltikof crossing the Weichsel with 100,000 men;" but, exclusive of the Cossack swarms, there were not above 75,000 regulars: nor was Soltikof their Captain just at first; our old friend Fermor was, and continued to be till Soltikof, in a private capacity, reached Posen (June 29th), and produced his new commission. At Fermor's own request, as Fermor pretended, — who was skilled in Petersburg politics, and with a cheerful face served thenceforth as Soltikof's second.

At Posen, as on the road thither, they find Sulkowski's and the other burnt provenders abundantly replaced: it is evident they intend, in concert with Daun, to enclose Friedrich between two fires, and do something considerable. Whether on Brandenburg or Silesia, is not yet known to Friedrich. Friedrich, since

the time they crossed Weichsel, has given them his best attention; and more than once has had schemes on their Magazines and them, — once a new and bigger Scheme actually afoot, under Wobersnow again, our Anti-Sulkowski friend; but was obliged to turn the force elsewhere, on alarms that rose. He himself cannot quit the centre of the work; his task being to watch Daun, and especially, should Daun attempt nothing else, to prevent junction of Soltikof and him.

Daun still lies torpid, or merely hitching about; but now when the Russians are approaching Posen, and the case becomes pressing, Friedrich, as is usual to him, draws upon the Anti-Swedish resource, upon the Force he has in Pommern. That is to say, orders General Dohna, who has the Swedes well driven in at present, to quit Stralsund Country, to leave the ineffectual Swedes with some very small attendance; and to march, — with certain reinforcements that are arriving (Wobersnow already, Hülsen with 10,000 out of Saxony in few days,) — direct against the Russians; and at once go in upon them. Try to burn their Magazines, again; or, equally good, to fall vigorously on some of their separate Divisions, and cut them off in the vagrant state; — above all, to be vigorous, be rapid, sharp, and do something effectual in that quarter. These were Dohna's Instructions. Dohna has 18,000; Hülsen with his 10,000 is industriously striding forward, from the farther side of Saxony, Wobersnow with at least his own fine head is already there. Friedrich, watching in the Anti-Junction position, ready for the least chance that may turn up.

Dohna marched accordingly; but was nothing like rapid enough: an old man, often in ill health too; and

no doubt plenty of impediments about him. He consumed some time rallying at Stargard; twelve days more at Landsberg, on the Warta, settling his provision-matters; in fine, did not get to Posen neighbourhood till June 23d, three weeks after the Russian Vanguard of 10,000 had fixed itself there, and other Russian parties were daily dropping in. Dohna was 18,000, a Wobersnow with him: had he gone at once on Posen, as Wobersnow urged, it is thought he might perhaps have ruined this Vanguard and the Russian Magazine; which would have been of signal service for the remaining Campaign. But he preferred waiting for Hülsen and the 10,000, who did not arrive for seven or eight days more; by which time Soltikof and most of the Russian Divisions had got in; — and the work was become as good as hopeless, on those languid terms. Dohna did try upon the Magazine, said to be ill-guarded in some Suburb of Posen; crossed the Warta with that view, found no Magazine; recrossed the Warta; and went manœuvring about, unable to do the least good on Soltikof or his Magazines or operations. Friedrich was still in Landshut region, just about quitting it, — just starting on that little Trautenau Expedition, with his Four Pieces of Horse-Artillery (June 29th), when the first ill-news of Dohna came in; which greatly disappointed Friedrich, and were followed by worse, instead of better.

The end was, Soltikof, being now all ready, winded himself out of Posen one day, veiled by Cossacks; and, to Dohna's horror, had got, or was in the act of getting, between Dohna and Brandenburg; which necessitated new difficult manœuvres from Dohna. Soltikof too can manœuvre a little: Soltikof edges steadily forward;

making for Crossen on Oder, where he expects to find Austrians (Haddick and Loudon, if Friedrich could yet guess it), with 30,000 odd, especially with provision, which is wearing scarce with him. Twice or so there was still a pretty opportunity for Dohna on him; but Dohna never could resolve about it in time. Back and ever back goes Dohna; facing Soltikof; but always hitching back; latterly in Brandenburg ground, the Russians and he; — having no provision, he either. In fine, July 17th (one week after Friedrich had got to Schmöttseifen), Dohna finds himself at the little Town of Züllichau (barely in time to snatch it before Soltikof could), within thirty miles of Crossen; and nothing but futility behind and before.*

We can imagine Friedrich's daily survey of all this; his gloomy calculations what it will soon amount to if it last. He has now no Winterfeld, Schwerin, no Keith, Retzow, Moritz: — whom has he? His noblest Captains are all gone; he must put up with the less noble. One Wedell, Lieutenant-General, had lately recommended himself to the royal mind by actions of a prompt daring. The royal mind, disgusted with these Dohna haggings, and in absolute necessity of finding somebody that had resolution, and at least ordinary Prussian skill, hoped Wedell was the man. And determined, the crisis being so urgent, to send Wedell in the character of *Alter-Ego*, or "with the powers of a Roman Dictator," as the Order expressed it.** Dictator Wedell is to supersede Dohna; shall go, at his own swift pace, fettered by nobody; — and, at all hazards, shall attack Soltikof straightway, and try to beat him. "You are grown

* Tempelhof, iii. 78-88; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 835-847.

** Given in *Preuss*, ii. 207, 208; in Stenzel, v. 212, other particulars.

too old for that intricate hard work; go home a little, and recover your health," the King writes to Dohna. And to the Dohna Army, "Obey this man, all and sundry of you, as you would myself;" the man's private Order being, "Go in upon Soltikof; attack him straight-way; let us have done with this wriggling and haggling." Date of this Order is, "Camp at Schmöttseifen, 20th July 1759." The purpose of such highflown Title, and solemnity of nomination, was mainly, it appears, to hush down any hesitation or surprise among the Dohna Generals, which, as Wedell was "the youngest Lieutenant-General of the Army," might otherwise have been possible.

Wedell, furnished with some small escort and these Documents, arrives in Camp, Sunday evening 22d July: — poor Dohna has not the least word or look of criticism; and every General, suppressing whatever thoughts there may be, prepares to yield loyal obedience to Dictator Wedell. "Wobersnow was the far better soldier of the two!" murmured the Opposition party, then and long afterwards,* — all the more, as Wobersnow's behaviour under it was beautiful, and his end tragical, as will be seen. Wobersnow I perceive to have been a valiant sharp-striking man, with multifarious resources in his head; who had faithfully helped in these operations, and I believe been urgent to quicken them. But what I remember best of him is his hasty admirable contrivance for field-bakery in pressing circumstances, — the substance of which shall not be hidden from a mechanical age:

"You construct six slight square iron frames, each hinged
"to the other; each, say, two feet square, or the breadth of

* Retzow, &c.

"two common tiles, and shaped on the edges so as to take in tiles; — tiles are to be found on every human cottage. This iron frame, when you hook it together, becomes the ghost of a cubic box, and by the help of twelve tiles becomes a compact field-oven; and you can bake with it, if you have flour and water, and a few sticks. The succinctest oven ever heard of; for your operation done, and your tiles flung out again, it is capable of all folding flat like a book."* Never till now had Wobersnow's oven been at fault: but in these Polish Villages, all of mere thatched hovels, there was not a tile to be found; and the Bakery, with astonishment, saw itself unable to proceed.

Wedell arrived, Sunday evening 22d July; had crossed Oder at Tschischerzig, — some say by Crossen Bridge; no matter which. Dohna's Camp is some thirty miles west of Crossen; in and near the small Town called Züllichau, where his headquarter is. In those dull peaty Countries, on the right, which is thereabouts the *northern* (not eastern), bank of Oder; between the Oder and the Warta; some seventy miles south-by-east of Landsberg, and perhaps as far south-west of Posen: thither has Dohna now got with his futile manœuverings. Soltikof, drawn up amid scrubby woods and sluggish intricate brooks, is about a mile to east of him.

Poor Dohna demits at once; and, I could conjecture, vanishes that very night; glad to be out of such a thing. Painfully has Dohna manœuvered for weeks past; falling back daily; only anxious latterly that Soltikof, who daily tries it, do not get to westward of him on the Frankfurt road, and so end this sad shuffle. Soltikof as yet has not managed that ultimate fatality; Dohna, by shuffling back, does at least contrive to keep between Frankfurt and him; — will not try at-

* Retzow, II. 82n.

tacking him, much as Wobersnow urges it. Has agreed twice or oftener, on Wobersnow's urgency: "Yes, yes; we have a chance," Dohna would answer; "only let us rest till tomorrow, and be fresh!" by which time the opportunity was always gone again.

Wedell had arrived with a grenadier battalion and some horse for escort; had picked up 150 Russian prisoners by the way. Retzow has understood he came in with a kind of state; and seemed more or less inflated; conscious of representing the King's person, and being a Roman Dictator, — though it is a perilously difficult office too, and requires more than a Letter of Instructions to qualify you for it! This is not Leonidas Wedell, whom readers once knew; poor Leonidas is dead long since, fell in the Battle of Sohr, soon after that heroic feat of Zietzen's and his at Elbe-Teinitz (Defence of Elbe against an Army); — this is Leonidas's elder Brother. Friedrich had observed his fiery ways on the day of Leuthen: "Hah, a new Winterfeld perhaps?" thought Friedrich, "All the Winterfeld I now have!" — which proved a fond hope. Wedell's Dictatorship began this Sunday towards sunset; and lasted — in practical fact, it lasted one day.

Dictator Wedell fights his Battle (Monday, 23d July 1759), without Success.

Monday morning early, Wedell is on the heights, reconnoitering Soltikof; cannot see much of him, the ground being so woody; does see what he takes to be Soltikof's left wing; and judges that Soltikof will lie quiet for this day. Which was far from a right reading of Soltikof; the fact being that Soltikof, in long columns

and divisions, beginning with his right wing, was all on march since daybreak; what Wedell took for Soltikof's "left wing" being Soltikof's rearguard and baggage, waiting till the roads cleared. Wedell, having settled everything on the above footing, returns to Züllichau about 10 o'clock; and about 11, Soltikof, miles long, disengaged from the bushy hollows, makes his appearance on the open grounds of Palzig: he, sure enough (though Wedell can hardly believe it), — five or six miles to north-east yonder; tramping diligently along, making for Crossen and the Oder Bridge; — and is actually *got* ahead of us, at last!

This is what Wedell cannot suffer, cost what it may. Wedell's orders were, in such case, Attack the Russians. Wedell instantly took his measures; not unskilfully, say judges, — though the result proved disappointing; and Wobersnow himself earnestly dissuaded: "Too questionable, I should doubt! Soltikof is 70,000, and has no end of Artillery; we are 26,000, and know not if we can bring a single gun to where Soltikof is!"*

Wedell's people have already, of their own accord, got to arms again; stand waiting his orders on this new emergency. No delay in Wedell or in them. "May not it be another Rossbach (if we are lucky)?" thinks Wedell: "Cannot we burst-in on their flank, as they march yonder, those awkward fellows; and tumble them into heaps?" The differences were several fold: First, that Friedrich and Seidlitz are not here. Many brave men we have, and skilful; but not a master and man like these Two. Secondly, that there is no Janus-Hill to screen our intentions; but that the Russians have us in full view, while we make ready. Thirdly,

* Tempelhof, III. 132-134.

and still more important, that we do not know the ground, and what hidden inaccessibilities lie ahead. This last is judged to have been the killing circumstance. Between the Russians and us there is a paltry little Brook, or line of quagmire; scarcely noticeable here, but passable nowhere except at the Village-Mill of Kay, by one poor Bridge there. And then, farther inwards, as shelter of the Russians, there is another quaggy Brook, branch of the above, which is without bridge altogether. Hours will be required to get 26,000 people marched up there, not to speak of heavy guns at all.

The 26,000 march with their usual mathematical dispatch: Manteuffel and the Vanguard strike-in with their sharpest edge, foot and horse, direct on the Head of the Russian Column, Manteuffel leading on, so soon as his few battalions and squadrons are across. Head means *brain* (or life) to this Russian Column; and these Manteuffel people go at it with extraordinary energy. The Russian Head gives way; infantry and cavalry: — their cavalry was driven quite to rear, and never came in sight again after this of Manteuffel. But the Russians have abundance of Reserves; also of room to manœuvre in, — no lack of ground open, and ground defensible (Palzig Village and Churchyard, for example); above all, they have abundance of heavy guns.

Well in recoil from Manteuffel and his furies, the beaten Russians succeed in forming "a long Line behind Palzig Village," with that Second, slighter or Branch Quagmire between them and us; they get the Village beset, and have the Churchyard of it lined with batteries, — say seventy guns. Manteuffel, un-

supported, has to fall back; — unwillingly, and not chased or in disorder, — towards Kay-Mill again; where many are by this time across. Hülsen, with the Centre, attacks now, as the Vanguard had done; with a will, he too: Wobersnow, all manner of people attack; time after time, for about four hours coming; and it proves all in vain, on that Churchyard and new Line. Without cannon, we are repulsed, torn away by those Russian volcano-batteries; never enough of us at once!

Hülsen, Wobersnow, everybody in detail is repulsed, or finds his success unavailing. Poor Wobersnow did wonders; but he fell, killed. Gone he; and has left so few of his like: a man that could ill be spared at present! — Day is sinking; we find we have lost, in killed, wounded and prisoners, some 6,000 men. "About sunset," — flaming July sun going down among the moorlands on such a scene, — Wedell gives it up; retires slowly towards Kay Bridge. Slowly; not chased, or molested; Soltikof too glad to be rid of him. Soltikof's one aim is, and was, towards Crossen; towards Austrian Junction, and something to live upon. Soltikof's loss of men is reckoned to be heavier even than Wedell's: but he could far better afford it. He has gained his point; and the price is small in comparison. Next day he enters Crossen on triumphant terms.

Poor Wedell had returned over Kay-Mill Bridge, in the night-time after his Defeat. On the morrow (Tuesday 24th, day of Soltikof's glad entry), Wedell crosses Oder; at Tschischerzig, the old place of Sunday evening last, — in how different a humour, this time!

— and in a day more, posts himself opposite to Crossen Bridge, five or six miles south; and again sits watchful of Soltikof there. At Crossen, triumphant Soltikof has found no Austrian Junction, nor anything additional to live upon. A very disappointing circumstance to Soltikof: "Austrian Junction still a problem, then; a thing in the air? And perhaps the King of Prussia taking charge of it now!" Soltikof, more and more impatient, after waiting some days, decided Not to cross Oder by that Bridge; — "shy of crossing anywhere" (think the French Gentlemen, Montazet, Montalembert), "to the King of Prussia's side!"* Which is not unlikely, though the King is above 100 miles off him, and has Daun on his hands. Certain enough, keeping the River between him and any operations of the King, Soltikof set out for Frankfurt, forty or fifty miles farther down. In the hope probably of finding something of human provender withal? July 30th, one week after his Battle, the vanguard of him is there.

Thus, in two days, or even in one, has Wedell's Dictatorship ended. Easy to say scoffingly, "Would it had never begun!" Friedrich knows that, and Wedell knows it; — *after* the event everybody knows it! Friedrich said nothing of reproachful; the reverse rather, — "I dreaded something of the kind; it is not your fault; ** — ordered Wedell to watch diligently at Crossen Bridge, and be ready on farther signal. The Wedell Problem, in such ruined condition, has now fallen to Friedrich himself.

* Stenzel, iv. 215 (indistinct, and giving a *wrong* citation of "Montalembert, ii. 87").

** *To Wedell, from the King, "Schmöttseifen, July 24th, 1759" (in Schöning, ii. 118).*

This is the *Battle of Züllichau* (afternoon of 23d July 1759); the beginning of immense disasters in this Campaign. Battle called also of *Kay* and of *Palzig*, those also being main localities in it. It was lost, not by fault of Wedell's people, who spent themselves nobly upon it, nor perhaps by fault of Wedell himself, but principally, if not solely, by those two paltry Brooks, or threads of Quagmire, one of which turns Kay-Mill: memorable Brooks in this Campaign, 1759.*

Close in the same neighbourhood, there is another equally contemptible Brook, making towards Oder, and turning the so-called *Krebsmühle*, which became still more famous to the whole European Public, twenty years hence. *Krebsmühle* (Crab-Mill), as yet quite undistinguished among Mills; belonging to a dusty individual called Miller Arnold, with a dusty Son of his own for Miller's Lad: was it at work this day? Or had the terrible sound from Palzig quenched its clacking? —

Some three weeks ago (4th-6th July), there occurred a sudden sharp thing at Havre-de-Grace on the French Coast, worth a word from us in this place. The Montazets, Montalemberts, watching, messaging about, in the Austrian-Russian Courts and Camps, assiduously keeping their Soltikofs in tune, we can observe how busy they are. Soubise with his Invasion of England, all the French are very busy; they have conquered Hessen from Duke Ferdinand, and promise themselves a glorious Campaign, after that Seizure of Frankfurt. Soubise, intent on his new Enterprise, is really making ardent preparations: at Vannes in the Morbihan, such

rendezvousing and equipping; — especially at Havre, no end of flat-bottomed boats getting built; and much bluster and agitation among the weaker sorts, in both Nations. Whereupon,

“*July 1st*” (just in the days while Friedrich was first trying Horse Artillery), “Rear-Admiral Rodney sails from “Portsmouth with a few Frigates, and Six Bomb-ketches” (*Firedrake, Basilisk, Blast*, and such nomenclatures *); “and “in the afternoon of Tuesday 3d, arrives in the frith or bay of “Havre. Steers himself properly into ‘the Channel of “Honfleur’ before dark; and therefrom, with his *Firedrake*, “*Basilisk* and Company, begins such a bombardment of “Havre and the flat-bottomed manufactories, as was quite “surprising. Fifty-two incessant hours of it, before he thought “poor Havre had enough. Poor Havre had been on fire six “times; the flat manufactory (unquenchable), I know not “how many; all the inhabitants off in despair; and the “Garrison building this battery to no purpose, then that; no “salvation for them but in Rodney’s ‘mortars getting too “hot.” He had fired of shells 1900, of carcasses 1150: from “Wednesday about sunrise till Friday about 8 A. M. — about “time for breakfast; which I hope everybody had, after such “a stretch of work. ‘No damage to speak of,’ said the “French Gazetteers; ‘we will soon refit everything!’ But “they never did; and nothing came of Havre henceforth. “Vannes was always, and is now still more, to be the main “place; only that Hawke, — most unexpectedly, for one “fancied all their ships employed in distant parts, — rides “there with a Channel Fleet of formidable nature; and the “previous question always is: ‘Cannot we beat Hawke? Can “we! Or will not he perhaps go, of himself, when the rough “weather comes?’”

* List of him, in Beatson, *Naval and Military Memoirs* (London, 1804), n. 241; his Despatch (excellently brief), ib. n. 323.

CHAPTER III.

FRIEDRICH IN PERSON ATTEMPTS THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM; NOT WITH SUCCESS.

BEFORE Wedell's catastrophe, the Affair of those Haddick-Loudon Detachments had become a little plainer to Friedrich. The intention, he begins to suspect, is not for Berlin at all; but for junction with Soltikof, — at Crossen or wherever it may be. This is in fact their real purpose; and this, beyond almost Berlin itself, it is in the highest degree important to prevent. Important; and now as if become impossible!

Prince Henri had come to Bautzen with his Army, specially to look after Loudon and Haddick; and he has, all this while, had Finck with some 10,000 diligently patrolling to westward of them, guarding Berlin; he himself watching from the southern side, — where, as on the western, there was no danger from them. Some time before Wedell's affair, Friedrich had pushed out Eugen of Würtemberg to watch these people on the eastern side; — suspicious that thitherward lay their real errand. Eugen had but 6,000; and, except in conjunction with Finck and Henri, could do nothing, — nor can, now when Friedrich's suspicion turns out to be fatally true. Friedrich had always the angry feeling that Finck and Prince Henri were the blame-worthy parties in what now ensued; that they, who were near, ought to have divined these people's secret, and spoiled it in time; not have left it to him, who

was far off, and so busy otherwise. To the last, that was his fixed private opinion; by no means useful to utter, — especially at present, while attempting the now very doubtful enterprise himself, and needing all about him to be swift and zealous. This is one of Friedrich's famous labours, this of the Haddick-Loudon junction with Soltikof; strenuous short spasm of effort, of about a week's continuance; full of fiery insight, velocity, energy; still admired by judges, though it was unsuccessful, or only had half success. Difficult to bring home, in any measure, to the mind of modern readers, so remote from it.

Friedrich got the news of Züllichau next day, July 24th; — and instantly made ready. The case is critical; especially this Haddick-Loudon part of it: add 30 or 36,000 Austrians to Soltikof, how is he then to be dealt with? A case stringently pressing: — and the resources for it few and scattered. For several days past, Haddick, and Loudon under him, whose motions were long enigmatic, have been marching steadily eastward through the Lausitz, — with the evident purpose of joining Soltikof; unless Wedell could forbid. Wedell ahead was the grand opposition; — Finck, Henri, Würtemberg, as good as useless; — and Wedell being now struck down, these Austrians will go, especially Loudon will, at a winged rate. They are understood to be approaching Sagan Country; happily, as yet, well to westward of it, and from Sagan Town well *north-westward*; — but all accounts of them are vague, dim: they are an obscure entity to Friedrich, but a vitally important one. Sagan Town may be about 70 miles northward of where Friedrich now is: from Sagan, were they once in the meridian of

Sagan, their road is free eastward and northward; — to Crossen is about 60 miles north-by-east from Sagan, to Frankfurt near 100 north. Sagan is on the Bober; Bober, in every event, is between the Austrians and their aim.

Friedrich feels that, however dangerous to quit Daun's neighbourhood, he must, he in person, go at once. And who, in the interim, will watch Daun and his enterprises? Friedrich's reflexions are: "Well, in the crisis of the moment, Saxony, — though there already are marauding Bodies of Reichsfolk in it, — must still be left to itself for a time; or cannot Finck and his 10,000 look to it? Henri, with his Army, now useless at Bautzen, shall instantly rendezvous at Sagan; his Army to go with me, against the Russians and their Haddick-Loudons; Henri to Schmöttseifen, instead of me, and attend to Daun; Henri, I have no other left! Finck and his 10,000 must take charge of Saxony, such charge as he can: — how lucky those Spring Forays, which destroyed the Reichs Magazines! Whereby there is no Reichs Army yet got into Saxony (nothing but preliminary pulses and splashings of it); none yet, nor like to be quite at once." That is Friedrich's swift plan.

Henri rose on the instant, as did everybody concerned: July 29th, Henri and Army were at Sagan; Army waiting for the King; Henri so far on his road to Schmöttseifen. He had come to Sagan "by almost the rapidest marches ever heard of," — or ever till some others of Henri's own, which he made in that neighbourhood soon. Punctual, he, to his day; as are Eugen of Würtemberg's people, and all Detachments

and Divisions: Friedrich himself arrives at Sagan that same 29th, "about midnight," — and finds plenty of work waiting: no sleep these two nights past; and none coming just yet! A most swift rendezvous. The speed of everybody has been, and needs still to be, intense.

This rendezvous at Sagan, — intersection of Henri and Friedrich, bound different roads (the Brothers, I think, did not personally meet, Henri having driven off for Schmöttseifen by a shorter road), — was, *Sunday, July 29th*. Following which, are six days of such a hunt for those Austrian reynards as seldom or never was! Most vehement, breathless, baffling hunt; half of it spent in painfully beating cover, in mere finding and losing. Not rightly successful, after all. So that, on the eighth day hence, *August 6th*, at Müllrose, near Frankfurt, 80 miles from Sagan, there is a *second* rendezvous, — rendezvous of Wedell and Friedrich, who do not now "intersect," but meet after the hunt is done; — and in the interim, there has been a wonderful performance, though an unsuccessful. Friedrich never could rightly get hold of his Austrians. Once only, at Sommerfeld, a long march northwest of Sagan, he came upon some outskirts of them. And in general, in those latter eight days, especially in the first of them, there is, in that Kotbus-Sagan Country, such an intersecting, checking, pushing, and multifarious simmering of marches, on the part of half a dozen Strategic Entities, Friedrich the centre of them, as — as, I think, nobody but an express soldier-student, well furnished with admiration for this particular Soldier, would consent to have explained to him. One of the maziest, most unintelligible whirls of marching; inex-

tricable Sword-Dance, or Dance of the Furies, — five of them (that is the correct number: Haddick, Loudon, Friedrich, Würtemberg, Wedell); — and it is flung down for us, all in a huddle, in these inhuman Books (which have several errors of the press, too): let no man rashly insist with himself on understanding it, unless he have need! Humanly pulled straight, not inhumanly flung down at random, here the essentials of it are, — in very brief state:

"Sagan, Monday, 30th July. Friedrich is at Sagan, "since midnight last, busier and busier;" beating cover, as we termed it, and getting his hounds (his new Henri-Army) in leash; "endeavouring, especially, to get tidings of those Austrian people; who are very enigmatic, — Loudon a dexterous man, — and have hung up such a curtain of Pandours between Friedrich and them as is nearly impenetrable. In the course of this Monday, Friedrich ascertains that they are verily on the road; coming eastward, for Sommerfeld, — 'thence for Crossen!' he needs no ghost to tell him. Wherefore,

"Tuesday, Sagan to Naumburg. Tuesday before daybreak, Friedrich too is on the road: north-westward; in full march towards Naumburg on Bober, meaning to catch the Bridge from them there. March of the swiftest; he himself is ahead, as usual, with the Vanguard of Horse. He reaches Naumburg (northward, a march of 20 miles); finds, not Haddick or Loudon, but a Detachment of theirs: which he at once oversets with his Cavalry, and chases, — marking withal that 'westward is the way they run.' Westward; and that we are still ahead, thank Heaven!

"Before his Infantry are all up, or are well rested in Naumburg, Friedrich ascertains, on more precise tidings, That the Austrians are in Sommerfeld, to westward (again a 20 miles); and judges That, no doubt, they will bear off more to leftward, by Guben probably, and try to avoid him, — unless he can still catch them in Sommerfeld. About nightfall, he marches for Sommerfeld, at his swiftest; arrives, Wednesday early; finds — alas! —

"*Sommerfeld, Wednesday morning, August 1st*, Friedrich "finds that Loudon *was* there last night, — preterite tense, "alas; the question now being, Where is he!" In fact, Loudon had written yesterday to Daun (Letter still extant, "*Sommerfeld, July 31st*"), That "being swift and light," consisting of horse for most part, "he may probably effect "Junction this very night;" — but has altered his mind very much, on sight of these fugitives from Naumburg, since! And has borne off more to leftward. Straight north now, and at a very brisk pace; being now all of horse; — and has an important conference with Haddick at Guben, when they arrive there. "Not in Sommerfeld?" thinks Friedrich (earnestly surveying, through this slit he has made in the Pandour veil): "Gone to Guben, most likely, bearing off from us to leftward?" — Which was the fact; though not the whole fact. And indeed the chase is now again fallen uncertain, and there has to be some beating of covers. For one thing, he learns today (August 1st) that the Russians are gone to Frankfurt: "Follow them, you Wedell," — orders Friedrich: them we shall have to go into, — however this hunt end! —

"*To Markersdorf, Thursday, August 2d*. Friedrich takes "the road for Guben; reaches Markersdorf (twenty miles "march, still seven or eight from Guben); falls upon — What "phenomenon is this? The Austrian heavy Train; meal- "wagons not a few, and a regiment of foot in charge of it; — "but going the wrong way, not *towards* the Russians but from "them! What on earth can this be? This is Haddick, — if "Friedrich could yet clearly know it, — Haddick and Train, "who for his own part has given up the junction enterprise. "At Guben, some hours ago, he had conference with Loudon; "and this was the conclusion arrived at: 'Impossible, with "that King so near! You, Herr Loudon, push on, without "heavy baggage, and with the Cavalry altogether; you can "get in, almost 20,000 strong; I, with the Infantry, with the "meal and heavy guns, will turn, and make for the Lausitz "again!'"

"This mysterious Austrian Train, going the wrong way, "Friedrich attacks, whatever it be (hoping, I suppose, it "might be the Austrians altogether); chases it vigorously; "snatches all the meal-wagons, and about 1,000 prisoners.

"Uncertain still what it is, — if not the Austrians altogether? "To his sorrow, he finds, on pushing farther into it, that it is "only Haddick and the Infantry; that Loudon, with the "20,000 Horse, will have gone off for Frankfurt; — irretrievably ahead, the swift Loudon — ever careering northward all this while, since that afternoon at Sommerfeld, "when the fugitives altered his opinion: a now unattainable "Loudon. In the course of Thursday night, Friedrich has "satisfied himself that the Loudon junction is a thing as good "as done: — in effect, Loudon did get to Frankfurt, morning "of August 3d, and joined the Russians there; and about the "same time, or only a few hours sooner, Friedrich, by sympathy, has divined that his hunt has ended, in this rather "unsuccessful way; and that chasing of Haddick is not the "road to go." *

Not Haddick now; with or without their Austrians, it shall be the Russians now! Two days ago (Wednesday, as was mentioned), before sight of those enigmatic meal-wagons, Friedrich had learned that the Russians were to be in Frankfurt again; and had ordered Wedell to march thitherward, at any rate. Which Wedell is doing, all this Thursday and the four following days. As does likewise, from and after "*Friday, August 3d, 1 A.M.*" (hunt then over), Friedrich himself, — renouncing Haddick and the hunt. Straight towards Frankfurt thenceforth; head-quarters Beeskow that night; next night, Müllrose, whither Wedell is appointed, within twelve miles of Frankfurt. This is the end of Friedrich's sore Chase and March; burnt deeply into his own weary brain, if ours still refuse it admittance! Here, of utterly fatigued tone, is a Note of his, chiefly on business, to Minister Finckenstein. Indeed there are, within the next ten days, Three successive Notes to Finckenstein, which will be worth

* Tempelhof, III. 135-139.

reading in their due places. This is the First of them:

The King to Graf von Finckenstein (at Berlin).

Beeskow, 3d August 1759.

"I am just arrived here, after cruel and frightful march-ings" (*Checks himself, however*). "There is nothing desperate in all that; and I believe the noise and disturbance this hurlyburly has caused will be the worst of it. Show this Letter to everybody, that it may be known the State is not undefended. I have made above 1,000 prisoners from Haddick. All his meal-wagons have been taken. Finck, I believe, will keep an eye on him," and secure Berlin from attempts of his. "This is all I can say.

"Tomorrow I march to within two leagues of Frankfurt" (to Müllrose, namely). "Katte" (the Minister who has charge of such things) "must send me instantly Two Hundred Wispels" (say tons) "of Meal, and Bakers One Hundred, to Fürstenwalde. I shall encamp at Wulkow. I am very tired. For six nights I have not closed an eye. Farewell.—F."

During the above intricate War-Dance of Five, — the day while Friedrich was at Sommerfeld, the day before he came in sight of Haddick's meal-wagons going the wrong road, — there went on, at Minden on the Weser, three hundred miles away, a beautiful feat of War, in the highest degree salutary to Duke Ferdinand and Britannic Majesty's Ministry; feat which requires a word from us here. A really splendid Victory, this of Minden, August 1st: French driven headlong through the Passes there; their "Conquest of Hanover and Weser Country" quite exploded and flung over the horizon; and Duke Ferdinand relieved from all his distresses, and lord of the ascendant again in those parts. Highly interesting to Friedrich; — especially to Prince Henri; whose apprehensions about

Ferdinand and the old Richelieu Hastenbeck-Halberstadt time returning on us, have been very great; and who now, at Schmöttseifen, fires *feu-de-joie* for it with all his heart. This is a Battle still of some interest to English readers. But can English readers consent to halt in this hot pinch of the Friedrich crisis; and read the briefest thing which is foreign to it? Alas, I fear they can; — and will insert the Note here:

Battle of Minden: Wednesday August 1st, 1759. — “Ever since Bergen, things have gone awry with Ferdinand, and in spite of skilful management, of hard struggles, and bright sparkles of success, he has had a bad Campaign of it. The French, it would seem, are really got into better fighting order; Belleisle’s exertions as War-Minister have been almost wonderful, — in some respects, *too* wonderful, as we shall hear! — and Broglio and Contades, in comparison with Clermont and Soubise, have real soldier qualities. Contades, across Rhine again, in those Weser Countries, who is skilful in his way, and is pricked on by emulation of Broglio, has been spreading himself out steadily progressive there; while Broglio, pushing along from Frankfurt-on-Mayn, has conquered Hessen; is into Hanover; on the edge of conquering Hanover, — which how is Ferdinand to hinder? Ferdinand has got two, if not three Armies to deal with, and in number is not much superior to one. If he run to save Hanover from Broglio, he loses Westphalia: Osnabrück (his magazine), Münster, Lippstadt, — Contades, if left to himself will take these, after short siege; and will nestle himself there, and then advance, not like a transitory fever-fit, but like visible death, on Hanover. Ferdinand, rapid yet wary, manoeuvred his very best among those interests of his, on the left bank of Weser; but after the surprisal of Minden from him (brilliantly done by Broglio, and the aid of a treacherous peasant), especially after the capture of Osnabrück, his outlooks are gloomy to a degree: and at Versailles, and at Minden where Contades has established himself, ‘the Conquest of Hanover’ (beautiful counterweight to all one’s losses in America or elsewhere) is regarded as a certainty of this Year.

“For the last ten days of July, about Minden, the manœuvring, especially on Ferdinand’s part, had been intense; a great idea in the head of Ferdinand, more or less unintelligible to Contades. Contades, with some 30,000, which is the better half of his force, has taken one of the unassailable positions. He lies looking northward, his right wing on the Weser with posts to Minden (Minden perhaps a mile north-westward there), on his left impassable peatbogs and quagmires; in front a quaggy River or impassable black Brook, called the Bastau, coming from the westward, which disembogues at Minden:* — there lies Contades, as if in a rabbit-hole, say military men; for defence, if that were the sole object, no post can be stronger. Contades has in person say 30,000; and round him, on both sides of the Weser, are Broglio with 20,000; besides other Divisions, I know not how many, besieging Münster, capturing Osnabrück (our hay magazine), attempting Lippstadt by surprise (to no purpose), and diligently working forward, day by day, to Ferdinand’s ruin in those Minden regions. Three or four Divisions busy in that manner; — and above all, we say, he has Broglio with a 20,000 on the right or east bank of the Weser, — who, if Ferdinand quit him even for a day, seems to have Hanover at discretion, and can march any day upon Hanover City, where his light troops have already been more than once. Why doesn’t Ferdinand cross Weser, recross Weser; coerce Broglio back; and save Hanover? cry the Gazetteers and a Public of weak judgment. Pitt’s Public is inclined to murmur about Ferdinand; Pitt himself never. Ferdinand persists in sticking by Minden neighbourhood; and, in a scarcely accountable way, manœuvring there, shooting out therefrom what mischief he can upon the various Contades people in their sieges and the like.

“On Contades himself he can pretend to do nothing, — except hoodwink him, entice him out, and try to get a chance on him. But for his own subsistence and otherwise, he is very lively; — snatches, by a sudden stroke, Bremen City: “Yes truly, Bremen is a Reichstadt; nor shall *you* snatch it, as you did Frankfurt; but I will, instead: and my English proviant-ships shall have a sure haven henceforth!”

* Sketch of Plan, p. 147.

"Snatches Bremen by one sudden stroke; re-snatches Osnabrück by another ('our magazine considerably increased since you have had it, many thanks!') does lose Münster, to his sorrow; but nevertheless sticks by his ground here; — nay detaches his swift-cutting Nephew, the Hereditary Prince, who is growing famous for such things, to cut out Contades's strong post to southward (Gohfeld, ten miles up the Weser), which guards his meal-wagons, after their long journey from the south. That is Contades's one weak point, in this posture of things: his meal is at Cassel, seventy miles off. Broglio and he see clearly, 'Till we can get a new magazine much nearer Hanover, or at lowest, can clear out these people from infesting us here, there is no moving northward!' To both Contades and Broglio that is an evident thing: the corollary to which is, 'They must fight Ferdinand; must watch lynx-like till a chance turn up of beating him in fight. That is their outlook, and Ferdinand knows it is, — and manœuvres accordingly. Military men admire much, not his movements only, but his clear insight into Contades's and Broglio's temper of mind, and by what methods they were to be handled, they and his own affairs together, and brought whither he wanted them.*

"This attempt on Gohfeld was a serious mischief to Contades, if it succeeded. But the detaching of the Prince of Brunswick on it, and weakening one's too weak Army, 'What a rashness, what an oversight!' thinks Contades (as Ferdinand wished him to do): 'Is our skilful enemy, in this extreme embarrassment, losing head, then? Look at his left wing yonder' — (General Wangenheim, sitting behind batteries, in his Village of Todtenhausen, looking into Minden from the north): — 'Wangenheim's left leans on the Weser, yes; but Wangenheim's right, observe, has no support within three miles of it: tear Wangenheim out, Ferdinand's flank is bare!' These things seemed to Contades the very chance he had been waiting for; and brought him triumphantly out of his rabbit-hole, into the Heath of Minden, as Ferdinand hoped they would do.

"And so, *Tuesday Evening, July 31st*, things being now all ripe upwards of 50,000 French are industriously in motion. Contades has nineteen bridges ready on the Bastau Brook,

* In *Mauvillon* (II. 41-44) minute account of all that

"in front of him; *tattoo* this night, in Contades's Camp, is to mean *general-march*, 'March, all of you, across these nineteen Bridges, to your stations on the Plain or Heath of Minden yonder, — and be punctual, like the clock!' Broglio crosses Weser by the Town Bridge, ranks himself opposite Todtenhausen; and through the livelong night there is, on the part of the 50,000 French, a very great marching and deploying. Contades and Broglio together are 51,400 foot and horse. Ferdinand's entire force will be near 46,000; but on the day of Battle he is only 36,000, — having detached the Hereditary Prince on Gohfeld, in what view we know. — The *Battle of Minden*, called also of *Tonhausen* (meaning *Todtenhausen*), which hereupon fell out, has still its fame in the world; and, I perceive, is well worth study by the soldier's mind: though nothing but the rough outline of it is possible here.

"Ferdinand's posts extend from the Weser river and Todtenhausen round by Stemmer, Holzhausen, to Hartum and the Bog of Bastau (the chief part of him towards Bastau), — in various Villages, and woody patches and favourable spots; all looking in upon Minden, from a distance of five or seven miles; forming a kind of arc, with Minden for centre. He will march up in eight Columns; of course, with wide intervals between them, — wide, but continually narrowing as he advances; which will indeed be ruinous gaps, if Ferdinand wait to be attacked; but which will coalesce close enough, if he be speedy upon Contades. For Contades's line is also of arc-like or almost semicircular form, behind it Minden as centre; Minden, which is at the intersection of Weser and the Brook; his right flank is on Weser, Broglio *versus* Wangenheim the extreme-right; his left, with infantry and artillery, rests on that black Brook of Bastau with its nineteen Bridges. As the ground on both wings is rough, not so fit for Cavalry, Contades puts his Cavalry wholly in the centre: they are the flower of the French Army, about 10,000 horse in all; firm open ground ahead of them there, with strong batteries, masses of infantry to support on each flank; batteries to ply with cross-fire any assailant that may come on. Broglio, we said, is right wing; strong in artillery and infantry. Broglio is to root out Wangenheim: after which, — or even before

"which, if Wangenheim is kept busy and we are nimble, —
"what becomes of Ferdinand's left flank, with a gap of three
"miles between Wangenheim and him, and 10,000 chosen
"horse to take advantage of it! Had the French been of
"Prussian dexterity and nimbleness in marching, it is very
"possible something might have come of this latter circum-
"stance: but Ferdinand knows they are not; and intends to
"take good care of his flank.

"Contades and his people were of willing mind; but had
"no skill 'in marching up:' and, once got across the Bastau
"by their nineteen Bridges, they wasted many hours: — 'Too
"far, am I? not far enough? 'Too close; not close enough?'
"—and broiled about, in much hurry and confusion, all night.
"Fight was to have begun at 5 in the morning. Broglio was
"in his place, silently looking into Wangenheim, by 5 o'clock;
"but unfortunately did nothing upon Wangenheim ('Not
"ready you, I see!'), except cannonade a little; — and
"indeed, all through, did nothing ('Still not ready you
"others!'); which surely was questionable conduct, though
"not reckoned so at Versailles, when the case came to be
"argued there. As to the Contades people, across those nine-
"teen Bridges, they had a baffling confused night; and were
"by no means correctly on their ground at sunrise, not at
"7 o'clock, not at 8; and were still mending themselves when
"the shock came, and time was done.

"The morning is very misty; but Ferdinand has himself
"been out examining since the earliest daybreak: his orders
"last night were, 'Cavalry be saddled at 1 in the morning;' —
"having a guess that there would be work, as he now finds
"there will. From 5 A.M. Ferdinand is issuing from his Camp,
"flowing down eastward, beautifully concentric, closing on
"Contades; horse *not* in centre, but English Infantry in
"centre (Six Battalions, or Six *Regiments* by English reckon-
"ing); right opposite those 10,000 Horse of Contades's, the
"sight of whom seems to be very animating to them. The
"English Cavalry stand on the right wing, at the Village of
"Hartum: Lord George Sackville had not been very punctual
"in saddling at 1 o'clock; but he is there, ranked on the
"ground, at 8, — in what humour nobody knows; sulky and
"flabby, I should rather guess. English Tourists, idle other-

"wise, may take a look at Hartum on the south side, as the spot where a very ugly thing occurred that day.

"Soon after 8, the Fight begins: attack, by certain Hessians, on Hahlen and its batteries; attempt to drive the French out of Hahlen, as the first thing, — which does not succeed at once (indeed took three attacks in all); and perhaps looks rather tedious to those Six English Battalions. Ferdinand's order to them was, 'You shall march up to attack, you Six, on sound of drum;' but, it seems, they read it, 'by sound of drum:' 'Beating our own drums; yes, of course!' — and, being weary of this Hahlen work, or fancying they had no concern with it, strode on, double-quick, without waiting for Hahlen at all! To the horror of their Hanoverian comrades, who nevertheless determined to follow as second line. The Contades cross-fire of artillery, battery of 30 guns on one flank, of 36 on the other, does its best upon this forward-minded Infantry, but they seem to heed it little; walk right forward; and, to the astonishment of those French Horse and of all the world, entirely break and ruin the charge made on them, and tramp forward in chase of the same. The 10,000 Horse feel astonished, insulted; and rush out again, furiously charging; the English halt and serry themselves: 'No fire till they are within forty paces;' and then such pouring torrents of it as no horse or man can endure. Rally after rally there is, on the part of those 10,000; mass after mass of them indignantly plunges on, — again, ever again, about six charges in all; — but do not break the English lines: one of them (regiment Mestre-de-Camp, raised to a paroxysm) does once get through, across the first line, but is blown back in dreadful circumstances by the second. After which they give it up, as a thing that cannot be done. And rush rearward, hither, thither, the whole seventy-five squadrons of them; and 'between their two wings of infantry, are seen boiling in complete disorder.'

"This has lasted about an hour; this is essentially the soul of the Fight, — though there wanted not other activities, to right of it and to left, on both sides; artilleries going at a mighty rate on both wings; and counter-artilleries (superlative practice 'by Captain Phillips' on *our* right wing); Broglie cannonading Wangenheim very loudly, but with

"little harm done or suffered, on their right wing. Wangenheim is watchful of that gap between Ferdinand and him, till it close itself sufficiently. Their rightwing Infantry did once make some attempt there; but the Prussian Horse — (always a small body of Prussians serve in this Allied Army)

"— shot out,
"and in a brilliant manner
"swept them home again.
"Artillery, and that pretty charge of Prussian Horse,
"are all one members, except this of the English and Hanover Foot
"in the centre:
"an unsurpassable thing,"
"says Tempelhof (though it
"so easily might



"have been a fatal! — which
"has set Contades's centre
"boiling, and reduced Contades altogether to water, as it were. Contades said bitterly: 'I have seen what I never thought to be possible, — a single line of infantry break through three lines of cavalry, ranked in order of battle, and tumble them to ruin!'

"This was the feat, this hour's work in the centre, the essential soul of the Fight: — and had Lord George Sackville, General of the Horse, come on when galloped for and bidden, here had been such a ruin, say all judges, as seldom came upon an Army. Lord George, — everlasting disgrace

- a a. Contades's Camp.
- b b. Broglio's Camp.
- c c. Ferdinand's position, night of July 31st.
- d d. Wangenheim's position, night of July 31st.
- e e. Ferdinand's Line of Battle.
- f f. French Line of Battle.
- g. French Cavalry.
- h. English Infantry.
- i. English and Hanoverian Cavalry, under Sackville.

* Stenzel, v. 204.

"and sorrow on the name of him, — could not see his way to coming on; delayed, haggled; would not even let Granby, his lieutenant, come; not for a second Adjutant, not for a third; never came on at all; but rode to the Prince, asking, 'How am I to come on?' Who, with a politeness I can never enough admire, did not instantly kill him, but answered, in mild tone, 'Milord, the opportunity is now past!' Whereby Contades escaped ruin, and was only beaten. By about 10 in the morning, all was over. When a man's centre is gone to water, no part of him is far from the fluid state. Contades retreated into his rabbit-hole by those nineteen bridges, — well tormented, they say, by Captain Phillips's artillery, till he got beyond the knolls again. Broglio, who had never been in musket-fire at all, but had merely barked on Wangenheim all morning, instead of biting, covered the retreat, and withdrew into Minden. And we are a beaten Army, — thanks to Lord George, not an annihilated one. Our loss being only 7,086 (with heavy guns, colours, cavalry flags and the like); theirs being 2,822, — full half of it falling on those rash Six Battalions.*

"And what is this one hears from Gohfeld in the evening? 'The Hereditary Prince, busy there on us during the very hours of Minden, has blown our rearguard division to the winds there; — and we must move southward, one and all of us, without a moment's delay! Out of this rabbit-hole the retreat by rearward is through a difficult country, the Westphalian Gates so-called; fatal to Varus's Legions long ago. Contades got under way that very night; lost most of his baggage, all his conquests, that shadow-conquest of Hanover, and more than all his glories (Versailles shrieking on him, 'Resign you; let Broglio be chief'); — and, on the whole, jumbled homeward hither and thither, gravitating towards the Rhine, nothing but Wesel to depend on in those parts, as heretofore. Broglio retreated Frankfurt-way, also as usual, though not quite so far; and at Versailles had

* Mauvillon, ii. 44-60; Tempelhof, iii. 154-179, &c. &c.: and *Proceedings of a Court-Martial, held at the Horse-Guards, 7th-24th March, and 25th March — 5th April 1760, in Trial of Lord George Sackville* (London, 1760). In Kneesebeck, *Ferdinand während des Sieben-jährigen Krieges* (i. 395), Ferdinand's Letter to Friedrich of "July 31st;" and (ib. 398-418 and ii. 33-36) many special details about Sackville, and "August 1st."

"clearly the victory. Zealous Belleisle could not protect his "Contades; it is not known whether he privately blamed "Contades or blamed Broglie for loss of Minden. Zealous "old man, what a loss to himself withal had Minden been! "That shadow-conquest of Hanover is quite vanished: and "worse, in Ferdinand's spoil were certain *Letters* from "Belleisle to Contades, inculcating strange things; — for "example, '*Il faut faire un désert du Pays*' (all Hessen, I think, "lest Ferdinand advance on you) '*devant l'Armée*,' and the "like. Which Ferdinand saw good to publish, and which "resounded rather hideously through the general mind.*"

Ignominious Sackville was tried by Court-martial; cashiered, declared incapable of again serving his Majesty "in any military capacity;" — perhaps a mild way of signifying that he wanted the common courage of a soldier? Zealous Majesty, always particular in soldier matters, proclaimed it officially to be "a sentence worse than death;" and furthermore, with his own royal hand, taking the pen himself, struck out Sackville from the List of Privy Councillors. Proper surely, and indispensable; — and should have been persisted in, like Fate; which in a new Reign, it was not! For the rest, there was always, and is, something of enigma in Sackville's palpably bad ease. It is difficult to think that a Sackville wanted common courage. This Sackville fought duels with propriety; in private life, he was a surly, domineering kind of fellow, and had no appearance of wanting spirit. It is known, he did not love Duke Ferdinand; far from it! May not he have been of peculiarly sour humour, that morning, the luckless fool; sulky against Ferdinand, and his "saddling at one o'clock;" sulky against himself, against the world and mankind; and flabbily disinclined to heroic practices for the moment? And the moment came; and the man was not there, except in that foggy flabby and forever ruinous condition! Archenholtz, alone of Writers, judges that he expressly wanted to spoil the Battle of Minden and Ferdinand's reputation, and to get appointed Commander in his stead. Wonderful; but may have some vestige of basis, too! True, this Sackville was as fit to lead the courses of the stars as to lead armies. But such a Sackville has ambition, and, what is

* Were taken at Detmold (Tempelhof, III. 223); Old Newspapers full of Excerpts from them, in the weeks following.

fatally more peculiar to him, a chance for unfolding it; — any blockhead has an ambition capable, if you encourage it sufficiently, of running to the infinite. Enough of this particular blockhead; and may it be long before we see *his* like again! —

The English Cavalry was in a rage with Sackville. Of the English Infantry, Historians say, what is not now much heard of in this Country, “That these unsurpassable Six” (in industrious valour unsurpassable, though they mistook orders, and might have fared badly!) “are ever since called the Minden Regiments; that they are the 12th, 20th, 23d, 25th, 37th and 51st of the British line; and carry ‘Minden’ on their ‘colours,’* — with silent profit, I hope!

Fancy how Pitt’s public, lately gloomy and dubious, blazed aloft into joyful certainty again! Pitt’s outlooks have been really gloomy all this season; nor are the difficulties yet ended, though we hope they will end. Let us add this other bit of Synchronism, which is still of adverse aspect, over Seas; and will be pungently interesting to Pitt and England, when they come to hear of it.

“*Before Quebec, July 31st, 1759.* This same Evening, at “Quebec, on the other side of the Atlantic, — evening at “Quebec, 9 or 10 at night for Contades and his nineteen “Bridges, — there is a difficult affair going on. Above and “below the Falls of Montmorenci, and their outflow into the “St. Lawrence: attempt on General Wolfe’s part to penetrate “through upon the French, under Marquis de Montcalm, “French Commander-in-chief, and to get a stroke at Quebec “and him. From the south side of the St. Lawrence, nothing “can be done upon Quebec, such the distance over. From “Isle d’Orléans and the north side, it is also impossible “hitherto. Easy enough to batter the Lower Town, from “your ships and redoubts: but the High Town towers aloft on “its sheer pinnacles, inaccessible even to cannon; looks down

* Kausler, *Schlachten*, &c. p. 587.

"on the skilfullest British Admiral and Fleet, as if with an air of indifference, — trying him on dark nights with fire-ships, fire-rafts, the cunningest kinds of pyrotechny, which he skilfully tows aside.

"A strenuous thing, this of Wolfe's; though an unsuccessful. Towards evening, the end of it; all Quebec assembled on the southern ramparts, witnessing with intense interest; the sublime Falls of Montmorenci gushing on, totally indifferent. For about a month past, General Wolfe, with the proper equipments, and about 10,000 men, naval and military, who was expressly selected by Pitt to besiege Quebec, and is dying to succeed, has been trying every scheme to get into contact with it: — to no purpose, so lofty, chasmy, rocky is the ground, cut by mountainous precipices and torrent streams, branches of the grand St. Lawrence River; so skilfully taken advantage of by Montcalm and his people, who are at home here, and in regulars nearly equal Wolfe, not to speak of Savages and Canadians. Wolfe's plan of the 31st was not ill laid; and the execution has been zealous, seamen and landsmen alike of willing mind; — but it met with accidents. Accidents in boating; then a still worse accident on landing; the regiment of grenadiers, which crossed below the Falls, having, so soon as landed, rushed off on the redoubt there on their own score, without waiting for the two brigades that were to cross and coöperate above the Falls! Which cut Wolfe to the heart; and induced him, especially as the tide was making again, to give up the enterprise altogether, and recal everybody, while it was yet time.* Wolfe is strict in discipline; loves the willing mind, none more, and can kindle it among those about him; but he loves discipline withal, and knows how fatal the too willing may be. For six weeks more, there is toil on the back of toil everywhere for poor Wolfe. He falls into fevers, into miseries, almost into broken heart; — nothing sure to him but that of doing his own poor utmost to the very death. After six weeks, we shall perhaps hear of him again. Gliding swiftly towards death; but also towards victory and the goal of all his wishes."

* *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, pp. 470-3; Thackeray, I. 438.

And now, after this flight half round the world, it is time we returned to Oder Country, and a Friedrich on the edge of formidable things there. Next day after Beeskow, where we left him, he duly arrived at Müllrose; was joined by Wedell there, August 6th; and is now at Wulkow, — “encamped between Lebus and Wulkow,” as we hear elsewhere; — quite in the environs of Frankfurt, and of great events.

Friedrich to Graf von Finckenstein (Second Note).

Wulkow, 8th August 1759.

“If you hear of firing tomorrow, don’t be surprised; it is our rejoicing for the Battle of Minden. I believe I shall have to keep you in suspense some days yet. I have many arrangements to make; I find great difficulties to surmount, — and it is required to save our Country, not to lose it: I ought both to be more prudent and more enterprising than ever. In a word, I will do and undertake whatever I find feasible and possible. With all that, I see myself in the necessity of making haste, to check the designs Haddick may have on Berlin. Adieu, *mon cher*. In a little, you will have either a *De Profundis* or a *Te Deum*. — F.”*

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 305, 306.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE OF KUNERSDORF.

SUNDAY July 29th, at Frankfurt-on-Oder divine worship was broken in upon, and the poor City thrown into consternation, by actual advent, or as good as advent, of the Russians: "On the Crossen road, close by; coming, come!" And they did undeniably appear, next morning, in force; on the opposite, eastern or Kunersdorf side of the River, on the top of the Oder-Dam there; and demanded instant admission, under penalty of general death by fire.

Within the Town stood Major Arnim, a Veteran of those parts, with 400 militia; these, with their muskets and with two cannon, are the only defence of Frankfurt. The Town has Gates; but its walls, I doubt, are mainly garden-walls and house-walls. On the eastern side, the River, especially if you have cannon on the Bridge, gives it something of protection; but on the western and all other sides, it is overhung by heights. This Frankfurt, like its bigger Namesake on the Mayn, is known as a busy trading place, its Fairs much frequented in those Eastern parts; and is believed by the Russians to be far richer than it is. The reader, as there happens to be ocular testimony extant,* may like to see a little how they behaved there:

* Johann Ludwig Kriele, *Schlacht bei Kunersdorf, mit &c.* (Berlin, 1801). Kriele was subsequent Pastor in the Parish, an excellent intelligent man has compiled in brief form, with an elaborate Chart too, a clear account of everything, in the Battle and before and after it.

"Arnim, taking survey of the Russian Party, values it, "or what he can see of it, at 1,000" (they really were 6,000); "keeps his Drawbridge up; and answers stoutly enough, "No." Upon which, from the Oder-Dam, there flies off "one fiery grenado: one and no more, — which alighted in "the house of 'Mrs. Thielicke, a Baker's Widow, who was "standing at the door;" — killed poor Mrs. Thielicke, blew "the house considerably to wreck, but did not set fire to it. "Arnim, all the Magistrates intreating him for the love of "Heaven to leave them, is secretly shoving off his two cannon "to the Northern Gate; and in fact, is making his packages "with full speed: 'Push for Cüstrin,' thinks Arnim, 'and "save selves and cannon, since no good is to be done "here!"

"It was about 11 A.M. when the Thielicke grenado fell: "obstinate Arnim would by no means go; only packed all "the faster. A second summons came: still, No. For the "third and last time the Russians then summon: 'Grenadoes, "a hundred more of them lie ready, unless —!' 'We will, "we will; O merciful servant of Czarish Majesty!' passionately signify the Magistrates. But Arnim is still negative, still keeps the Bridge up. One of the hundred does "go, by way of foretaste: this lighted 'near the Ober Kirche, "in the chimney of the 'Town-Musikus;' brought the chimney "crashing down on him" (fancy a man with some fineness of ear); "tore the house a good deal to pieces, but again did "not set it on fire. 'Your obstinate Town can be bombarded, "then, — cannot it?' observed the Russian Messenger. — "'Give us Free Withdrawal!' proposes Arnim. 'No; you "to be Prisoners of War; Town at Czarish Majesty's discretion.' 'Never,' answers Arnim (to the outward ear). — "'Go; oh, for the love of Heaven, go!' cry all Official "people.

"Arnim, deaf to clamour, but steadily diligent in getting "ready, does at last go; through the Lebus Suburb, quick "march; steady, yet at his best step; — taking the Town- "keys in his pocket, and leaving the Drawbridge up. One "is sorry for poor Arnim and his 400 Militia; whose conduct "was perfect, under difficulties and alarms; but proved unsuccessful. The terrified Magistrates, finding their Keys "gone, and the conflagrative Russians at their gates, got

"blacksmiths on the instant; smote down, by chisel and mallet, the locked Drawbridge, smote open the Gates: "Enter, O gracious Sirs; and may Czarish Majesty have mercy on us!" So that Arnim had small start for marchers on foot; and was overtaken about half-way. Would not yield still, though the odds were overwhelming; drew himself out on the best ground discoverable; made hot resistance; hot and skilful; but in vain. About six in the evening, Arnim and Party were brought back, Prisoners, to Frankfurt again, — self, surviving men, cannons and all (self in a wounded state); — and 'were locked in various Brewhouses;' little of careful surgery, I should fear. Poor Arnim; man could do no more; and he has been unfortunate."

It is by no means our intention to describe the Iliad of miseries, the agitations, terrors and disquietudes, the tribulation and utter harrowing to despair, which poor Frankfurt underwent, incessantly from that day forward, for about five weeks to come. "The furnishings of victual" (Russian stock quite out) "were to an inconceivable amount; surrender of arms, of linens, cloths, of everything useful to a hungry Army; above all things, of horses, so that at last there were but four horses left in all Frankfurt; and" — But we must not go into details.

"On the second day, besides all this," what will be significant of it all, "there was exacted 'ransom of 600,000 thalers' (90,000*l.*), or you shall be delivered to the Cossacks!" "Frankfurt has not above 12,000 inhabitants within its bounds; here is a sudden poll-tax of 7*l.* 10*s.* per head. "Frankfurt has not such a sum; the most rigorous collection did not yield above the tenth part of it. And more than once those sanguinary vagabonds were openly drawn out, pitch-link in hand: 'The 90,000*l.* or —!' Civic-Presidency Office in Frankfurt was not a bed of roses. The poor Magistrates rushed distractedly about; wrung out moneys to the

"last drop; moneys, and in the end plate from those that had it; went in tearful deputation to General Soltikof, — a severe proud kind of man, capable perhaps of being flattered, — who usually locked them up instead. Magistrates were locked in Russian ward, at one time, for almost a week; sat in the blazing sun; if you try for the shade of a tree, the sentry handles arms upon you; — and were like to die. To me, Kriele, it is a miracle how the most of us lived; nay we never really wanted food, so kind was Providence, so generous our poor neighbours out of all the Towns round. The utmost of money that could be raised was 6,000*l.*; nothing but some little of plate, and our Bill for the remainder. Soltikof, a high kind of gentleman, saw at last how it stood; let the Magistrates out of ward; sent back the plate — 'Nothing of that!' — nay Czarish Majesty was herself generous; and *forgave* the Bill, on our petition, next Year. Cossacks, indeed, were a plunderous wild crew; but the Russians kept them mostly without the gates. The regular Russians were civil and orderly, officers and men, — greatly beyond the Austrians in behaviour."*

By these few traits conceive Frankfurt: this, now forgotten in most books, is a background on which things were transacted still memorable to everybody.

"Friday, August 3d, General Loudon came to hand: arrived early, in the Guben' (or Western) "Suburb, his 18,000 and he. In high spirits, naturally, and somewhat exultant to have evaded Friedrich; but found a reception that surprised him. The Russians had been living in the hope of junction; but still more vividly in that of meal. "Auxiliaries; humph, — only 18,000 of them; how much welcomer had been as many hundredweights of meal!" Loudon had pushed his baggage direct into Frankfurt; and likewise a requisition of such and such proviants, weights of meal and the like, in exuberant amount, to be furnished straightway by the City; neither of which procedures would the Russians hear of for a moment. 'Out with you!' said they roughly to the baggage-people: 'quarter in the Guben Suburb, or where you like; not here!' And with regard to the requisition of proviant, they answered in a scornful angry key, 'Proviant? You too without it? You have not

* Kriele, *Schlacht bei Kunersdorf*, pp. 1-15 (in compressed state).

30th July — 12th Aug. 1759.

"brought us meal, according to covenant; instead of meal, you bring us 18,000 new eaters, most of them on horseback, — Satan thank you! From Frankfurt be very certain *you* can get no ounce of meal; Frankfurt is our own poor meal-bag, dreadfully scanty: stay outside, and feed where and how you can!"

"All this, Loudon, though of hot temper, easily capable of rising to the fierce point, had to endure in silence, for the common interest. Loudon's own table is furnished from Frankfurt; no other Austrian man's: all others have to shift how they can. Sad requisitioning needed, and sad plunder to supplement it: the Austrian behaviour was very bad, say the Frankfurters; 'in particular, they had burnt gradually all the corn-mills in the country; within many miles not one mill standing when they left us,' — and four horses all the conveyance-power we had. Soltikof lodges in great pomp, much soldiery and cannon parading before his doors; not an undignified man, or an inhuman or essentially foolish, but very high in his ways, and distasteful to Austrian dignitaries."

The Russian Army lies mainly across Oder; encamped on the Judenberg, and eastward there, along the Heights, near three miles, to Kunersdorf and beyond. They expect Friedrich at the gates of Frankfurt shortly; know well that they cannot defend Frankfurt. They calculate that Friedrich will attack them in their Judenberg Encampment, but hope they are nearly ready for him there. Loudon, from the Guben Suburb, will hasten across, at any moment; — welcome on such fighting occasion, though ill seen when the question is of eating! The Russians have their Wagenburg on an Island southward, farther up the River; they have three Pontoon Bridges leading thither, a free retreat should they be beaten. And in the mean while are entrenching themselves, as only Daun would, — cannon and redoubts all round those Heights; — and

except it be screwing Frankfurt to do its impossible duty, and carting provender with all the horses except four, have not much farther to do but wait till the King come. Which will be speedily, it is probable! —

Wednesday August 8th, Russian and Austrian Generals, a cheerful party of them, had rendezvoused at *Fischers Mühle*; a Mill not yet burnt, and a pleasant Tavern as well; in one of the prettiest valleys in the Western Environs; — intending to dine there, and have a pleasant day. But the Miller's Boy runs in upon them, wide-eyed, "*Himmel und Erde*, Prussian Hussars!" It was in verity Prussian Hussars; the King of Prussia with them in person. He is come out reconnoitering, the day after his arrival in those parts. The pleasuring Generals, Russian and Austrian, sprang to horseback, at their swiftest, — hope of dinner gone futile, except to the intervening Prussian Hussars; — and would have all been captured, but for that Miller's Boy; whose Mill too was burnt before long. This gallop home of the undined Generals into Frankfurt was the first news we poor Frankfurters had of the King's arrival.

The King has been punctual to his reckoning: he picked up Wedell at Müllrose, — not too cordial to Wedell's people: "None of you speak to those beaten wretches," ordered he; "till perhaps they wipe off their 'Züllichau stain!'" On the 7th, Friedrich advanced to Frankfurt neighbourhood; took Camp between Wulkow and Lebus; — and has just been out reconnoitering. And has raised, fancy what emotion in poor Frankfurt lying under its nightmare! "Next day, August 9th, "from Wulkow-Lebus hand, we" of Frankfurt "heard a

“great firing; cannon-salvoes, musket-volleys: ‘Nothing of fight,’ the Russian Officers told us; ‘it is the King of Prussia doing joyfire for Minden,’ of which we till now knew nothing.”

Friedrich, on survey of this Russian-Austrian Army, some 90,000 in number, with such posts, artilleries, advantages, judges that he, counting only 40,000, is not strong enough. And indeed had so anticipated, and already judged; and, accordingly, has Finck on march hitherward again, — Berlin must take its risk, Saxony must shift for itself in the interim. Finck is due in two days, not here at Lebus precisely, but at another place appointed; Finck will raise him to 50,000; and then business can begin! Contrary to Russian expectation, Friedrich does not attack Frankfurt; seems quite quiet in his cantonments; — he is quietly (if one knew it) making preparations farther down the River. About Reitwein, between this and Cüstrin, there arrangements are proceeding, by no means of a showy sort.

The Russian-Austrian Army quits Frankfurt, leaving only some hundreds of garrison: Loudon moves across, Soltikof across; to the Oder-Dam and farther; and lie, powerfully entrenched, on those Kunersdorf Heights, and sandy Moorlands, which go eastward at right-angles to Oder-Dam. One of the strongest Camps imaginable. All round there, to beyond Kunersdorf and back again, near three miles each way, they have a ring of redoubts, and artillery without end. And lie there, in order of battle or nearly so; ready for Friedrich, when he shall attack through Frankfurt or otherwise. They face to the North (Reitwein way, as it happens); to their rear,

and indeed to their front, only not so close, are woods and intricate wilds. Loudon has the left flank; that is to say, Loudon's left-hand is towards the Oder-Dam and Frankfurt; he lies at the *Rothe Vorwerk* ("Red Grange," a Farmstead much mentioned just now); rather to north-westward of the Jew Hill and Jew Churchyard (*Judenberg* and *Judenkirchhof*, likewise much mentioned); and in advance of the General Mass. Soltikof's headquarter, I rather understand, is on the right wing; probably in Kunersdorf itself, or beyond that Village; there, at least, our highly important Russian right-wing is; there, elaborately fortified; and, half a mile farther, ends,—on the edge of steep dells; the Russian brink of which is strongly fringed with cannon, while beyond, on the farther brink, they have built an abatis; so making assurance doubly sure. Looking to the northward, all these 90,000; their left rather southward of Frankfurt Bridge, over which Friedrich will probably arrive. Leftward, somewhat to rearward, they have bridges of their own; should anything sinister befall; three bridges which lead into that Oder Island, and the Russian Wagenburg there.

August 10th, Finck, punctual to time, arrives in the neighbourhood of Reitwein (which is some ten miles down-stream from Lebus, from Frankfurt perhaps fifteen); Friedrich, the same day, is there before him; eager to complete the Bridges, and get to business. One Bridge is of pontoons; one of "Oder-boats, floated up from Cüstrin." Bridges are not begun till nightfall, lest eyes be abroad; are ready in the minimum of time. And so, during the same night of the 10th, all the Infantry, with their artilleries and battle-furnitures,

pour over in two columns; the Cavalry, at the due point of time, riding by a ford, short way to the right. And at four, in the gray of the August morning (Saturday 11th August 1759), all persons and things find themselves correctly across: ranked there, in those barren, much indented "Pasture-grounds of Göritz" or of Oetscher; intending towards Kunersdorf; ready for unfolding into order of battle there. They leave their heavy baggage at Göritz, Wunsch to guard the Bridges and it; and, in succinct condition, are all under way. At one in the afternoon, we are got to Leissow and Bischofsee; scrubby hamlets (as the rest all are), not above two miles from Kunersdorf. The August day is windless, shiny, sultry; man and horse are weary with the labours, and with the want of sleep: we decide to bivouack here, and rest on the scrubby surface, heather or whatever it is, till tomorrow.

Finck is Vanguard, ahead short way, and with his left on a bit of lake or bog; the Army is in two lines, with its right on Leissow, and has Cavalry in the kind of wood which there is to rear. Friedrich, having settled the positions, rides out reconnoitering; hither thither, over the Heights of Trettin. "The day being "still hot, he suffers considerably from thirst" (it is our one Anecdote), "in that arid tract: at last a Peasant "does bring him, direct from the fountain, a jug of "pure cold water; whom, lucky man, the King rewarded with a thaler; and not only so, but, the man "being intelligent of the localities, took with him to "answer questions." Readers too may desire to gain some knowledge of the important ground now under survey.

"Frankfurt, a very ancient Town, not a very beautiful," says my Note, "stands on an alluvium which has been ground down from certain clay Hills on the left bank of Oder. It counted about 12,000 inhabitants in Friedrich's time; has now perhaps about 20,000; not half the bulk of its namesake on the Mayn; but with Three great Fairs annually, and much trade of the rough kind. On this left or west bank of Oder, the country is arable, moderately grassy and unbrageous, the prospect round you not unpleasant; but eastward, over the River, nothing can be more in contrast. Oder is of swift current, of turbid colour, as it rolls under Frankfurt Bridge, — Wooden-Bridge, with Dam Suburb at the end; — a River treeless, desolate, as you look up and down; which has, evidently, often changed its course, since grinding down that alluvium as site for Frankfurt; and which, though now holding mainly to northward, is still given to be erratic, and destructive on the eastern low grounds, — had not the Frankfurters built an 'Oder Dam' on that side; a broad strong Earth-mound, running for many miles, and confining its floods. Beyond the Dam, there are traces of an 'Old Oder (*Alte Oder*);' and, in fact, Oder, in primeval and in recent time, has gone along, many-streamed; indenting, quarrying, leaving lakelets, quagmires, miscellaneous sandy tumult, at a great rate, on that eastern shore. Making of it one of the unloveliest scenes of chaotic desolation anywhere to be met with; — fallen unlovelier than ever in our own more recent times.

"What we call the Heights of Kunersdorf is a broad Chain of Knolls; coming out, at right angles, or as a kind of spur, from the eastern high grounds; direct towards Oder and Frankfurt. Mill-Hill (*Mühlberg*) is the root or easternmost part of this spur. From the Mühlberg, over Kunersdorf, to Oder Dam, which is the whole length of the spur, or Chain of Knolls, will be little short of four miles; the breadth of the Chain is nowhere one mile, — which is its grand defect as a Camp: 'too narrow for manœuvring in.' Here, atop and on the three sides of this Block of Knolls, was fought the furious Battle of 'Kunersdorf' (to be fought tomorrow), "one of the most

"furious ever known. A Block of Knolls memorable ever since.

"To all appearance, it was once some big Island or chain of Islands in the Oder deluges: it is still cut with sudden hollows, — *Kuhgrund* (Cow-Hollow), *Tiefe Weg* (Deep Way), and westernmost of all, and most important for us here, *Hohle Grund* (Big Hollow, let us call it; 'Loudon's Hollow' people subsequently called it); — and is everywhere strangely tumbled up into knolls blunt or sharp, the work of primeval Oder in his rages. In its highest knolls, — of which let readers note specially the Spitzberg, the Mühlberg, the Judenberg, — it rises nowhere to 150 feet; perhaps the general height of it may be about 100. On each side of it, especially on the north, the Country is of most intricate character: bushy, scraggy, with brooklets or muddy ooziings wandering about, especially with a thing called the *Hühnerfloss* (Hen-Floss), which springs in the eastern woods, and has inconceivable difficulty to get into Oder, — if it get at all! This was a sore Floss to Friedrich tomorrow. Hen-Floss struggles, painfully meandering and oozing, along the northern side (sometimes close, sometimes not) of our Chain of Knolls: along the south side of it (in our time, through the middle of it), goes the Highway to Reppen" ('From that Highway will his attack come!' thought the Russians, always till today): on the north, to Leissow, to Trettin, where Friedrich is now on survey, "go various wheel-tracks, but no firm road. A most intricate unlovely Country. Withered bent-grasses, heath, perhaps gorse, and on both sides a great deal of straggling Forest-wood, reaching eastward, and especially southward, for many miles.

"For the rest," to our ill-luck in this place, "the Battle-field of Kunersdorf has had a peculiar fate in the world; that of being blown away by the winds! The then scene of things exists no longer; the descriptions in the Old Books are gone hopelessly irrecongnisable. In our time, there is not anywhere a tract more purely of tumbled sand, than all this between Kunersdorf and Dam Vorstadt; and you judge, without aid of record or tradition, that it is greatly altered for the worse since Friedrich's time, — some rabbit-colony, or other the like insignificancy, eating out the

“roots, till all vegetation died, and the wind got hold and
 “set it dancing; — and that, in 1759, when Russian human
 “beings took it for a Camp, it must have been at least
 “coherent, more or less; covered, held together by some
 “film of scrubby vegetation; not blowing about in every
 “wind as now! Kunersdorf stands with its northern end
 “pushed into that *Kuhgrund* (Cow-Hollow); which must then
 “have been a grassy place. Eastward of Kunersdorf the
 “ground has still some skin of peat, and sticks together: but
 “westward, all that three miles, it is a mere tumult of
 “sandhills, tumbled about in every direction (so diligent
 “have the conies been, and then the winds); no gullet, or
 “definite cut or hollow, now traceable anywhere, but only
 “an endless imbroglio of twisted sand-heaps and sand-
 “hollows, which continually alter in the wind-storms. Sand
 “wholly, and, — except the strong paved Highway that now
 “runs through it (to Reppen, Meseritz, and the Polish
 “Frontier, and is strongly paved till it get through Kuners-
 “dorf), — chaotic wholly; a scene of heaped barrenness and
 “horror, not to be matched but in Sahara; the features of
 “the Battle quite blown away, and indecipherable in our
 “time.

“A hundred years ago, it would have some tattered skin,
 “— of peat, of heather and dwarf whins, with the sand
 “cropping out only here and there. So one has to figure it
 “in Soltikof's day, — before the conies ruined it. Which
 “was not till within the last sixty years, as appears. Kriele's
 “Book (in 1801) still gives no hint of change: the *Kuhgrund*,
 “which now has nothing but dry sand for the most industrious
 “ruminant, is still a place of succulence and herbage in
 “Kriele's time; ‘Deep Way,’ where ‘at one point two carts
 “could not pass,’ was not yet blown out of existence, but
 “has still ‘a Well in it’ for Kriele; *Hohle Grund* (since called
 “Loudon's Hollow), with the Jew Hill and Jew Churchyard
 “beyond, seem tolerable enough places to Kriele. Probably
 “not unlike what the surrounding Country still is. A Country
 “of poor villages, and of wild ground, flat generally, and
 “but tolerably green; with lakelets, bushes, scrubs, and
 “intricate meandering little runlets and oozelets; and in
 “general with more of Forest so-called than now is: — this is
 “Kunersdorf Chain of Knolls; Soltikof's Entrenched Camp

"at present; destined to become very famous in the world,
"after lying so long obscure under Oder and its rages."*

From the Knolls of Trettin, that Saturday afternoon, Friedrich takes view of the Russian Camp. All lying bright enough there; from Mühlberg to Judenberg, convenient to our glass; between us and the evening Sun. Batteries most abundant, difficulties great: Soltikof just ahead here, 72,000: Loudon at the Red Grange yonder, on their extreme left, with 18,000 more. An uncommonly strong position for 90,000 against 50,000. One thing strikes Friedrich: On front in this northern side, close by the base of the Russian Camp, runs, — for the present away *from* Oder, but intending to join it elsewhere, — a paltry little Brook, "Hen-Floss" so-called, with at least two successive Mills on it (*Kleine Mühle, Grosse Mühle*); and on the northern shore of it, spilling itself out into a wet waste called *Elsbruch* (Alder Waste), which is especially notable to Friedrich. *Alder Waste*? Watery, scrubby; no passage there, thinks Friedrich; which his Peasant with the water-jug confirms. "Tell me, however," inquires Friedrich, with strictness, "From the Red Grange yonder, where General Loudon is, if you wished to get over to the *Hohle Grund*, or to the Judenberg, would you cross that Hen-Floss?" "It is not crossable, your Majesty; one has to go round quite westward by the Dam." "What, from Rothe Vorwerk to Big Hollow, no passage, say you; no crossing?" "None, your Majesty," insists the Peasant; — who is not aware that the Russians have made one of firm trestles and logs, and use it daily for highway there; an error of

* *Tourist's Note* (Autumn 1852).

some interest to Friedrich within the next twenty-four hours!

Friedrich himself does not know this bit of ground: but there is with him, besides the Peasant, a Major Linden, whose Regiment used to lie in Frankfurt, of whom Friedrich makes minute questioning. Linden answers confidently; has been over all this tract a hundred times; "but knows it only as a hunter," says Tempelhof,* "not as a soldier," which he ought to have done. His answers are supposed to have misled Friedrich on various points, and done him essential damage.

Friedrich's view of the case, that evening, is by no means so despondent as might be imagined: he regards the thing as difficult, not as impossible, — and one of his anxieties is, that he be not balked of trying it straightway. Retiring to his hut in Bischofsee, he makes two Dispositions, of admirable clearness, brevity, and calculated for two contingencies:** That of the enemy retaining his now posture; and That of the enemy making off for Reppen; — which latter does not at all concern us, as matters turned! Of the former the course will unfold itself to us, in practice, shortly. At 2 A. M. Friedrich will be on foot again, at 3 on march again. — The last phenomenon, at Bischofsee this night, is some sudden glare of disastrous light rising over the woods: — "Russians burning Kunersdorf!" as neighbours are sorry to hear. That is the finale of much Russian rearranging and tumbling, this day; that barbarous burning of Kunersdorf, before going to bed. Tomorrow

* Tempelhof, III. 186.

** Given in Tempelhof, III. 182, 183.

various other poor Villages got burnt by them, which they had better have left standing.

The Russians, on hearing that Friedrich was across at Göritz, and coming on them from the north side, not from Frankfurt by the Reppen Highway, were in great agitation. Not thrown into terror, but into manifold haste, knowing what hasty adversary there was. Endless readjustments they have to make; a day of tumultuous business with the Russians, this Saturday 11th, when the news reached them. "They inverted their front" (say all the Books but Friedrich's own): "Not coming by the Reppen Highway, then!" think they. And thereupon changed rear to front, as at Zorndorf, but more elaborately; which I should not mention, were it not that hereby their late "left wing on the Mühlberg" has, in strict speech, become their "right," and there is ambiguity and discrepancy in some of the Books, should any poor reader take to studying them on this matter. Changed their front; which involves much interior changing; readjusting of batteries and the like. That of burning Kunersdorf was the barbaric winding-up of all this: barbaric, and, in the military sense, absurd; poor Kunersdorf could have been burnt at any moment, if needful; and to the Russians the keeping of it standing was the profitable thing, as an impediment to Friedrich in his advance there. They have laid it flat and permeable: ashes all of it, — except the Church only, which is of stone; not so combustible, and may have uses withal. Has perhaps served as temporary lock-up, prison for the night, to some of those Frankfurt Deputations and their troublesome wailings; and may serve as temporary hospital tomorrow, who knows?

Readjustments in the Russian Camp were manifold: but these are as nothing, in the tumultuous business of the day. Carting of their baggage, every article of value, to that safe Wagenburg in the River; driving of cattle, — the very driving of cattle through Frankfurt, endless herds of them, gathered by the Cossacks from far and wide, “lasted for four-and-twenty hours.” Oxen in Frankfurt that day were at the rate of ten shillings per head. Often enough you were offered a full-grown young steer for a loaf of bread; nay the Cossacks, when there was absolutely no bidder, would slaughter down the animal, leave its carcass in the streets, and sell the hide for a *tympf*, — fivepence (very bad silver at present). Never before or since was seen in Frankfurt such a Saturday, for bellowing and braying, and raging and tumulting, all through the day and through the night; ushering in such a Sunday too!

Sunday about 3 in the morning, Friedrich is on march again, — Russians still in their place; and Disposition *First*, not *Second* at all, to be our rule of action! Friedrich, in Two Columns, marches off, eastward through the woods, as if for Reppen quite away from the Russians and their Mühlberg; but intending to circle round at the due point, and come down upon their right flank there (left flank, as he persists to call it), out of the woods, and clasp it in his arms in an impressive, unexpected way. In Two Columns; which are meant, as usual, to be the Two Lines of Battle: Seidlitz, with chosen Cavalry is at the head of Column First, and will be Left Wing, were we on the ground; Eugen of Würtemberg, closing the rear of Column First, will, he, or Finck and he together, be Right

Wing. That is the order of march; — order of *battle*, we shall find, had to alter itself somewhat, for reasons extremely valid!

Finck with his 12,000 is to keep his present ground; to have two good batteries got ready, each on its knoll ahead, which shall wait silent in the interim: Finck to ride out reconnoitering, with many General Officers, and to make motions and ostentations; in a word, to persuade the Russians that here is the Main Army coming on from the north. All which Finck does; avoiding, as his orders were, any firing, or serious commencement of business, till the King reappear out of the woods. The Russians give Finck and his General Officers a cannon salvo, here and there, without effect, and get no answer. "The King does not see his way, then, after all?" think the Russians. Their Cossacks go scouring about; on the southern side, "burn Schwetig and Reipzig," without the least advantage to themselves: most of the Cavalry, and a regiment or two of excellent Austrian Grenadiers, are with Loudon, near the Red Grange, in front of the Russian extreme left; — but will have stept over into Big Hollow, at a moment of crisis!

The King's march, through the Forest of Reppen, was nothing like so expeditious as had been expected. There are thickets, intricacies, runlets, boggy oozes; indifferent to one man well mounted, but vitally important to 30,000 with heavy cannon to bring on. Boggy oozings especially, — there is one dirty stream or floss (*Hühnerfließ*, Hen-Floss) which wanders dismally through those recesses, issuing from the far south, with dirty daughters dismally wandering into it,

and others that cannot get into it (being of the lake kind): these, in their weary, circling, recircling, course towards Oder, — *Faule Laacke* (Foul Lake, *Lithermere*, as it were), Foul Bridge, Swine's Nook (*Schweinebucht*), and many others, — occasion endless difficulty. Whether Major Linden was shot that day, or what became of him after, I do not know: but it was pity he had not studied the ground with a soldier's eye instead of a hunter's! Plumping suddenly, at last, upon Hen-Floss itself, Friedrich has to turn angularly; angularly, which occasions great delay: the heavy cannon (wall-guns brought from Oüstrin) have twelve horses each, and cannot turn among the trees, but have to be unyoked, reyoked, turned round by hand: — in short, it was eight in the morning before Friedrich arrived at the edge of the wood, on the Klosterberg, Walckberg, and other woody *Bergs* or knolls, within reach of Mühlberg, and behind the preliminary abatis there (abatis which was rather of service to him than otherwise); — and began privately building his batteries.

At eight o'clock he, with Column First, which is now becoming Line First (*centre* of Line First, if we reckon Finck as *right-wing*), is there; busy in that manner: Column Second, which was to have been Rear Line, is still a pretty way behind; and has many difficulties before it gets into Kunersdorf neighbourhood, or can (having wriggled itself into a kind of *left-wing*) coöperate on the Russian Position from the south side. On the north side, Finck has been ready these five hours. — Friedrich speeds the building of his batteries: "Silent, too; the Russians have not yet noticed us!" By degrees the Russians do notice something; shoot out Cossacks to reconnoitre. Cossacks in quantity;

who are so insolent, and venture so very near, our gunners on the north battery give them a blast of satisfactory grape-shot; one and then another, four blasts in all, satisfactory to the gunner mind, — till the King's self, with a look, with a voice, came galloping: "Silence, will you!" The Russians took no offence; still considering Finck to be the main thing, and Friedrich some scout party, — till at last.

Half-past eleven, everything being ready on the Walck Hill, Friedrich's batteries opened there, in a sudden and volcanic way. Volcanically answered by the Russians, as soon as possible; who have 72 guns on this Mühlberg, and are nothing loth. Upon whom Finck's battery is opening from the north, withal: Friedrich has 60 cannon hereabouts; on the Walckberg, on the *Little Spitzberg* (called *Seidlitz Hill* ever since); all playing diligently on the head and south shoulder of this Mühlberg: while Finck's battery opens on the north shoulder (could he but get near enough). Volcanic to a degree, all these; nor are the Russians wanting, though they get more and more astonished: Tempelhof, who was in it, says he never, except at Torgau next Year, heard a louder cannonade. Loud exceedingly; and more or less appalling to the Russian imagination: but not destructive in proportion; the distance being too considerable, — "1,950 paces at the nearest," as Tempelhof has since ascertained by measuring. Friedrich's two batteries, however, as they took the Russians in the flank or by enfilade, did good execution. "The Russian guns were ill pointed; the Russian batteries wrong built; batteries so built as did not allow them sight of the Hollow they were meant to defend."*

* Tempelhof, *iii.* 186, 187.

After above half an hour of this, Friedrich orders storm of the Mühlberg: Forward on it, with what of enfilading it has had! Eight grenadier Battalions, a chosen vanguard appointed for the work (names of Battalions all given, and deathless in the Prussian War-Annals), tramp forth on this service: cross the abatis, which the Russian grenadoes have mostly burnt; down into the Hollow. Steady as planets; "with a precision and coherency," says Tempelhof, "which even on the parade-ground would have "deserved "praises. Once well in the Hollow, they suffer nothing; "though the blind Russian fire, going all over their "heads, rages threefold:" suffered nothing in the Hollow; nor till they reached almost the brow of the Mühlberg, and were within a hundred steps of the Russian guns. These were the critical steps, these final ones; such torrents of grape-shot and musket-shot and sheer death bursting out, here at last, upon the Eight Battalions, as they come above ground. Who advanced, unwavering, all the faster, — speed one's only safety. They poured, into the Russian gunners and musketry battalions, one volley of choicest quality, which had a shaking effect; then, with level bayonets, plunge on the batteries: which are all empty before we can leap into them; artillerymen, musketeer battalions, all on wing; general whirlpool spreading. And so, in ten minutes, the Mühlberg and its guns are ours. Ever since Zorndorf, an idea had got abroad, says Tempelhof, that the Russians would die instead of yielding; but it proved far otherwise here. Down as far as Kunersdorf, which may be about a mile westward, the Russians are all in a whirl; at best hanging in tatters and clumps, their Officers struggling against

the flight; "mixed groups you would see huddled together a hundred men deep." The Russian Left Wing is beaten: had we our cannon up here, our cavalry up here, the Russian Army were in a bad way!

This is a glorious beginning; completed, I think, as far almost as Kunersdorf by one o'clock: and could the iron continue to be struck while it is at white heat as now, the result were as good as certain. That was Friedrich's calculation: but circumstances which he had not counted on, some which he could not count on, sadly retarded the matter. His Left Wing (Rear Line, which should now have been Left Wing) from southward, his Right Wing from northward, and Finck farther west, were now on the instant to have simultaneously closed upon the beaten Russians, and crushed them altogether. The Right Wing, conquerors of the Mühlberg, are here: but neither Finck nor the Left can be simultaneous with them. Finck and his artillery are much retarded with the Flosses and poor single Bridges; and of the Left Wing, there are only some Vanguard Regiments capable of helping ("who drove out the Russians from Kunersdorf Churchyard," as their first feat), — no Main Body yet for a long while. Such impediments, such intricacies of bog and bush! The entire Wing does at last get to the south east of Kunersdorf, free of the wood; but finds (contrary to Linden with his hunter eye) an intricate meshwork of meres and straggling lakes, two of them in the burnt Village itself; no passing of these except on narrow isthmuses, which necessitate change of rank and re-change; and our Left Wing cannot, with all its industry, "march up," that is, arrive at the enemy in fighting line, without the painfullest delays.

And then the getting forward of our cannon! On the Mühlberg itself the seventy-two Russian guns, "owing to difference of calibre," or artillery-men know what, cannot be used by us: a few light guns, Tempelhof to one of them, a poor four in all, with perhaps 100 shot to each, did, by the King's order, hasten to the top of the Mühlberg; and never did Tempelhof see a finer chance for artillery than there. Soft sloping ground, with Russians simmering ahead of you, all the way down to Kunersdorf, a mile long: by horizontal pointing, you had such reboundings (*ricochets*); and carried beautiful execution! Tempelhof soon spent his hundred shots: but it was not at once that any of our sixty heavy guns could be got up thither. Twelve horses to each: fancy it, and what baffling delays here and elsewhere; — and how the Russian whirlpool was settling more and more, in the interim! And had, in part, settled; in part, got through to the rear, and been replaced by fresh troops!

Friedrich's activities, and suppressed and insuppressible impatiences in this interval, are also conceivable, though not on record for us. The swiftest of men; tied down, in this manner, with the blaze of perfect victory ahead, were the moments *not* running out! Slower or faster, he thinks (I suppose), the victory is his; and that he must possess his soul till things do arrive. It was in one and more of those embargoed intervals that he wrote to Berlin* (which is waiting, as if for life or death, the issue of this scene, sixty miles distant): "Russians beaten; rejoice with me!" Four successive couriers, I believe, with messages to that

* Preuss, II. 212 n.

effect; and at last, a Fifth with dolefully contrary news! —

In proportion as the cannon and other necessities gradually got in, the Fight flamed up from its embers more and more: and there ensued, — the Russians being now ranked again (fronting eastward now) “in many lines,” and very fierce, — a second still deadlier bout; Friedrich furiously diligent on their front and right flank; Finck, from the Alder Waste, battering and charging (uphill, and under difficulties from those Flosses and single Bridges) on their left flank. This too, after long deadly efforts on the Prussian part, ended again clearly in their favour; their enemies broken a second time, and driven not only out of Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund, but some say almost to the foot of the Judenberg, — what can only be very partially true. Broken portions of the Russian left flank, — some of Finck’s people, in their victorious wrath, may have chased these very far: but it is certain the general Russian mass rallied again a long way short of the Judenberg; — though, the ground being all obliterated by the rabbits and the Winds, nobody can now know with exactitude where.

And indeed the Battle, from this point onwards, becomes blurred and confused to us, only its grosser features visible henceforth. Where the “Big Spitzberg” was (so terribly important soon), nobody can now tell me, except from maps. Loudon’s motions too are obscure, though important. I believe his grenadiers had not yet been in the fire; but am certain they are now come out of Big Hollow; fresh for the rescue; and have taken front rank in this Second Rally that is made. Loudon’s Cavalry, Loudon himself has in hand,

and waits with them in a fit place. He has 18,000 fresh men; and an eye like few others on a field of war. Loudon's 18,000 are fresh: of the Prussians that can by no means be said. I should judge it must be three of the afternoon. The day is windless, blazing; one of the hottest August days; and "nobody, for "twelve hours past, could command a drink of water:" very fresh the poor Prussians cannot be! They have done two bouts of excellent fighting; tumbled the Russians well back, stormed many batteries; and taken in all 180 cannon.

At this stage, it appears, Finck and many Generals, Seidlitz among the others, were of opinion that, in present circumstances, with troops so tired, and the enemy nearly certain to draw off, if permitted, here had been enough for one day, and that there ought to be pause till tomorrow. Friedrich knew well the need of rest; but Friedrich, impatient of things half-done, especially of Russians half-beaten, would not listen to this proposal; which was reckoned upon him as a grave and tragic fault, all the rest of his life; though favourable judges, who were on the ground, Tempelhof for one,* are willing to prove that pausing here, — at the point we had really got to, a little beyond the Kuhgrund, namely; and not a couple of miles westward, at the foot of the Jew Hill, where vague rumour puts us, — was not feasible or reasonable. Friedrich considers with himself, "Our left wing has hardly yet been in fire!" — calls out the entire left wing, foot and horse: these are to emerge from their meshwork of Lakes about Kunersdorf, and bear a hand along with us on

* Tempelhof, III. 194.

the Russian front here, — especially to sweep away that raging Battery they have on the Big Spitzberg, and make us clear of it. The Big Spitzberg lies to south and ahead of the Russian right as now ranked; fatally covers their right flank, and half ruins the attack in front. Big Spitzberg is blown irrecongnisable in our time; but it was then an all-important thing.

The left-wing Infantry thread their lake-labyrinth, the soonest possible; have to rank again on the hither side, under a tearing fire from that Spitzberg; can then at last, and do, storm onwards, upwards; but cannot, with their best effort, take the Spitzberg: and have to fall back under its floods of tearing case-shot, and retire out of range. To Friedrich's blank disappointment: "Try it you, then, Seidlitz; you saved us at Zorndorf!" Seidlitz, though it is an impossible problem to storm batteries with horse, does charge in for the Russian flank, in spite of its covering battery: but the torrents of grape-shot are insufferable; the Seidlitz people, torn in gaps, recoil, whirl round, and do not rank again till beyond the Lakes of Kunersdorf. Seidlitz himself has got wounded, and has had to be carried away.

And, in brief, from this point onwards all goes aback with the Prussians more and more. Repeated attempts on that Spitzberg battery prove vain; to advance without it is impossible. Friedrich's exertions are passionate, almost desperate; rallying, animating, new-ordering; everywhere in the hottest of the fire. "Thrice he personally led on the main attack." He has had two horses shot down under him; mounting a third, this too gets a bullet in an artery of the neck, and is about falling, when two Adjutants save the King. In his waistcoat-pocket some small gold case (*étui*) has

got smitten flat by a bullet, which would otherwise have ended matters. The people about him remonstrate on such exposure of a life beyond value; he answers curtly, "We must all of us try every method here, to win the Battle: I, like every other, must stand to my duty here!" These and a second brief word or two farther on, are all of articulate that we hear from him this day.

Friedrich's wearied battalions here on the Heights, while the Spitzberg to left goes so ill, fight desperately; but cannot prevail farther; and in spite of Friedrich's vehement rallyings and urgings, gradually lose ground, — back at last to Kunersdorf and the Kuhgrund again. The Loudon grenadiers, and masses of fresh Russians, are not to be broken, but advance and advance. Fancy the panting death-labours, and spasmodic toilings and bafflings, of those poor Prussians and their King! Nothing now succeeding; the death-agony now come; all hearts growing hopeless; only one heart still seeing hope. The Spitzberg is impossible; tried how often I know not. Finck, from the Alder Waste, with his Infantry, attacks, and again attacks; without success: "Let the Cavalry go round then, and try there. Seidlitz we have not; you Eugen of Würtemberg lead them!" Eugen leads them (cuirassiers, or we will forget what); round by the eastern end of the Mühlberg; then westward, along the Alder Waste; finally southward, against the Russian flank, himself foremost, and at the gallop for charging: — Eugen, "looking round, finds his men all gone," and has to gallop the other way; gets wounded to boot. Puttkammer, with Hussars, then tried it; Puttkammer was shot dead, and his Hussars too could do nothing.

Back, slowly back, go the Prussians generally, no-

thing now succeeds with them. Back to the Kuhgrund again; fairly over the steep brow there; the Russians serrying their ranks atop, rearranging their many guns. There, once more, rose frightful struggle; desperate attempt by the foredone Prussians to retake that Height. "Lasted fifteen minutes, line to line not fifty yards asunder;" such musketry, — our last cartridges withal. Ardent Prussian parties trying to storm up; few ever getting to the top, none ever standing there alive one minute. This was the death-agony of the Battle. Loudon, waiting behind the Spitzberg, dashes forward now, towards the Kuhgrund and our Left Flank. At sight of which a universal feeling shivers through the Prussian heart, "Hope ended, then!" — and their solid ranks rustle everywhere; and melt into one wild deluge, ebbing from the place as fast as it can.

It is towards six o'clock; the sweltering Sun is now fallen low and veiled; gray evening sinking over those wastes. "*N'y a-t-il donc pas un bougre de boulet qui puisse m'atteindre* (Is there not one b— of a ball that "can reach me, then)?" exclaimed Friedrich, in his despair. Such a day he had never thought to see. The pillar of the State, the Prussian Army itself, gone to chaos in this manner. Friedrich still passionately struggles, exhorts, commands, entreats even with tears, "Children, don't forsake me, in this pinch (*Kinder, verlasset heute mich, euren König, euren Vater, nicht!*)!"* — but all ears are deaf. On the Mühlberg, one regiment still stood by their guns, covering the retreat. But the retreat is more and more a flight; "no Prussian Army was ever seen in such a state." At the Bridges of that Hen-Floss, there was such a crowding, all our guns got

* Krielle, p. 169.

jammed; and had to be left, 165 of them of various calibre, and the whole of the Russian 180 that were once in our hands. Had the chase been vigorous, this Prussian Army had been heard of no more. But beyond the Mühlberg, there was little or no pursuit; through the wood the Army, all in chaos, but without molestation otherwise, made for its Oder Bridges by the way it had come.*

Friedrich was among the last to quit the ground. He seemed stupefied by the excess of his emotions; in no haste to go; uncertain whether he would go at all. His Adjutants were about him, and a small party of Ziethen Hussars under Captain Prittwitz. Wild swarms of Cossacks approached the place. "*Prittwitz, ich bin verloren* (Prittwitz, I am lost)!" remarked he. "*Nein, Ihre Majestät!*" answered Prittwitz with enthusiasm; charged fiercely, he and his few, into the swarms of Cossacks; cut them about, held them at bay, or sent them elsewhere, while the Adjutants seized Friedrich's bridle, and galloped off with him. At Oetscher and the Bridges, Friedrich found of his late Army not quite 3,000 men. Even Wunsch is not there till next morning. Wunsch with his Party had, early in the afternoon, laid hold of Frankfurt, as ordered; made the garrison prisoners, blocked the Oder Bridge; poor Frankfurt tremulously thanking Heaven for him, and for such an omen. In spite of their Wagenburg and these Pontoon-Bridges, it appears, there would have been no retreat for the Russians except into Wunsch's

* Tempelhof, III. 179-200; Reizow, II. 80-115: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, II. 589-598, *Bericht von der am 12. August 1759 bey Kunersdorf vorgefallenen Schlacht* (Official); and Ib. 598-603, *Beschreibung der &c.* (by a Private Hand): lucidly accurate both.

cannon: Wagenburg way, latish in the afternoon, there was such a scramble of runaways and retreating baggage, all was jammed into impassability; scarcely could a single man get through. In case of defeat, the Russian Army would have had no chance but surrender or extermination.* At dark, however, Wunsch had summons, so truculent in style, he knew what it meant; and answering in words peremptorily, "No" with a like emphasis, privately got ready again, and at midnight disappeared. Got to Reitwein without accident.

Friedrich found at Oetscher nothing but huts full of poor wounded men, and their miseries and surgeries; — he took shelter, himself, in a hut "which had been plundered by Cossacks" (in the past days), but which had fewer wounded than others, and could be furnished with some bundles of dry straw. Kriele has a pretty Anecdote, with names and particulars, of two poor Lieutenants, who were lying on the floor, as he entered this hut. They had lain there for many hours; the Surgeons thinking them desperate; which Friedrich did not. "*Ach Kinder*, Alas, children, you are badly wounded, "then?" "*Ja*, your Majesty: but how goes the Battle?" (Answer, evasive on this point): "Are you bandaged, "though? Have you been let blood?" "*Nein*, *Euer Majestät*, *kein Teufel will uns verbinden* (Not a devil of "them would bandage us)!" Upon which there is a Surgeon instantly brought; reprimanded for neglect: "Desperate, say you? These are young fellows; feel "that hand, and that; no fever there: Nature in such "cases does wonders!" Upon which the leech had to

* Tempelhof, iii. 194: in Retzow (ii. 110) is some dubious traditionary stuff on the matter.

perform his function; and the poor young fellows were saved, — and did new fighting, and got new wounds, and had Pensions when the War ended.* This appears to have been Friedrich's first work in that hut at Oetscher. Here next is a Third Autograph to Finckenstein, written in that hut, probably the first of several Official things there:

The King to Graf von Finckenstein (at Berlin): Third Note.

Oetscher, "12th August," 1759.

"I attacked the Enemy this morning about eleven; we "beat him back to the *Judenkirchhof* (Jew Churchyard," — a mistake, but now of no moment), "near Frankfurt. All my "troops came into action, and have done wonders. I reas- "sembled them three times; at length, I was myself nearly "taken prisoner; and we had to quit the Field. My coat is "riddled with bullets, two horses were killed under me; — "my misfortune is that I am still alive. Our loss is very "considerable. Of an Army of 48,000 men, I have, at this "moment while I write, not more than 3,000 together; and am "no longer master of my forces. In Berlin you will do well "to think of your safety. It is a great calamity; and I will "not survive it: the consequences of this Battle will be worse "than the Battle itself. I have no resources more; and, to "confess the truth, I hold all for lost. I will not survive the "destruction of my Country. Farewell forever (*Adieu pour "jamais*). — F."**

Another thing, of the same tragic character, is that of handing over this Army to Finck's charge. Order there is to Finck of that tenor: and along with it the following notable Autograph, — a Friedrich taking leave both of Kingship and of life. The Autograph exists; but has no date, — date of the Order would

* Kriele, pp. 169, 170; and in all the Anecdote-Books.

** In orig. "ce 12," no other date (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 306).

probably be still *Oetscher*, 12th August; date of the Autograph, *Reitwein* (across the River), next day.

Friedrich to Lieutenant-General Finck (at Oetscher or Reitwein.)

"General Finck gets a difficult commission; the unlucky Army which I give up to him is no longer in condition to make head against the Russians. Haddick will now start for Berlin, perhaps Loudon too; if General Finck go after these, the Russians will fall on his rear; if he continue on the Oder, he gets Haddick on his flank (*so kriegt er den Hadek diss Seit*): — however, I believe, should Loudon go for Berlin, he might attack Loudon, and try to beat him: this, if it succeeded, would be a stand against misfortune, and hold matters up. Time gained is much, in these desperate circumstances. The news from Torgau and Dresden, Cöper my Secretary" (*Cöper mein Segreter*, kind of lieutenant to Eichel*) "will send him. You (*Er*) must inform my Brother" (Prince Henri) "of everything; whom I have declared Generalissimo of the Army. To repair this bad luck altogether, is not possible: but what my Brother shall command, must be done: — the Army swears to my Nephew" (King henceforth).

"This is all the advice, in these unhappy circumstances, I am in a condition to give. Had I still had resources, I would have stayed by them (*so wehre ich darbei geblieben*). — FRIEDRICH."**

All this done, the wearied Friedrich flung himself into his truss of dry straw; and was seen sound asleep there, a single sentry at the door, by some high Generals that ventured to look in. On the morrow he crossed to Reitwein; by tomorrow night, there had 23,000 of his fugitives come in to him; — but this is now to be Finck's affair, not his! That day, too (for the Paper seems to be misdated), he signed, and despatched to Schmettau,

* See Preuss, i. 349, III. 442.

** Exact Copy, two exact Copies, in *Preuss* (i. 450, and again, II. 215).

Commandant in Dresden, a Missive, which proved more fatal than either of the others; and brought, or helped to bring, very bitter fruits for him, before long:

To Lieutenant-General von Schmelltau (at Dresden).

"Reitwein, 14th" (probably 13th) "August 1759.

"You will perhaps have heard of the Check" (*l'Echec*, Kunersdorf to wit!) "I have met with from the Russian Army "on the 13th" (12th, if you had the Almanac at hand) "of "this month. Though at bottom our affairs in regard to the "Enemy here are not desperate, I find I shall not now be able "to make any detachment for your assistance. Should the "Austrians attempt anything against Dresden, therefore, "you will see if there are means of maintaining yourself; "failing which, it will behove you to try and obtain a favour- "able Capitulation, — to wit, Liberty to withdraw, with the "whole Garrison, Moneys, Magazines, Hospital and all that "we have at Dresden, either to Berlin or elsewhither, so as to "join some Corps of my Troops.

"As a fit of illness" (*maladie*, alas!) "has come on me, — "which I do not think will have dangerous results, — I "have for the present left the command of my Troops to "Lieutenant-General von Finck; whose Orders you are to "execute as if coming to you directly from myself. On this "I pray God to have you in his holy and worthy keep- "ing. — F."*

At Berlin, on this 13th, — with the Five Couriers coming in successively (and *not* in the order of their despatch, but the fatal Fifth arriving some time *ahead* of the Fourth, who still spoke of progress and victory), — there was such a day as Sulzer (*ach mein lieber Sulzer!*) had never seen in the world. "Above 50,000 human beings on the Palace Esplanade and "streets about; swaying hither and thither, in agony of "expectation, in alternate paroxysm of joy and of terror and "woe; often enough the opposite paroxysms simultaneous in "the different groups, and men crushed down in despair met "by men leaping into the air for very gladness:" Sulzer (whose sympathy is of very æsthetic type) 'would not, for any

* Preuss, II. *Urkundenbuch*, p. 43.

'consideration, have missed such a scene.* The 'scene' is much obliged to you, *mein Lieber!* —

Practically we find, in Rödenbeck, or straggling elsewhere, this Note: "On the Day after Kunersdorf, Queen and Court fly to Magdeburg: this is their second flight. Their first was on Haddick's Visit, October 1757; but after Rossbach they soon returned, and Berlin and the Court were then extremely gay: different gentlemen, French and others of every Nation, fallen prisoners, made the Queen's soirees the finest in the world for splendour and variety, at that time."**

One other Note we save, for the sake of poor Major Kleist, 'Poet of the Spring,' as he was then called. A valiant, punctual Soldier, and with a turn for Literature as well; who wrote really pleasant fine things, new at that time and rapturously welcome, though too much in the sentimental vein for the times which have followed. Major Kleist, — there is a General Kleist, a Colonel Kleist of the Green Hussars (called *Grüne Kleist*, a terrible cutting fellow): — this is not *Grüne Kleist*; this is the Poet of *The Spring*; whose fate at Kunersdorf made a tragic impression in all intelligent circles of Teutschland. Here is Kriele's Note (abridged):

"Christian Ewald von Kleist, 'Poet of the Spring' (a Pommern gentleman, now in his forty-fourth year), "was of Finck's Division; had come on, after those Eight Battalions took the first Russian battery" (that is, Mühlberg); "and had been assisting, with zeal, at the taking of three other batteries, regardless of twelve contusions, which he gradually got. At the third battery, he was farther badly hurt on the left arm and the right. Took his Colonel's place nevertheless, whom he now saw fall; led the regiment *mutbig* forward on the fourth battery. A case-shot smashed his right leg to pieces; he fell from his horse" (hour not given, shall we say 3 P.M.); "sank, exclaiming: '*Kinder*, My children, don't forsake your King!' and fainted there. Was carried to rear and leftward; laid down on some dry spot in the Elsbruch, not far from the Kuhgrund, and a

* *Briefe der Schweizer Bodmer, Sulzer, Gessner; aus Gleim's literärischem Nachlasse; herausgegeben von Wilhelm Korte* (Zürich, 1804), pp. 316-319.

** Rödenbeck, i. 390; &c. &c.

"Surgeon brought. The Surgeon, while examining, was torn away by case-shot: Kleist lay bleeding without help. "A friend of his, Pfau" (who told Kriele), "one of Finck's Generals, came riding that way: Kleist called to him; asked how the Battle went; uncommonly glad to hear we are still progressive. Pfau undertook, and tried his utmost, for a carriage to Kleist; did send one of Finck's own carriages; but after such delays that the Prussians were now yielding: poor Kleist's had become Russian ground, and the carriage could not get in.

"Kleist lay helpless; no luck worse than his. In the evening, Cossacks came round him; stript him stark naked; threw him, face foremost, into the nearest swampy place, and went their way. One of these devils had something so absurd and Teniers-like in the face of him, that Kleist, in his pains, could not help laughing at remembrance of it. In the night some Russian Hussars, human and not Cossack, found Kleist in this situation; took him to a dry place; put a cloak over him, kindled a watch-fire for themselves, and gave him water and bread. Towards morning they hastened away, throwing an 8 *groschen stück*" (nine-penny piece, shilling, say half-crown) "on his cloak, — with human farewell. But Cossacks again came; again stript him naked and bare. Towards noon of the 13th, Kleist contrived to attract some Russian Cavalry troop passing that way, and got speech of the Captain (one Fackelberg, a German); who at once set about helping him; — and had him actually sent into Frankfurt, in a carriage, that evening. To the House of a Professor Nikolai; where was plenty of surgery and watchful affection. After near thirty hours of such a lair, his wounds seemed still curable; there was hope for ten days. In the tenth night (22d-23d August), the shivered pieces of bone disunited themselves; cut an artery, — which, after many trials, could not be tied. August 24th, at 2 in the morning, he died. — Great sorrow. August 26th, there was soldier's funeral; poor Kleist's coffin borne by twelve Russian grenadiers; very many Russian Officers attending, who had come from the Camp for that end; one Russian Staff-Officer of them unbuckling his own sword to lay on the bier, as there was want of one. King Friedrich had Kleist's Portrait hung in the Garnison Kirche. Free-

"mason Lodge, in 1788, set up a monument to him,"* — which still stands on the Frankfurt pavement, and is now in sadly ruinous state.

The Prussian loss, in this Battle, was, besides all the cannon and field-equipages: 6,000 killed, 13,000 wounded (of which latter, 2,000 badly, who fell to the Russians as prisoners); in all, about 19,000 men. Nor was the Russian loss much lighter; of Russians and Austrians together, near 18,000, as Tempelhof counts: "which will not surprise your Majesty," reports Soltikof to his Czarina; "who are aware that the King of Prussia "sells his defeats at a dear rate." And privately Soltikof was heard to say, "Let me fight but another such "Victory, and I may go to Petersburg with the news "of it myself, with the staff in my hand." The joy at Petersburg, striving not to be braggart or immodest, was solemn, steady and superlative: a great feat indeed for Russia, this Victory over such a King, — though a kind of grudge, that it was due to Loudon, dwelt, in spite of Loudon's politic silence on that point, unpleasantly in the background. The chase they had shamefully neglected. It is said, certain Russian Officers, who had charge of that business, stepped into a peasant's cottage to consult on it; contrived somehow to find tolerable liquor there; and sat drinking in stead.**

* Kriele, pp. 39-43.

** Preuss, ii. 217.

CHAPTER V.

SAXONY WITHOUT DEFENCE: SCHMETTAU SURRENDERS DRESDEN.

FRIEDRICH's despair did not last quite four days. On the fourth day, — day after leaving Reitwein, — there is this little Document, which still exists, of more comfortable tenor: "My dear Major-General von Wunsch, — Your Letter of the 16th to Lieutenant-General von Finck punctually arrived here: and for the future, as "I am now recovered from my illness, you have to "address your Reports directly to Myself. — F."* Finding that, except Tottleben, warily reconnoitering with a few Cossacks, no Russians showed themselves at Reitwein; that the Russians were encamping and entrenching on the Wine-Hills south of Frankfurt, not meaning anything immediate, — he took heart again; ranked his 23,000; sent for General Kleist from Pommern with his Anti-Swedish handful (leave the Swedes alone, as usual in time of crisis); considered that artilleries and furnishings could come to him from Berlin, which is but 50 miles; that there still lay possibility ahead, and that, though only a miracle could save him, he would try it to the very last.

A great relief, this of coming to oneself again! "Till death, then; — rage on, ye elements, and black

* "Madlitz," on the road to Fürstenwalde, "17th August:" in Prouse, *Friedrich der Grosse; eine historische Portrait-Skizze* (kind of *Lecture*, so let us call it, if again citing it; *Lecture* delivered, on Friedrich's Birthday, to Majesty and Staff-Officers as Audience, Berlin, 24th January 1855), p. 15.

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savageries!" Friedrich's humour is not despondent, now or afterwards; though, at this time, it is very sad, very angry, and, as it were, scorning even to hope: but he is, at all times, of beautifully practical turn; and has, in his very despair, a sobriety of eyesight, and a fixed steadiness of holding to his purpose, which are of rare quality. His utterances to D'Argens, about this time and onward, — brief hints, spontaneous, almost unconscious, — give curious testimony of his glooms and moody humours. Of which the reader shall see something. For the present, he is in deep indignation with his poor Troops, among other miseries. "Actual running away!" he will have it to be; and takes no account of thirst, hunger, heat, utter weariness and physical impossibility! This lasts for some weeks. But in general there is nothing of this injustice to those about him. In general, nothing even of gloom is manifested; on the contrary, cheerfulness, brisk hope, a strangely continual succession of hopes (mostly illusory); — though, within, there is traceable very great sorrow, weariness and misery. A fixed darkness, as of Erebus, is grown habitual to him; but is strictly shut up, little of it shown to others, or even, in a sense, to himself. He is as a traveller overtaken by the Night and its tempests and rain-deluges, but refusing to pause; who is wetted to the bone, and does not care farther for rain. A traveller grown familiar with the howling solitudes; aware that the Storm-winds do not pity, that Darkness is the dead Earth's Shadow: — a most lone soul of a man; but continually toiling forward, as if the brightest goal and haven were near and in view.

Once more the world was certain of Friedrich's

ruin; — Friedrich himself we have seen certain of it, for some few desperate hours: — but the world and he, as had been repeatedly the world's case, were both disappointed. Intrinsically there could be little doubt but Friedrich's enemies might now have ruined him, had they been diligent about it. Now again, and now more than ever, they have the winning-post in sight. At small distance is the goal and purpose of all these four-years battlings and marchings, and ten-years subterranean plottings and intrigues. He himself says deliberately, "They had only to give him the finishing stroke (*coup-de-grâce*)."* But they never gave him that stroke; could not do it, though heartily desirous. Which was, and is, matter of surprise to an observant public.

The cause of failure may be considered to have been, in good part, Daun and his cunctations. Daun's zeal was unquestionable; ardent and continual is Daun's desire to succeed: but to try it at his own risk was beyond his power. He expected always to succeed by help of others: and to show them an example, and go vigorously to work himself, was what he never could resolve on. Could play only Fabius Cunctator, it would seem; and never was that part less wanted than now! Under such a Chief Figure, the "incoherency of action," instead of diminishing, as Friedrich had feared, rose daily towards its maximum; and latterly became extreme. The old Lernean Hydra had many heads; but they belonged all to one body. The many heads of this Anti-Friedrich Hydra had withal each its own body, and separate set of notions and advantages. Friedrich was at least a unity; his whole strength going one way,

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 20.

and at all moments, under his own sole command. The value of this circumstance is incalculable; this is the saving-clause of Pitt and his England (Pitt also a despotic sovereign, though a temporary one); this, second only to Friedrich's great gifts from Nature, and the noble use he makes of them, is above all others the circumstance that saved him in such a duel with the Hydras.

On the back of Kunersdorf, accordingly, there was not only no finishing stroke upon Friedrich, but, for two months, no stroke or serious attempt whatever in those neighbourhoods where Friedrich is. There are four Armies hereabouts: The Grand Russian, hanging by Frankfurt; Friedrich at Fürstenwalde (whitherward he marched from Reitwein, August 16th), at Fürstenwalde, or farther south, guarding Berlin; — then, unhurt yet by battle of any kind, there are the Grand Daunish or Mark-Lissa Army, and Prince Henri's of Schmöttseifen. Of which latter Two the hitchings and manœuverings from time to time become vivid, and never altogether cease; but in no case come to anything. Above two-months scientific flourishing of weapons, strategic counter-dancing; but no stroke struck, or result achieved, except on Daun's part irreparable waste of time: — all readers would feel it inhuman to be burdened with any notice of such things. One march of Prince Henri's, which was of a famous and decisive character, we will attend to, when it comes, that is, were the end of September at hand; the rest must be imagined as a general strategic dance in those frontier parts, — Silesia to rearward on one side, the Lausitz and Frankfurt on the other, — and must go on, silently for most part, in the background of the reader's fancy. Indeed, Saxony

is the scene of action; Friedrich, Henri, Soltikof, Daun, comparatively inactive, for the next six weeks and more.

Some days before Kunersdorf, Daun personally, with I will forget how many thousands, had made a move to northward from Mark-Lissa, 60 miles or so, through Sagan Country; and lies about Priebus, waiting there ever since. Priebus is some 40 miles north of Görlitz, about 60 west of Glogau, south of Frankfurt 80. This is where the Master-Smith, having various irons in the fire, may be handiest for clutching them out, and forging at them, as they become successively hot. Daun, as Master-Smith, has at least three objects in view. The *first* is, as always, Reconquest of Silesia: this is obstructed by Prince Henri, who sits, watchful on the threshold, at Schmöttseifen yonder. The *second* is, as last year, Capture of Dresden: which is much the more feasible at present, — there being, except the Garrisons, no Prussian force whatever in Saxony; and a Reichs Army now actually there at last, after its long haggling about its Magazines; and above all, a Friedrich with his hands full elsewhere. To keep Friedrich's hands full, — in other words, to keep the Russians sticking to him, — that is the *third* object: or indeed we may call it the first, second and third; for Daun is well aware that unless Soltikof can manage to keep Friedrich busy, Silesia, Saxony and all else becomes impossible.

Ever since the fortunate junction of Loudon with Soltikof, Daun has sat, and still sits, expectant; elaborately calculative, gathering Magazines in different parts, planting out-parties, this way, that way, with an eye to these three objects, all or each, — especially to the

third object, which he discerns to be all *and* each. Daun was elaborately calculative with these views: but to try any military action, upon Prince Henri for example, or bestir himself otherwise than in driving provender forward, and marching detachments hither and thither to the potentially fit and fittest posts, was not in Daun's way, — so much the worse for Daun, in his present course of enterprise.

Prince Henri had lain quiet at Schmöttseifen, waiting his Brother's adventure; did not hear the least tidings of him till six days after Kunersdorf, and then only by rumour; hideous, and though still dubious, too much of it probable! On the very day of Kunersdorf, Henri had begun effecting some improvements on his right flank, — always a sharply strategic, most expert creature, — and made a great many motions, which would be unintelligible here.* Henri feels now that upon him lies a world of duties; and foremost of all, the instant duty of endeavouring to open communication with his Brother. Many marches, in consequence; much intricate marching and manœuvring between Daun and him: of which, when we come to Henri's great March (of 25th September), there may be again some hint.

. For the present, let readers take their Map, and endeavour to fix the following dates and localities in their mind. Here, in summary, are the King's various Marches, and Two successive Encampments, two only, during those Six Weeks of forced inaction, while he is obliged to stand watching the Russians, and to witness so many complicacies and disasters in the distance; which he struggles much and fruitlessly to hinder or help:

* Detailed, every fibre of them (as is the soul-confusing custom there) in Tempelhof, III. 228 et seq.

"*Encampment First* (Fürstenwalde, August 18th-30th). "Friedrich left Reitwein, *August 16th*; 17th, he is at Madlitz" (Note to Wunsch written there, which we read); "18th, to Fürstenwalde, and encamp. Fürstenwalde is on the Spree, straight between Frankfurt and Berlin; 25 miles from the former, 35 from the latter. Here for near a fortnight. At first, much in alarm about the Russians and Berlin; but gradually ascertaining that the Russians intend nothing.

"In effect, all this while Soltikof lay at Lossow, 10 miles south of Frankfurt, with his right on Oder; totally motionless, inactive, except listening, often rather gloomily, to Daun's and Montalembert's suasive eloquences and advices, — and once, August 22d, in the little Town of Guben, holding Conference with Daun" (of which by and by.) "In consequence of which, *August 28th*, Soltikof and his Russians and Austrians got under way again; southward, but only a few marches: first to Müllrose, then to Lieberose: — whom, the instant he heard of their movements, Friedrich, *August 30th*, hastened to follow; but had not to follow very far. Whereupon ensues

"*Encampment Second* (Waldau, till September 15th. *August 30th*, Friedrich, we say, rose from Fürstenwalde; hastened to follow this Russian movement, and keep within wind of it: up the valley of the Spree; first to Müllrose neighbourhood" (where the Russians, loitering some time, spoiled the canal locks of the Friedrich-Wilhelm Canal, if nothing more), — "thence to Lieberose neighbourhood; Waldau, the King's new place of encampment, — Waldau, with Spree Forest to rear of it: silent both parties till September 15th, when Soltikof did fairly march, not towards Berlin, but quite in the opposite direction."

By the middle of September, when the Russians did get on foot, and moved eastward; especially on and after September 25th, when Henri made his famous March westward; then it will behove us to return to Friedrich and these localities. For the present, we must turn to Saxony, where, and not here, the scene of action is. Take, farther, only the following bits of

Note, which will now be readable. First, these Utterances to D'Argens; direct glimpses into the heavy-laden, indeed hag-ridden and nearly desperate inner man of Friedrich, during the first three weeks after his defeat at Kunersdorf:

The King to Marquis D'Argens (at Berlin): Six Notes.

10. "*Madlitz*" (road from Reitwein to Fürstenwalde), "*16th August 1759.* We have been unfortunate, my dear Marquis; but not by my fault. The victory was ours, and "would even have been a complete one, when our infantry lost patience, and at the wrong moment abandoned the field of battle. The enemy today is on march to Müllrose, to "unite with Haddick" (not to Müllrose for ten days yet; Haddick had already got united with them). "The Russian "infantry is almost totally destroyed. Of my own wrecks, "all that I have been able to assemble amounts to 32,000 "men; with these I am pushing on to throw myself across "the enemy's road, and either perish or save the Capital. "That is not what you" (you Berliners) "will call a deficiency "of resolution.

"For the event I cannot answer. If I had more lives than "one, I would sacrifice them all to my Country. But if this "stroke fail, I think I am clear-scores with her, and that it "will be permissible to look a little to myself. There are "limits to everything. I support my misfortune; courage "not abated by it: but I am well resolved, after this stroke "if it fail, to open an outgate for myself" (that small glass-tube which never quits me), "and no longer be the sport of "any chance."

20. *Fürstenwalde, 20th August.* ** "Remain at Berlin, or "retire to Potsdam; in a little while there will come some "catastrophe; it is not fit that you suffer by it. If things "take a good turn, you can be back to Berlin" (from Potsdam) "in four hours. If ill-luck still pursue us, go to "Hanover or to Zelle, where you can provide for your "safety.

"I protest to you that, in this late Action, I did what "was humanly possible to conquer; but my people" — Oh, your Majesty!

30. *Fürstenwalde, 21st August.* * * "The enemy is intrenching himself near Frankfurt; a sign he intends no attempt. If you will do me the pleasure to come out hither, you can in all safety. Bring your bed with you; bring my Cook Noël; and I will have you a little chamber ready. You will be my consolation and my hope." —

This day, — let readers mark the circumstance, — Friedrich, in better spirits, detaches Wunsch with some poor 6,000, to try if he can be of help in Saxony; where the Reichs Army, now arrived in force, and with nothing whatever in the field against them, is taking all the Northward Garrison-Towns, and otherwise proceeding at a high rate. Too possibly with an eye towards Dresden itself! Wunsch sets out, August 21st.* And we shall hear of him in those Saxon Countries before long.

40. *Fürstenwalde, 22d August.* "Yesterday I wrote to you to come; but today I forbid it. Daun is at Kotbus; he is marching on Lüben and Berlin" (nothing like so rash!). — "Fly these unhappy Countries! — This news obliges me again to attack the Russians between here and Frankfurt. You may imagine if this is a desperate resolution. It is the sole hope that remains to me, of not being cut off from Berlin on the one side or the other. I will give the discouraged troops some brandy" — alas! — "but I promise myself nothing of success. My one consolation is that I shall die sword in hand."

50. *Same place and day (after a Letter from D'Argens).* "You make the panegyric, *mon cher*, of an Army that does not deserve any. The soldiers had good limbs to run with, none to attack the enemy." (Alas, your Majesty; after fifteen hours of such marching and fighting!)

"For certain I will fight; but don't flatter yourself about the event. A happy chance alone can help us. Go, in God's name, to Tangermünde" (since the Royal Family went, D'Argens and many Berliners are thinking of flight), to Tangermünde, where you will be well; and wait there how Destiny shall have disposed of us. I will go to reconnoitre the enemy tomorrow. Next day, if there is anything to do, we will try it. But if the enemy still holds

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"to the Wine-Hills of Frankfurt, I shall never dare to attack him.

"No, the torment of Tantalus, the pains of Prometheus, the doom of Sisyphus, were nothing like what I suffer for "the last ten days" (from Kunersdorf till now, when destruction has to be warded off again, and the force wanting). "Death is sweet in comparison to such a life. Have compassion on me and it; and believe that I still keep to myself "a great many evil things, not wishing to afflict or disquiet "anybody with them; and that I would not counsel you to "fly these unlucky Countries, if I had any ray of hope. "Adieu, *mon cher*."

Four days after, *August 25th*, from this same Fürstenwalde, the Russians still continuing stagnant, Friedrich despatches, to Schmettau, Commandant of Dresden (by some industrious hand, for the roads are all blocked), a Second Letter, "That Dresden is of the highest moment; that in "case of Siege there, relief" (Wunsch, namely, and perhaps more that may follow) "is on the road; and that Schmettau "must defend himself to the utmost." Let us hope this Second Missive may counteract the too despondent First, which we read above, should that have produced discouragement in Schmettau!* — D'Argens does run to Wolfenbüttel; stays there till September 9th. Nothing more from Friedrich till 4th September, when matters are well cooled again.

6^o. *Waldau, 4th September*. "I think Berlin is now in "safety; you may return thither. The Barbarians" (Russians) "are in the Lausitz; I keep by the side of them, between "them and Berlin, so that there is nothing to fear for the "Capital. The imminency of danger is past; but there will "still be many bad moments to get through, before reaching "the end of the Campaign. These, however, only regard "myself; never mind these. My martyrdom will last two "months yet; then the snows and the ices will end it."**

Thus at Fürstenwalde, then at Waldau, keeping guard, forlorn but resolute, against the intrusive Russian-Austrian deluges, Friedrich stands painfully vigilant

* Second Letter is given in *Schmettau's Leben*, pp. 436, 7.

** *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 78, 82, 83, 85, 86.

and expectant, — still for about a fortnight more. With bad news coming to him latterly, as we shall hear. He is in those old moorland Wusterhausen Countries, once so well known under far other circumstances. Thirty years ago, in fine afternoons, we used to gallop with poor Duhan de Jandun, after school-tasks done, towards Mittenwalde, Fürstenwalde and the furzy environs, far and wide; at home, our Sister and Mother waiting with many troubles and many loves, and Papa sleeping, Pan-like, under the shadow of his big tree: — Thirty years ago, ah me, gone like a dream is all that; and there is solitude and desolation and the Russian-Austrian death-deluges instead! These, I suppose, were Friedrich's occasional remembrances; silent always, in this locality and time. The Sorrows of *Werter*, of the *Giaour*, of the Dyspeptic Tailor in multifarious forms, are recorded in a copious heart-rending manner, and have had their meed of weeping from a sympathetic Public: but there are still a good few Sorrows which lie wrapt in silence, and have never applied there for an idle tear! — Let us look now into Daun's side of things.

Daun, after Negotiation, has an Interview with Soltikof (at Guben, August 22d). — “Daun, who had moved to Priebus, “with a view to be nearer Soltikof, had scarcely got his tent “pitched there (August 13th), when a breathless horseman “rode in, with a Note from Loudon, dated the night before: “‘King of Prussia beaten, to the very bone, beyond mistake “‘this time, — utterly ruined, if one may judge!’ What a “vision of the Promised Land! Delighted Daun moves forward, one march, to Triebel on the morrow; to be one march “nearer the scene of glory, and endeavour to forge this “biggest of the hot irons to advantage.

“At Triebel Soltikof's own account, elucidated by oral “messengers, eye-witnesses, and, in short, complete con-

"spectus of this ever-memorable Victory, await the delighted
"Daun. Who despatches messengers, one and another;
"Lacy, the first, not succeeding quite: To congratulate with
"enthusiasm the most illustrious of Generals; who has beaten
"King Friedrich as none else ever did or could; beaten to
"the edge of extinction; — especially to urge him upon
"trampling out this nearly extinct King, before he gleam
"up again. Soltikof understands the congratulations very
"well; but as to that of trampling out, snorts an indignant
"negative: 'Nay, you, why don't you try it? Surely it is
"more your business than my Imperial Mistress's or mine.
"We have wrenched two victories from him this season. Kay
"and Kunersdorf have killed near the half of us: go you in,
"and wrench something!' This is Soltikof's logic; which
"no messenger of Daun's, Lacy or another, aided by never
"such melodies and suasions from Montalembert and Loudon,
"who are permanently diligent that way, can shake.

"And truly it is irrefragable. How can Daun, if himself
"merely speculative, calculative, hope that Soltikof will con-
"tinue acting? Men who have come to help you in a heavy
"job of work, need example. If you wish me to weep, be
"grieved yourself first of all. Soltikof angrily wipes his
"countenance at this point, and insists on a few tears from
"Daun. Without metaphor, Soltikof has shot away all his
"present ammunition, his staff of bread is quite precarious
"in these parts; and Soltikof thinks always, 'Is it my busi-
"ness, then, or is it yours?'"

"Soltikof has entrenched himself on the Wine-Hills at
"Lossow, comfortably out of Friedrich's way, and contiguous
"to Oder and the provision-routes; sits there, angrily deaf to
"the voice of the charmer; nothing to be charmed out of
"him, but gusts of indignation, instead of consent. A proud,
"high-going, indignant kind of man, with a will of his own.
"And sees well enough what is what, in all this symphony of
"the Lacys, the Montalemberts, and surrounding adorers.
"Montalembert, who is here this season, our French best man
"(unprofitable Swedes must put up with an inferior hand), is
"extremely persuasive, tries all the arts of French rhetoric,
"but effects nothing. 'To let the Austrians come in for the
"finishing stroke, — Excellence, it will be to let them gain, in
"History, a glory which is of your earning. Daun and

"Austria, not Soltikof and Russia, will be said to have extinguished this pestilent King; whom History will have to remember!"* 'With all my heart,' answers Soltikof; 'I make the Austrians and History perfectly welcome! Monsieur, my ammunition is in Posen; my bread is fallen scarce; in Frankfurt can you find me one horse more?' Indignant Soltikof is not to be taken by chaff; growls now and then, if you stir him to the bottom: 'Why should we, who are volunteer assistants, take all the burden of the work? I will fall back to Posen, and home to Poland and East Preussen, if this last much longer.'

"Austria has a good deal disgusted these Soltikofs and Russian Chief Officers; — who are not so stupid as Austria supposes. Austria's steady wish is, 'Let them do their function of cat's-paw for us: we are here to eat the chestnuts; not, if we can help it, to burn our own poor fingers for them!' After every Campaign hitherto, Austria has been in use to raise eager accusations at Petersburg; and get the Apraxins, Fermors into trouble: this is not the way to conciliate Russian General Officers. Austria, taught probably by Daun, now tries the other tack: heaps Soltikof with eulogies, flatteries, magnificent presents. All which Soltikof accepts, but with a full sense of what they mean. An unmanageable Soltikof; his answer always; — 'Your turn now to fight a victory! I will go my ways to Posen again, if you don't.' And, in these current weeks, in Soltikof's audience-room, if anybody were curious about it, we could present a very lively solicitation going on, with answers very gruff and negatory. No suasion of Montalembert, Lacy, and Daun Embassies, backed by diamond-hilted swords, and splendour of gifts from Vienna itself, able to prevail on the barbarous people.

"Daun at length resolves to go in person; solicits an Interview with the distinguished Russian Conqueror; gets it, meets Soltikof at Guben, half-way house between Frankfurt and Triebel; select suite attending both Excellencies (August 22d); and exerts whatever rhetoric is in him on the

* Choiseul's Letter (not *Duc de Choiseul*, but *Comte*, now Minister at Vienna) to Montalembert, "Vienna, 16th August;" and Montalembert's Answer, "*Lieberhausen*" (means *Liberose*), "31st August 1759:" in Montalembert, *Correspondance*, II. 58-65.

"barbarous man. The barbarous man is stiff as brass; but
"Daun comes into all his conditions: 'Saxony, Silesia, —
"Excellenz, we have them both within clutch; such our ex-
"quisite angling and manœuvring, in concert with your im-
"mortal victory, which truly gives the life-breath to every-
"thing. Oh, suffer us to clutch them: keep that King away
"from us; and see if they are not ours, Saxony first, Silesia
"next! Provisions of meal? I will myself undertake to
"furnish bread for you' (though I have to cart it from
"Bohemia all the way, and am myself terribly off; but fixed to
"do the impossible); "ration of bread shall fail no Russian
"man, while you escort us as protective friend. Towards
"Saxony first, where the Reichs Army is, and not a Prussian
"in the field; the very Garrisons mostly gone by this time.
"Dresden is to be besieged, within a week; Dresden itself is
"ours, if only *you* please! Come into the Lausitz with us,
"Magazines are there, loaves in abundance: Saxony done,
"Dresden ours, cannot we turn to Silesia together; besiege
"Glogau together (I am myself about trying Neisse, by
"Harsch again); capture Glogau as well as Neisse; and
"crown the successfulest campaign that ever was? Oh, Ex-
"cellenz —!" —

In a word, Excellenz, strictly fixing that condition of the loaves, consents. Will get ready to leave those Frankfurt Wine-Hills in about a week. "But the loaves, you recollect: no Bread; no Russian!" Daun returns to Triebel a victorious man, — though with an onerous condition incumbent. Tempelhof, minutely computing, finds that to cart from Bohemia such a cipher of human rations daily into these parts, will surpass all the vehiculatory power of Daun.*

* Tempelhof, III. 225.

The "Reichs Army" so-called has entered Saxony, under fine Omens; does some Feats of Sieging (August 7th-23d) — with an Eye on Dresden as the crowning one.

The Reichs Army, though it had been so tumbled about, in Spring, with such havoc on its magazines and preparations, could not wait to refit itself, except superficially; and showed face over the Mountains almost earlier than usual. The chance was so unique: a Saxony left to its mere Garrisons, — as it continued to be, for near two months this Year. On such golden opportunity the Reichs Army, — first, in light mischievous precursor parties, who roamed as far as Halle or even as Halberstadt; then the Army itself, well or ill appointed, under Generalissimo the Prince von Zweibrück, — did come on, winding through Thüringen towards the North-western Towns; various Austrian Auxiliary-Corps making appearance on the Dresden side. Eight Austrian regiments, as a permanency, are in the Reichs Army itself. Commander, or part Commander, of the eight is (what alone I find note-worthy in them) "Herr General Thomas von Blonquet:" Irish by nation, says a footnote;* — sure enough some adventurous "Thomas Plunket," visible this once, soldiering, in those circumstances; never heard of by a sympathetic reader before or after. It was while the King was hunting the Haddick-Loudon people in Sagan Country in such vehement fashion, that Zweibrück came trumpeting into Saxony, — King, Prince Henri, and every body, well occupied otherwise, far away!

The Reichs Army has a camp at Naumburg (Rossbach neighbourhood): and has light troops out in Halle neighbourhood; which have seized Halle; are very

* Seyfarth, II. 831 n.

severe upon Halle, and other places thereabouts, till chased away. August 7th, the Reichs Army begirt Leipzig; summoned the weak garrison there. It is a Town capable of ruin, but not of defence: "Free-withdrawal," proposes the Reichs Army, — and upon these terms gets hold of Leipzig, for the time being. Leipzig, Torgau, Wittenberg; in a fort-night or less, all the Prussian posts in those parts fall to the Reichs Army. Its marchings and siegings, among those North-western places, not one of them capable of standing above a few days' siege, are worth no mention, except to Parish History: enough that, by little after the middle of August, Zweibrück had got all these places, "Free-withdrawal" the terms for all; and that, except it be the following feature in their Siege of Torgau, feature mainly Biographic, and belonging to a certain Colonel Wolfersdorf concerned, there is not one of those Sieges now worth a moment's attention from almost any mortal. This is the Torgau feature, — feature of human nature, soldiering under difficulties:

Colonel von Wolfersdorf beautifully defends himself in Torgau (August 9th-14th). Two days after Leipzig was had, there appeared at Torgau a Body of Pandours, 2,000 and more; who attempted some kind of scalade on Torgau and its small Garrison (of 700 or so), — where are a Magazine, a Hospital and other properties: not capable, by any garrison, of standing regular siege; but important to defend till you have proper terms offered. The multitudinous Pandours, if I remember, made a rush into the Suburbs, in their usual vociferous way; but were met by the 700 silent Prussians, — silent except through their fire-arms and fieldpieces, — in so eloquent a style as soon convinced the Pandour mind, and sent it travelling again. And in the evening of the same day (August 9th), Colonel Wolfersdorf arrives, as new Commandant, and with reinforcements, small though considerable in the circumstances.

Wolfersdorf, one dimly gathers, had marched from Wittenberg on this errand; the whole force in Torgau is now of about 3,000, still with only field-cannon, but with a Captain over them; — who, as is evident, sets himself in a very earnest manner to do his utmost in defence of the place. Next morning Reichs General Kleefeld ("Cloverfield"), with 6 or 8,000 Pandour and Regular, summons Wolfersdorf: "Surrender instantly; or —!" "We will expect you!" answers Wolfersdorf. Whereupon, same morning (August 10th), general storm; storm No. 1: beautifully handled by Wolfersdorf; who takes it in rear (to its astonishment), as well as in front; and sends it off in haste. On the morrow, Saturday, a second followed; and on Sunday a third; both likewise beautifully handled. This third storm, readers see, was "Sunday, August 12th:" a very busy stormful day at Torgau here, — and also, for some others of us, during the heats of Kunersdorf, over the horizon far away! Wolfersdorf tumbles back all storms; furthermore makes mischievous sallies: a destructive, skilled person; altogether prompt, fertile in expedients; and evidently is not to be managed by Kleefeld. So that Prince von Stolberg, Second to supreme Zweibrück himself, has to take it in hand. And,

Monday 13th, at break of day, Stolberg arrives with a train of battering guns, and 6,000 new people; summons Wolfersdorf: "No," as before. Storms him, a fourth time; likewise "No," as before: attacks, thereupon, his Elbe Bridge, and his Redoubt across the River; finds a Wolfersdorf party rush destructively into his rear there. And has to withdraw, and try battering from behind the Elbe Dam. Continues this, violently for about two hours; till again Wolfersdorf, whose poor fieldpieces, the only artillery he has, "cannot reach so far with leaden balls" (the iron balls are done, and the powder itself is almost done), manages, by a flank attack, to quench this also. Which produces entire silence, and considerable private reflexion, on the part of indignant Stolberg. Stolberg offers him the favourablest terms devisable: "Withdraw freely, with all your honours, all your properties; only withdraw!" Which Wolfersdorf, his powder and ball being in such a state of ebb, and no relief possible, agrees to; with stipulations very strict as to every particular.*

* In *Anonymous of Hamburg* (III. 350) the Capitulation, "August 14th," given in *extenso*.

Colonel von Wolfersdorf withdraws, also beautifully (August 15th). Accordingly, Wednesday August 15th, at eight in the morning, Wolfersdorf by the Elbe Gate moves out; across Elbe Bridge, and the Redoubt which is on the farther shore yonder. Near this Redoubt, Stolberg and many of his General Officers are waiting to see him go. He goes in state; flags flying, music playing. Battalion Hessen-Cassel, followed by all our Packages, Hospital convalescents, King's Artillery, and whatever is the King's or ours, marches first. Next comes, as rearguard to all this, Battalion Grollmann; — along with which is Wolfersdorf himself, knowing Grollmann for a ticklish article (Saxons mainly); followed on the heel by Battalion Hofmann, and lastly by Battalion Salmuth, trusty Prussians both of these.

Battalion Hessen-Cassel and the Baggages are through the Redoubt, Prince of Stolberg handsomely saluting as saluted. But now, on Battalion Grollmann's coming up, Stolberg's Adjutant cries out with a loud voice of proclamation, many Officers repeating and enforcing: "Whoever is a brave Saxon, whoever is true to his Kaiser, or was of the "Reichs Army, let him step out: Durchlaucht will give him "protection!" At sound of which Grollmann quivers as if struck by electricity; and instantly begins dissolving; — dissolves, in effect, nearly all, and is in the act of vanishing like a dream! Wolfersdorf is a prompt man; and needs to be so. Wolfersdorf, in Olympian rage, instantly stops short; draws pistol: "I will shoot dead every man that quits rank!" vociferates he; and does, with his pistol, make instant example of one; inviting every true Prussian to do the like: "Jägers, Hussars, a ducat for every traitor you shoot down!" continues Wolfersdorf (and punctually paid it afterwards): unable to prevent an almost total dissolution of Grollmann. For some minutes, there is a scene indescribable: storm of vociferation, menace, musket-shot, pistol-shot; Grollmann disappearing on every side, — "behind the Redoubt, under the Bridge, into Elbe Boats, under the cloaks of the Croats;" — in spite of Wolfersdorf's Olympian rages and efforts.

At sight of the shooting, Prince Stolberg, a hot man, had said indignantly, "Herr, that will be dangerous for you (*das wird nicht gut gehn*)!" Wolfersdorf not regarding him a whit; regarding only Grollmann, and his own hot business of

coercing it at a ducat per head. — Grollmann gone, and Battalion Hofmann in due sequence come up, Wolfersdorf, — who has sent an Adjutant, with order, "Hessen-Cassel, *halt*," — gives Battalion Hofmann these three words of command: "Whole Battalion, *halt*! — Front! — Make ready!" (with due simultaneous click of every firelock, on utterance of that last); — and turning to Prince Stolberg, with a brow, with a tone of voice: "Durchlaucht, Article 9 of the Capitulation is express on this point; *All desertion strictly prohibited; no deserter to be received either on the Imperial or on the Prussian side!*" (Durchlaucht silently gives, we suppose, some faint sniff.) "Since your Durchlaucht does not keep the Capitulation, neither will I regard it farther. I will now take you and your Suite prisoners, return into the Town, and again begin defending myself. Be so good as ride directly into that Redoubt, or I will present, and give fire!"

A dangerous moment for the Durchlaucht of Stolberg; Battalion Salmuth actually taking possession of the wall again; Hofmann here with its poised firelock on the cock, "ready" for that fourth word, as above indicated. A General Lusinsky of Stolberg's train, master of those Croats, and an Austrian of figure, remarks very seriously: "Every point of the Capitulation must be kept!" Upon which Durchlaucht has to renounce and repent; eagerly assists in recovering Grollmann, restores it (little the worse, little the fewer); will give Wolfersdorf "command of the Austrian Escort you are to have," and every satisfaction and assurance; — wishful only to get rid of Wolfersdorf. Who thereupon marches to Wittenberg, with colours flying again, and a name mentionable ever since. *

This Wolfersdorf was himself a Pirna Saxon; serving Polish Majesty, as Major, in that Pirna time; perhaps no admirer of "Feldmarschall Brühl" and Company? — at any rate, he took Prussian service, as then offered him; and this is his style of keeping it. A decidedly clever soldier, and comes out, henceforth, more and

* Tempelhof, III. 201-204; Seyfarth, II. 562 n., and Beylagen, II. 587; *Militair-Lexikon*, IV. 283.

more as such, — unhappily not for long. Was taken at Maxen, he too, as will be seen. Rose, in after times, to be Lieutenant-General, and a man famous in the Prussian military circles; but given always, they say, to take the straight line (or shortest distance between self and object), in regard to military matters, to recruiting and the like, and thus getting himself into trouble with the Civil Officials.

Wolfersdorf, at Wittenberg or farther on, had a flattering word from the King; applauding his effective procedures at Torgau; and ordering him, should Wittenberg fall (as it did, August 23d), to join Wunsch, who is coming with a small Party to try and help in those destitute localities. Wunsch, the King had detached (21st August), as we heard already. Finck the King finds, farther, that he can detach (from Waldau Country, September 7th);* Russians being so languid, and Saxony fallen into such a perilous predicament.

"Few days after Kunersdorf," says a Note, which should be inserted here, "there had fallen out a small Naval matter, which will be consolatory to Friedrich, and go to the other side of the account, when he hears of it: Kunersdorf was Sunday, August 12th; this was Saturday and Sunday following. Besides their Grand Brest Fleet, With new flat bottoms, and world-famous land-preparations going on at Vannes, for Invasion of proud Albion, all which are at present under Hawke's strict keeping, the French have, ever since Spring last, a fine subsidiary Fleet at Toulon, of very exultant hopes at one time; which now come to finis:

"*Sea-Fight (properly Sea-Hunt of 200 miles), in the Cadiz Waters, August 18th-19th.* The fine Toulon Fleet, which expected at one time, Pitt's ships being so scattered over the world, to be 'mistress of the Mediterranean,' has found

* Tempelhof, III. 211, 237.

"itself, on the contrary (such were Pitt's resources and promptitudes), cooped in harbour all Summer; Boscawen watching it in the usual strict way. No egress possible; till, in the sultry weather (8th July — 4th August), Boscawen's need of fresh provisions, fresh water, and of making some repairs, took him to Gibraltar, and gave the Toulon Fleet a transient opportunity, which it made use of.

"August 17th, at 8 in the evening, Boscawen, at Gibraltar (some of his ships still in dishabille or under repair), was hastily apprised by one of his Frigates, That the Toulon Fleet had sailed; been seen visibly at Ceuta Point so many hours ago. 'Meaning,' as Boscawen guesses, 'to be through the Straits this very night!' By power of despatch, the dishabille ships were rapidly buttoned together (in about two hours); and by 10 P. M. all were under sail. And soon were in hot chase: the game being now in view, — going at its utmost through the Straits, as anticipated. At 7 next morning (*Saturday August 18th*) Boscawen got clutch of the Toulon Fleet; still well east of Cadiz, somewhere in the Trafalgar waters, I should guess. Here Boscawen fought and chased the Toulon Fleet, for 24 hours coming: drove it finally ashore, at Lagos on the coast of Portugal, with five of its big ships burnt or taken, its crews and other ships flying by land and water, its poor Admiral mortally wounded; and the Toulon Fleet a ruined article. The wind had been capricious, here fresh, there calm; now favouring the hunters, now the hunted; both Fleets had dropped in two. De la Clue, the French Admiral, complained bitterly how his Captains lagged, or shore off and forsook him. Boscawen himself, who for his own share had gone at it eagle-like, was heard grumbling, about want of speed in some people; and said: 'It is well; but it might have been better!'

"De la Clue, — fallen long ago from all notions of dominating the Mediterranean, — had modestly intended to get through, on any terms, into the Ocean; might then, if possible, have joined the grand 'Invasion Squadron,' now lying at Brest, till Vannes and the furnishings are ready, or have tried to be troublesome in the rear of Hawke, who is

* Beatson, II. 313-9; Ib. III. 237, 8, De la Clue, the French Admiral's Despatch; — Boscawen's Despatch, &c., in *Gentleman's Magazine*, XXIX. 434.

"blockading all that. A modest outlook in comparison; —
"and this is what it also has come to. As for the Grand In-
"vasion Squadron, Admiral Conflans, commanding it, still
"holds up his head in Brest Harbour, and talks big. Makes
"little of Rodney's havoc on the Flatbottoms at Havre, 'Will
"soon have Flatbottoms again; and you shall see!' — if
"only Hawke, and wind and weather and Fortune, will
"permit."

*Austrian Reichs Army does its crowning Feat (August
26th — September 4th): Diary of what is called
the "Siege" of Dresden.*

Since the first weeks of August there have been Austrian detachments, Wehla's Corps, Brentano's Corps, entering Saxony from the north-east or Daun-ward side, and posting themselves in the strong points looking towards Dresden; waiting there till the Reichs Army should capture its Leipzigs, Torgaus, Wittenbergs, and roll forward from north-west. To all which it is easy to fancy what an impetus was given by Kunersdorf and August 12th; the business, after that, going on double-quick, and pointing to immediate practical industry on Dresden. The Reichs Army hastens to settle its north-western Towns, puts due garrison in each, leaves a 10 or 12,000 movable for general protection, in those parts; and, August 23d, marches for Dresden. There are only some 15,000 left of it now; almost half the Reichs Army drunk up in that manner; were not Daun now speeding forth his Maguire with a fresh 12,000; who is to command the Wehla's and Brentano's as well. And, in effect, to be Austrian chief, and as regards practical matters, Manager of this important Enterprise, — all-important to Daun just now.

Schmettau in Dresden sees clearly what mischief is at hand.

To Daun this Siege of Dresden is the alpha to whatever omegas there may be: he and his Soltikof are to sit waiting this; and can attempt nothing but eating of provender, till this be achieved. As the Siege was really important, though not quite the alpha to all omegas, and has in it curious points and physiognomic traits, we will invite readers to some transient inspection of it, — the rather as there exist ample contemporary Narratives, *Diariums*, and authentic records to render that possible and easy.*

“Ever since the rumour of Kunersdorf,” says one *Diarium*, compiled out of many, “in the last two weeks of August, “Schmettau’s need of vigilance and diligence has been on the “increase, his outlooks becoming grimmer and grimmer. He “has a poorish Garrison for number (8,700 in all**), and not of “the best quality; deserters a good few of them: willing “enough for strokes; fighting fellows all, and of adventurous “turn, but uncertain as to loyalty in a case of pinch. He has “endless stores in the place; for one item, almost a million “sterling of ready money. Poor Schmettau, if he knew it, “has suddenly become the Leonidas of this Campaign, Dres- “den its Thermopylæ; and” — But readers can conceive the situation.

“August 20th, Schmettau quits the Neustadt, or northern “part of Dresden, which lies beyond the River: unim- “portant that, and indefensible with garrison not adequate; “Schmettau will strengthen the River bank, blow up the “Stone Bridge if necessary, and restrict himself to Dresden “Proper. The Court is here; Schmettau does not hope that “the Court can avert a Siege from him; but he fails not to try, “in that way too, and may at least gain time.

* In *Tempelhof* (III. 210-216-222), complete and careful Narrative; in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (III. 371-377), express “Day-book” by some Eye-witness in Dresden.

** Schmettau’s *Leben* (by his Son), p. 408.

"August 25th, He has a Mine put under the main arch of the Bridge: 'mine ill-made, uncertain of effect,' reports the Officer whom he sent to inspect it. But it was never tried, the mere rumour of it kept off attacks on that side. Same day, August 25th, Schmettau receives that unfortunate Royal Missive* written in the dark days of Reitwein, "morrow of Kunersdorf (14th or 13th August)" which we read above. "That there is another Letter on the road for him, indicating 'Relief shall be tried,' is unknown to Schmettau, and fatally continues unknown. While Schmettau is reading this (August 25th), General Wunsch has been on the road four days: Wunsch and Wolfersdorf with about 8,000, at their quickest pace, and in a fine winged frame of mind withal, are speeding on: will cross Elbe at Meissen to-morrow night, — did Schmettau only know. People say he did, in the way of rumour, understand that Kunersdorf had not been the fatal thing it was thought; and that efforts would be made by a King like his. In his place, one might have, at least, shot out a spy or two? But he did not, then or afterwards.

"Already, ever since the arrival of Wehla and Brentano in those parts, he has been labouring under many uncertainties; too many for a Leonidas! Hanging between Yes and No, even about that of quitting the Neustadt, for example: carrying over portions of his goods, but never heartily the whole; unable to resolve; now lifting visibly the Bridge pavement, then again visibly restoring it; — and, I think, though the contrary is asserted, he had at last to leave in the Neustadt a great deal of stores, horseprovender and other, not needful to him at present, or impossible to carry, when dubiety got ended. He has put a mine under the Bridge; but knows it will not go off.

"Schmettau has been in many wars, but this is a case that tries his soldier qualities as none other has ever done. A case of endless intricacy, — if he be quite equal to it; which perhaps he was not altogether. Nobody ever doubted Schmettau's high qualities as a man and captain; but here are requisite the very highest, and these Schmettau has not. The result was very tragical; I suppose, a pain to Friedrich all his life after; and certainly to Schmettau all his. This

* Tempelhof, iii. 208; Schmettau's *Leben* (p. 421) has "August 27th."

"is Saturday night 25th August: before Wednesday week (September 4th) there will have sad things arrived, irremediable to Schmettau. Had Schmettau decided to defend himself, Dresden had not been taken. What a pity Schmettau had not been spared this Missive, calculated to produce mere doubt! Whether he could not, and should not, after a ten days of inquiry and new discernment, have been able to read the King's true meaning, as well as the King's momentary humour, in this fatal Document, there is no deciding. Sure enough, he did not read the King's true meaning in it, but only the King's momentary humour; did not frankly set about defending himself to the death, — or 'seeing' in that way 'whether he could not defend himself,' — with a good capitulation lying in the rear, after he had.

"*Sunday August 26th*, Trumpet at the gates. Messenger from Zweibrück is introduced blindfold; brings formal Summons to Schmettau. Summons duly truculent: 'Resistance vain; the more you resist, the worse it will be, — and there is a worst' (that of being delivered to the Croats, and massacred every man), 'of which why should I speak? Especially if in anything you fail of your duty to the Kur-Prinz'" (Electoral Prince and Heir-Apparent, poor crook-backed young Gentleman, who has an excellent sprightly Wife, a friend of Friedrich's, and daughter of the late Kaiser Karl VII., whom we used so beautifully), 'imagine what your fate will be!' — "To which Schmettau answers: 'Can Durchlaucht think us ignorant of the common rules of behaviour to Persons of that Rank? For the rest, Durchlaucht knows what our duties here are, and would despise us if we did not do them;' — and, in short, our answer again is, in polite forms, 'Pooh, pooh; you may go your way!' Upon which the Messenger is blindfolded again; and Schmettau sets himself in hot earnest to clearing out his goods from the Neustadt; building with huge intertwined cross-beams and stone and earthmasses, a Battery at his own end of the Bridge, batteries on each side of it below and above; — locks the Gates; and is passionately busy all Sunday, — though divine service goes on as usual.

"Hardly were the Prussian guns got away, when Croat people in quantity came in, and began building a Battery at

"their end of the Bridge, the main defence-work being old Prussian meal-barrels, handily filled with earth. 'If you fire one cannon-ball across on us,' said Schmettau, 'I will bombard the Neustadt into flame in few minutes' (I have only to aim at our Hay Magazine yonder): 'be warned!' Nor did they once fire from that side; Electoral Highness withal and Royal Palace being quite contiguous behind the Prussian Bridge-Battery. Electoral Highness and Household are politely treated, make polite answer to everything; intend going down into the '*Apotheke*' (Kitchen suite), or vaulted part of the Palace, and will lodge there when the cannonade begins.

"This same *Sunday, August 26th*, Maguire arrived; and set instantly to building his bridge at Pillnitz, a little way above Dresden: at Uebigau, a little below Dresden, the Reichsfolk have another. Reichsfolk, Zweibrück in person, come all in on Wednesday; post themselves there, to north and west of the City. What is more important, the siege-guns, a superb stock, are steadily floating, through the Pirna regions, hitherward; get to hand on Friday next, the fifth day hence.* Korbitz (half way out to Kesselsdorf) is Durchlaucht's head-quarter: — Chief General is Durchlaucht, conspicuously he, at least in theory, and shall have all the glory; though Maguire, glancing on these cannon, were it nothing more, has probably a good deal to say. Maguire too, I observe, takes post on that north or Kesselsdorf side; contiguous for the Head General. Wehla and Brentano post themselves on the south or up-stream side; it is they that hand-in the siege-guns: batteries are already everywhere marked out, 13 cannon batteries and 5 howitzer. In short, from the morrow of that truculent Summons, Monday morning to Thursday, there is hot stir of multifarious preparation on Schmettau's part; and continual pouring in of the hostile force, who are also preparing at the utmost. Thursday, the Siege, if it can be called a Siege, begins. Gradually, and as follows —

"*Thursday Morning* (August 30th), Schmettau, who is, night and day, 'palisading the River,' and much else, — discloses (that is, Break of Day discloses on his part) to the Dresden public a huge Gallows, black, huge, of impressive aspect; labelled 'For Plunderers, Mutineers and their Hel-

* Tempelhof, p. 210.

"pers.* The Austrian heavy guns are not yet in battery; but
"multitudes of loose Croat people go swarming about every-
"where, and there is plentiful firing from such artilleries as
"they have. This same Thursday morning, two or three
"battalions of them rush into the Pirna Suburb; attack the
"Prussian Guard-parties there. Schmettau instantly des-
"patches Captain Kollas and a Trumpet: — 'Durchlaucht,
"have the goodness to recal these Croat Parties; otherwise
"the Suburb goes into flame! And directly on arrival of this
"Messenger, may it please Durchlaucht. For we have com-
"puted the time; and will not wait beyond what is reason-
"able for his return!' Zweibrück is mere indignation and
"astonishment; 'will burn Halle,' burn Quedlinburg, Berlin
"itself, and utterly ruin the King of Prussia's Dominion in
"general: — the rejoinder to which is, burning of Pirna
"Suburb, as predicted; seventy houses of it, this evening, at
"six o'clock.

"Onward from which time there is on both sides, especially
"on Schmettau's, diligent artillery practice; cannonade kept
"up wherever Schmettau can see the enemy busy; enemy
"responding with what artillery he has: — not much damage
"done, I should think, though a great deal of noise; and for
"one day (Saturday September 1st), our Diarist notes, 'Not
"safe to walk the streets this day.' But, in effect, the Siege,
"as they call it, — which fell dead on the fifth day, and was
"never well alive, — consists mainly of menace and counter-
"menace, in the way of bargain-making and negotiation; —
"and, so far as I can gather, that superb Park of Austrian
"Artillery, though built into batteries, and talked about in a
"bullying manner, was not fired from at all.

"Schmettau affects towards the enemy (and towards him-
"self, I dare say) an air of iron firmness; but internally has
"no such feeling, 'calls a Council of War,' and the like.
"Council of War, on sight of that King's Missive, confirms
"him with one voice: 'Surely, surely, Excellenz; no defence
"possible!' Which is a prophecy and a fulfilment, both in
"one. Why Schmettau did not shoot forth a spy or two, to
"ascertain for him What, or whether Nothing whatever, was
"passing outside Dresden? I never understand! Beyond his

* *Anonymous of Hamburg*, III. 373.

"own Walls, the world is a vacancy and blank to Schmettau, and he seems content it should be so.

"*Sunday September 2d.* Though Schmettau's cannonade was very loud, and had been so all night, Divine Service was held as usual, streets safe again, — Austrians, I suppose, not firing with cannon. About 4 P.M., after a great deal of powder spent, General Maguire, stepping out on Elbe Bridge, blows or beats Appeal, three times; 'wishes a moment's conversation with his Excellency.' Granted at once; witnesses attending on both sides. 'Defence is impossible; in the name of humanity, consider!' urges Maguire. 'Defence to the last man of us is certain,' answers Schmettau, 'from the teeth outwards; — but, in the end, engages to put on paper, in case he, by extremity of ill-luck, have at any time to accept terms, what his terms will inflexibly be. Upon which there is 'Armistice till Tomorrow:' and Maguire, I doubt not, reports joyfully on this feeling of the enemy's pulse. Zweibrück and Maguire are very well aware of what is passing in these neighbourhoods (General Wunsch back at Wittenberg by forced marches; blew it open in an hour); and are growing highly anxious that Dresden on any terms were theirs.

"*Monday September 3d,* The death-day of the Siege; an uncommonly busy day, — though Armistice lasted perfect till 3 P.M., and soon came back more perfect than ever. A Siege not killed by cannon, but by medical industry. Let us note with brevity the successive symptoms and appliances. About seven in the morning, Maguire had his Messenger in Dresden, 'Your Excellency's Paper ready?' 'Nearly ready,' answers Schmettau; 'we will send it by a Messenger of our own.' And about eleven of the day, Maguire does get it; — the same Captain Kollas (whose name we recollect) handing it in; and statue-like waiting Answer. 'Pshaw, this will never do,' ejaculates Maguire; 'terms irrationally high!' Captain Kollas 'knows nothing of what is in the Paper; and is charged only to bring a Written Answer from Excellenz.' 'Excellenz, before writing, will have to consult with Durchlaucht; can, however, as if confidentially and from feelings of friendship, can assure you, Sir, on my honour, That the Garrison will be delivered to the Croats, and every man of it put to the sword.' 'The Garrison will expect that (*wird*

“*Das erwarten*),’ said Kollas, statue-like; and withdrew, with the proper bow.* Something interesting to us in these Military diplomatic passages, with their square-elbowed fashions, and politeness stiff as iron!

“Not till three of the afternoon does the Written Answer reach Schmettau: ‘Such Terms never could be accepted.’ — “Good,’ answers Schmettau: ‘To our last breath no others will be offered.’ And commences cannonading again, not very violently, but with the order, ‘Go on, then, night and day!’

“About 10 at night, General Guasco, a truculent kind of man, whom I have met with up and down, but not admitted to memory, beats Appeal on the Bridge: ‘Inform the Commandant that there will now straightway 13 batteries of cannon, and 5 ditto of howitzers open on him, unless he bethinks himself!’ Which dreadful message is taken to Schmettau. ‘Wish the gentleman good evening,’ orders Schmettau; ‘and say, we will answer with 100 guns.’ Upon which Guasco vanishes; — but returns in not many minutes, milder in tone; requests ‘a sight of that Written Paper of Terms again.’ ‘There it still is,’ answers Schmettau, ‘not altered, nor ever shall be.’ And there is Armistice again: — and the Siege, as turns out, has fired its last shot; and is painfully expiring in paroxysms of negotiation, which continue a good many hours. Schmettau strives to understand clearly that his terms (of the King’s own suggesting, as Schmettau flatters himself) are accepted: nor does Durchlaucht take upon him to refuse in any point; but he is strangely slow to sign, still hoping to mend matters.

“Much hithering and thithering there was, till 4 next morning (Durchlaucht has important news from Torgau, at that moment); till 11 next day; till 4 in the afternoon and later, — Guasco and others coming with message after message, hasty and conciliatory: ‘Durchlaucht at such a distance, his signature not yet come; but be patient; all is right, upon my honour!’ Very great hurry evident on the part of Guasco and Company; but nothing suspected by Schmettau. Till, dusk or darkness threatening now to supervene, Maguire and Schmettau with respective suites have a Conference on the Bridge, — ‘rain falling very heavy.’

* Tempelhof, III. 211.

"Durchlaucht's signature, Maguire is astonished to say, has not yet come; but Maguire pledges his honour 'that all shall be kept without chicane;' and adds (what to some of us seemed not superfluous afterwards), 'I am incapable of acting falsely or with chicane.' In fact, till 9 in the evening there was no signature by Durchlaucht; but about 6, on such pledge by Maguire of his hand and his honour, the Siege entirely gave up the ghost; and Dresden belonged to Austria, Tuesday Evening, 4th September 1759; Sun just setting, could anybody see him for the rain.

"Schmettau had been over-hasty; what need had Schmettau of haste? The terms had not yet got signature, perfection of settlement on every point; nor were they at all well kept, when they did! Considerable flurry, temporary blindness, needless hurry, and neglect of symptoms and precautions, must be imputed to poor Schmettau; whose troubles began from this moment, and went on increasing. The Austrians are already besetting Elbe Bridge, rooting up the herring-bone balks; and approaching our Blockhouse, — sooner than was expected. But that is nothing. On opening the Pirna Gate, to share it with the Austrians, Friedrich's Spy (sooner had not been possible to the man) was waiting; who handed Schmettau that Second Letter of Friedrich's, "Courage; there is relief on the road!" Poor Schmettau!"

What Captain Kollas and the Prussian Garrison thought of all this, *they* were perhaps shy of saying, and we at such distance are not informed, — except by one symptom: that of Colonel Hoffman, Schmettau's Second, whose indignation does become tragically evident. Hoffman, a rugged Prussian veteran, is indignant at the Capitulation itself; doubly and trebly indignant to find the Austrians on Elbe Bridge, busy raising our Balks and Battery: "How is this, Sir?" inquires he of Captain Sydow, who is on guard at the Prussian end; "How dared you make this change, without acquainting the Second in Command? Order out your men, and come along with me to clear the Bridge again!" Sydow

hesitates, haggles; indignant Hoffman, growing loud as thunder, pulls out a pistol, fatal-looking to disobedient Sydow; who calls to his men, or whose men spring out uncalled; and shoot Hoffman down, — send two balls through him, so that he died at 8 that night. With noise enough, then and afterwards. Was drunk, said Schmettau's people. Friedrich answered, on report of it: "I think as Hoffman did. If he was 'drunk,' it is "pity the Governor and all the Garrison had not been "so, to have come to the same judgment as he."*

• Friedrich's unbearable feelings, of grief and indignation, in regard to all this Dresden matter, — which are not expressed except coldly in business form, — can be fancied by all readers. One of the most tragical bits of ill-luck that ever befel him. A very sore stroke, in his present condition; a signal loss and affront. And most of all, unbearable to think how narrowly it has missed being a signal triumph; — missed actually by a single hair's-breadth, which is as good as by a mile, or by a thousand miles!

Soon after 9 o'clock that evening, Durchlaucht in person came rolling through our battery and the herring-bone balks, to visit Electoral Highness, — which was not quite the legal time either. Durchlaucht had not been half an hour with Electoral Highness, when a breathless Courier came in: "General Wunsch within ten miles" (took Torgau in no-time, as Durchlaucht well knows, for a week past); "and will be here, before we sleep!" Durchlaucht plunged out, over the herring-bone balks again (which many carpenters are busy lifting); and the Electoral Highnesses, in like manner,

* P. S. in Autograph of Letter to Schmettau, "Waldau, 11th September 1759" (Preuss. II.: *Urkundenbuch*, p. 45).

hurry off to Töplitz that same night, about an hour after. What a Tuesday Night! Poor Hoffman is dead at 8 o'clock; the Saxon Royalties, since 11, are galloping for Pirna, for Töplitz; Durchlaucht of Zweibrück we saw hurry off an hour before them, — Capitulation signature not yet dry, and terms of it beginning to be broken; and Wunsch reported to be within ten miles!

The Wunsch report is perfectly correct. Wunsch is at Grossenhayn, this evening; all in a fiery mood of swiftness, his people and he; — and indeed it is, by chance, one of Wolfersdorf's impetuosities that has sent the news so fast. Wunsch had been as swift with Torgau as he was with Wittenberg: he blew out the poor Reichs-Garrison there, by instant storm, and packed it off to Leipzig, under charge of "an Officer and Trumpet:" — he had, greatly against his will, to rest two days there for a few indispensable cannon from Magdeburg. Cannon once come, Wunsch, burning for deliverance of Dresden, had again started at his swiftest, "Monday 3d September" (death-day of the Siege), "very early."

"He is under 8,000; but he is determined to do it; — and "would have done it, think judges, half-thinks Zweibrück "himself: such a fire in that Wunsch and his Corps as is very "dangerous indeed. At 4 this morning, Zweibrück heard of "his being on march: 'numbers uncertain' — (numbers "seemingly not the important point, — blows any number of "us about our business!) — and since that moment, Zweibrück "has driven the capitulation at such a pace; though the "flurried Schmettau suspected nothing.

"Afternoon of *Tuesday 4th*, Wunsch, approaching Grossenhayn, had detached Wolfersdorf with 100 light horse rightwards to Grödel, a boating Village on Elbe shore, To seek "news of Dresden; also to see if boats are procurable for "carrying our artillery up thither. At Grödel, Wolfersdorf

"finds no boats that will avail: but certain boat-people, new from Dresden, report that no capitulation had been published when they left, but that it was understood to be going on. New spur to Wolfersdorf and Wunsch. Wolfersdorf hears farther in this Village, That there are some 30 Austrian horse in Grossenhayn:—'Possible these may escape General Wunsch!' thinks Wolfersdorf; and decides to have them. Takes 30 men of his own; orders the other 70 to hold rightward, gather what intelligence is going, and follow more leisurely; and breaks off for the Grossenhayn-Dresden Highway, to intercept those fellows.

"Getting to the highway, Wolfersdorf does see the fellows; sees also, with what degree of horror I do not know, that there are at least 100 of them against his 30! Horror will do nothing for Wolfersdorf, nor are his other 70 now within reach. Putting a bold face on the matter, he commands, Stentor-like, as if it were all a fact: '*Grenadiers, march; Dragoons, to right forwards, wheel; Hussars, forward: MARCH!*'—and does terrifically dash forward with the 30 Hussars, or last item of the invoice; leaving the others to follow. The Austrians draw bridle with amazement; fire off their carbines; take to their heels, and do not stop for more. Wolfersdorf captures 68 of them, for behoof of Grossenhayn; and sends the remaining 32 galloping home.* Who bring above news to Durchlaucht of Zweibrück: '12,000 of them, may it please your Durchlaucht; such the accounts we had!'—Fancy poor Schmettau's feelings!

"On the morrow, Dresden was roused from its sleep by loud firing and battle, audible on the north side of the River: 'before daybreak, and all day.' It is Wunsch impetuously busy in the woody countries there. Durchlaucht had shot out Generals and Divisions, Brentano, Wehla, this General and then that, to intercept Wunsch: these the fiery Wunsch,—almost as if they had been combustible material coming to quench fire,—repels and dashes back, in a wonderful manner, General after General of them. And is lord of the field all day:—but cannot hear the least word from Dresden; which is a surprising circumstance.

"In the afternoon, Wunsch summons Maguire in the Neustadt: 'Will answer you in two hours,' said Maguire.

* Tempelhof, III. 214.

“Wunsch thereupon is for attacking their two Pontoon Elbe-Bridges; still resolute for Dresden, — and orders Wolfersdorf on one of them, the Uebigau Bridge, who finds the enemy lifting it at any rate, and makes them do it faster. But night is now sinking; from Schmettau not a word or sign. ‘Silence over there, all day; not a single cannon ‘to or from,’ say Wunsch and Wolfersdorf to one another. ‘Schmettau must have capitulated!’ conclude they, and ‘withdraw in the night-time, still thunderous if molested; bivouack at Grossenhayn, after twenty-four hours of continual march and battle, not time even for a snatch of food.*

“Resting at Grossenhayn, express reaches Wunsch from his Commandant at Torgau: ‘Kleefeld is come on me from ‘Leipzig with 14,000; I cannot long hold out, unless relieved.’ Wunsch takes the road again; two marches, each of twenty miles. Reaches Torgau late; takes post in the ruins of the North Suburb, finds he must fight Kleefeld. Refreshes his men ‘with a keg of wine per Company,’ surely a judicious step; and sends to Wolfersdorf, who has the rearguard, ‘Be ‘here with me tomorrow at 10.’ Wolfersdorf starts at 4, is ‘here at 10: and Wunsch, having scanned Kleefeld and his ‘Position’ (a Position strong if you are dexterous to manœuvre in it; capable of being ruinous if you are not, — part of the Position of a bigger *Battle of Torgau*, which is coming), — ‘flies at Kleefeld and his 14,000, like a cat-o’-mountain; ‘takes him on the left flank: — Kleefeld and such overplus ‘of thousands are standing, a little to west-and-south of ‘Torgau, with the *Entefang*’ (a desolate big reedy mere, or *Place of Ducks*, still offering the idle Torgauer a melancholy sport there) ‘as a protection to their right; but with no evolution-talent, or none in comparison to Wunsch’s — and accordingly are cut to pieces by Wunsch, and blown to the ‘winds, as their fellows have all been.”**

Wunsch, absolute Fate forbidding, could not save Dresden: but he is here lord of the Northern regions again, — nothing but Leipzig now in the enemy’s hand;

* Bericht von der Action des General-Majors von Wunsch, bey Reichenberg, den 5. September 1759: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, II. 606-608.

** Hofbericht von der am 8. September 1759 bey Torgau vorgefallenen Action: in Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, II. 609, 610. Tempelhof, III. 219-222.

— and can await Finck, who is on march with a stronger party to begin business here. It is reckoned, there are few more brilliant little bits of Soldiering than this of Wunsch's. All the more, as his men, for most part, were not Prussian, but miscellaneous Foreign spirits of uncertain fealty: roving fellows, of a fighting turn, attracted by Friedrich's fame, and under a Captain who had the art of keeping them in tune. Wunsch has been soldiering, in a diligent though dim miscellaneous way, these five-and-twenty years; fought in the old Turk Wars, under disastrous Seckendorf, — Wunsch a poor young Würtemberg ensign, visibly busy there (1737-1739), as was this same Schmettau, in the character of staff-officer, far enough apart from Wunsch, at that time! — fought afterwards, in the Bavarian service, in the Dutch, at Roucoux, at Lauffeld, again under disastrous people. Could never, under such, find anything but subaltern work, all this while; was glad to serve, under the eye of Friedrich, as Colonel of a Free Corps; which he has done with much diligence and growing distinction: till now, at the long last, his chance does come; and he shows himself as a real General. Possibly a high career lying ahead; — a man that may be very valuable to Friedrich, who has now so few such left? Fate had again decided otherwise for Wunsch; in what way will be seen before this Campaign ends: "an infernal Campaign," according to Friedrich, "*cette Campagne infernale.*"

Finck, whom Friedrich had just detached from Walldau (September 6th), with a new 8 or 6,000, to command in chief in those parts, and, along with Wunsch, put Dresden out of risk, as it were, — Finck does at least join Wunsch, as we shall mention in a little. And

these Two, with such Wolfersdorfs and people under them, did prove capable of making front against Reichsfolk in great overplus of number. Nor are farther sieges of those Northern Garrisons, but recaptures of them, the news one hears from Saxony henceforth; — only that Dresden is fatally gone. Irrecoverably, as turned out, and in that unbearable manner. Here is the concluding scene:

Dresden, Saturday September 8th; Exit Schmettau. "A thousand times over, Schmettau must have asked himself, "Why was I in such a hurry? Without cause for it I, only "Maguire having cause!" — The Capitulation had been ended "in a huddle, without signature: an unwise Capitulation; "and it was scandalously ill kept. Schmettau was not to "have marched till Monday 10th, — six clear days for packing "and preparing; — but, practically, he has to make three "serve him; and to go half-packed, or not packed at all. Endless chicanes do arise, 'upon my honour!' — not even the "800 wagons are ready for us; 'Can't your baggages go in "boats, then?' 'No, nor shall!' answers Schmettau, with "blazing eyes, and heart ready to burst; a Schmettau living "all this while as in Purgatory, or worse. Such bullyings "from truculent Guasco, who is now without muzzle. Capitulation, most imperfect in itself, is avowedly infringed: "King's artillery, — which we had haggled for, and ended by "hoping for, to Maguire that rainy evening: why were we "in such a hurry, too, and blind to Maguire's hurry! — King's "Artillery, according to Durchlaucht of Zweibrück, when he "actually signed within the walls, is 'Nicht accordirt (Not "granted), except the Field part.' King's regimental furnishings, all and sundry, were 'accordirt, and without visitation,' — but on second thoughts, the Austrian Officials are of "opinion there must really be visitation, must be inspection. "May not some of them belong to Polish Majesty? In which "sad process of inspection there was incredible waste, "Schmettau protesting; and above half of the new uniforms "were lost to us. Our 80 pontoons, which were expressly "bargained for, are brazenly denied us: '20 of them are

"Saxon," cry the Austrians: "who knows if they are not 'almost all Saxon,'—upon my honour! At this rate, only 'wait a day or two, and fewer wagons than 800 will be 'needed! thinks Schmettau; and consents to 18 river "Boats; Boats in part, then; and let us march at once. Accor-
"dingly,

"*Saturday 8th*, at 5 in the morning, Schmettau, with goods "and people, does at last file out: across Elbe Bridge through "the Neustadt; Prussians five deep; a double rank of "Austrians, ranged on each side, in 'espalier' they call it,— "espalier with gaps in it every here and there, to what purpose is soon evident. The march was so disposed (likewise "for a purpose) that, all along, there were one or two Companies of Prussian Foot; and then in the interval, carriages, "cannon, cavalry and hussars. Schmettau's carriage is with "the rearguard, Madam Schmettau's well in the van:—in "two other carriages are two Prussian War-and-Domain "Ministers.* Managers of Saxon Finance,' these Two;— "who will have to manage elsewhere than in Dresden hence-
"forth. Zinnow, Borck, they sit veritably there, with their "multiform Account Papers: of whom I know absolutely "nothing, — except (if anybody cared) that Zinnow, who "died of apoplexy in June following,' is probably of pursy "red-nosed type; and that Borck, for certain, has a very fine "face and figure; delicacy, cheerful dignity, perfect gentlemanhood in short, written on every feature of him; as "painted by Pesne, and engraved by Schmidt, for my accidental behoof.** Curious to think of that elaborate court-coat and flowing periwig, with this specific Borck, 'old as "the Devil' (whom I have had much trouble to identify), "forming visible part of this dismal Procession: the bright "eye of Borck not smiling as usual, but clouded, though "impassive! But that of Borck or his Limners is not the
"point.

"The Prussians have been divided into small sections, "with a mass of baggage-wagons and cavalry between every "two. And no sooner is the mass got in movement, than there "rises from the Austrian part, and continues all the way, loud

* Anonymous of Hamburg, III. 376.

** *Fredericus Wilhelmus Borck* (Pesne pinxit, 1732; Schmidt, sculptor Regis, sculpsit, Berolini, 1764): an excellent Print and Portrait.

"invitation, 'Whosoever is a brave Saxon, a brave Austrian, "Reichsman, come to us! Gaps in the espalier, don't you "see!' And Schmettau, in the rear, with baggage and "cavalry intervening, — nobody can reach Schmettau. Here "is a way of keeping your bargain! The Prussian Officers "struggle stoutly; but are bellowed at, struck at, menaced "by bayonet and bullet, — none of them shot, I think, but a "good several of them cut and wounded; — the Austrian "Officers themselves in passionate points behaving shame- "fully, 'Yes, shoot them down, the (were it nothing else) "heretic dogs;' and being throughout evidently in a hot "shivery frame of mind, forgetful of the laws. Seldom was "such a Procession; spite, rage and lawless revenge blazing "out more and more. On the whole, there deserted, through "those gaps of the espalier, about half of the whole Garrison. "On Madam Schmettau's hammercloth, there sat, in the "Schmettau livery, a hard-featured man, recognisable by "keen eyes as lately a Nailer, of the Nailer Guild here; who "had been a spy for Schmettau, and brought many persons "into trouble: him they tear down, and trample hither and "thither, — at last, into some Guardhouse near by."**

Schmettau's Protest against all this is vehement, solemnly circumstantial: but, except in regard to the trampled Nailer (Zweibrück on that point, "heartily sorry for the insult to your Excellency's livery; and here the man is, with a thousand apologies"), Schmettau got no redress. Nor had Friedrich any, now or henceforth. Friedrich did at once, more to testify his disgust than for any benefit, order Schmettau: "Halt at Wittenberg, not at Magdeburg as was pretended to be bargained. Dismiss your Escort of Austrians there; bid them home at once, and out of your sight." Schmettau himself he ordered to Berlin, to idle waiting. Never

* The Schmettau Diarium in *Anonymous of Hamburg*, III. 364-376 (corrected chiefly from *Tempelhof*): Protest, and Correspondence in consequence, is in *Seyfarth, Beylagen*, II. 611-621; in *Helden-Geschichte*, &c. &c.

Carlyle, *Frederick the Great*. XI.¹

again employed Schmettau: for sixteen years that they lived together, never saw his face more.

Schmettau's ill-fortune was much pitied, as surely it deserved to be, by all men. About Friedrich's severity there was, and still occasionally is, controversy held. Into which we shall not enter for Yes or for No. "You are like the rest of them!" writes Friedrich to him; "when the moment comes for showing firmness, you fail in it."* Friedrich expects of others what all Soldiers profess, — and what is in fact the soul of all nobleness in their trade, — but what only Friedrich himself, and a select few, are in the habit of actually performing. Tried by the standard of common practice, Schmettau is clearly absolvable; a broken veteran, deserving almost tears. But that is not the standard which it will be safe for a King of men to go by. Friedrich, I should say, would be ordered by his Office, if Nature herself did not order him, to pitch his ideal very high; and to be rather Rhadamanthine in judging about it. Friedrich was never accused of overgenerosity to the unfortunate among his Captains.

After the War, Schmettau, his conduct still a theme of argument, was reduced to the Invalid List: age now sixty-seven, but health and heart still very fresh, as he pleaded; complaining that he could not live on his retiring Pension of 300*l.* a year. "Be thankful you have not had your head struck off by sentence of Court-Martial," answered Friedrich. Schmettau, after some farther troubles from Court quarters, retired to Brandenburg, and there lived silent, poor but honourable, for his remaining fifteen years. Madam Schmettau came out very beautiful in those bad circumstances: cheery,

* "Waldau, 10th September 1759:" in Preuss, II., *Urkunden*, p. 44.

thrifty, full of loyal patience; a constant sunshine to her poor man, whom she had preceded out of Dresden in the way we saw. Schmettau was very quiet, still studious of War matters;* "sent the King" once, — in 1772, while Polish Prussia, and How it could be fortified, were the interesting subject, — "*a Journal*," which he had elaborated for himself, "*of the Marches of Karl Twelfth in West-Preussen*;" which was well received: "Apparently the King not angry with me farther?" thought Schmettau. A completely retired old man; studious, social, — the best men of the Army still his friends and familiars: — nor, in his own mind, any mutiny against his Chief; this also has its beauty in a human life, my friend. So long as Madam Schmettau lived, it was well; after her death, not well, dark rather, and growing darker: and in about three years Schmettau followed (27th October 1775), whither that good soul had gone. The elder Brother, — who was a distinguished Academician, as well as Feldmarschall and Negotiator, — had died at Berlin, in Voltaire's time, 1751. Each of those Schmettaus had a Son, in the Prussian Army, who wrote Books, or each a short Book, still worth reading.** But we must return.

On the very morrow, September 5th, Daun heard of the glorious success at Dresden; had not expected it till about the 10th at soonest. From Triebel, he sends the news at gallop to Lieberose and Soltikof: "Rejoice with us, Excellenz: did not I predict it? Silesia and

* See *Leben* (by his Son, "Captain Schmettau;" a modest intelligent Book), pp. 440-47.

** *Bavarian War of 1778*, by the Feldmarschall's Son; and this *Leben* we have just been citing, by the Lieutenant-General's.

Saxony both are ours; fruits chiefly of your noble successes. Oh, continue them a very little!" "Umph!" answers Soltikof, not with much enthusiasm: "Send us meal steadily; and gain you, Excellenz's self, some noble success!" Friedrich did not hear of it for almost a week later; not till Monday 10th, — as a certain small Anecdote would of itself indicate.

Sunday Evening, 9th September, General Finck, with his new 6,000, hastening on to join Wunsch for relief of Dresden, had got to Grossenhayn; and was putting up his tents, when the Outposts brought him in an Austrian Officer, who had come with a Trumpeter inquiring for the General. The Austrian Officer "is in quest of proper lodgings for General Schmettau and Garrison" (fancy Finck's sudden stare!); — "last night they lodged at Gross-Dobritz, tolerably to their mind: but the question for the Escort is, Where to lodge this night, if your Excellency could advise me?" "Herr, I will advise you to go back to Gross-Dobritz on the instant," answers Finck, grimly; "I shall be obliged to make you and your Trumpet prisoners, otherwise!" Exit Austrian Officer. That same evening, too, Captain Kollas, carrying Schmettau's sad news to the King, calls on Finck in passing; gives dismal details of the Capitulation and the Austrian way of keeping it; filling Finck's mind with sorrowful indignation.*

Finck, — let us add here, though in date it belongs a little elsewhere, — pushes on, not the less, to join Wunsch at Torgau; joins Wunsch, straightway recaptures Leipzig, garrison prisoners (September 13th); recaptures all those north-western garrisons, — multitudinous Reichsfolk trying, once, to fight him, in an

* Tempelhof, III. 237.

amazingly loud, but otherwise helpless way ("Action of Korbitz," they call it); cannonading far and wide all day, and manœuvring about, here bitten in upon, there trying to bite, over many leagues of Country; principally under Haddick's leading;* who saw good to draw off Dresden-ward next day, and leave Finck master in those regions. To Daun's sad astonishment, — in a moment of crisis, — as we shall hear farther on! So that Saxony is not yet conquered to Daun; Saxony, no, nor indeed will be: — but Dresden is. Friedrich never could recover Dresden; though he hoped, and at intervals tried hard, for a long while to come.

* *Hufbericht von der am 21. September bey Korbitz (in Meissen Country, south of Elbe; Krögis too is a Village in this wide-spread "Action") vorgefallenen Action* (Seyfarth, *Beylagen*, II. 621-630). Tempelhof, III. 248, 258.

CHAPTER VI.

PRINCE HENRI MAKES A MARCH OF FIFTY HOURS; THE
RUSSIANS CANNOT FIND LODGING IN SILESIA.

THE eyes of all had been bent on Dresden latterly; and there had occurred a great deal of detaching thitherward, and of marching there and thence, as we have partly seen. And the end is, Dresden, and to appearance Saxony along with it, is Daun's. Has not Daun good reason now to be proud of the cunctatory method? Never did his game stand better; and all has been gained at other people's expense. Daun has not played one trump card; it is those obliging Russians that have played all the trumps, and reduced the Enemy to nothing. Only continue that wise course; — and cart meal, with your whole strength, for the Russians! —

Safe behind the pools of Lieberose, Friedrich between them and Berlin, lie those dear Russians; extending, Daun and they, like an impassable military dike, with spurs of Outposts and cunningly-devised Detachments, far and wide, — from beyond Bober or utmost Crossen on the east, to Hoyerswerda in Elbe Country on the west; — dike of eighty miles long, and, in some eastern parts, of almost eighty broad; so elaborate is Daun's detaching quality, in cases of moment. "The King's broken Army on one side of us," calculates Daun; "Prince Henri's on the other; incommunicative they; reduced to isolation, powerless either or both of them against such odds. They shall wait there, please

Heaven, till Saxony be quite finished. Zweibrück, and our Detachments and Maguires, let them finish Saxony, while Soltikof keeps the King busy. Saxony finished, how will either Prince or King attempt to recover it! After which, Silesia for us; — and we shall then be near our Magazines withal, and this severe stress of carting will abate or cease." In fact, these seem sound calculations: Friedrich is 24,000; Henri, 38,000; the military dike is, of Austrians 75,000, of Russians and Austrians together 120,000. Daun may fairly calculate on succeeding beautifully, this Year: Saxony his altogether; and in Silesia some Glogau or strong Town taken, and Russians and Austrians wintering together in that Country.

If only Daun do not *too* much spare his trump cards! But there is such a thing as excess on that side too: and perhaps it is even the more ruinous kind, — and is certainly the more despised by good judges, though the multitude of bad may notice it less. Daun is unwearied in his vigilances, in his infinite cartings of provision for self and Soltikof, — long chains of Magazines, big and little, at Guben, at Görlitz, at Bautzen, Zittau, Friedland; — and does, aided by French Montalembert, all that man can to keep those dear stupid Russians in tune.

Daun's problem of carting provisions, and guarding his multifarious posts, and sources of meal and defence, is not without its difficulties. Especially with a Prince Henri opposite; who has a superlative manœuvring talent of his own, and an industry not inferior to Daun's in that way. Accordingly, ever since August 11th-13th, when Daun moved northward to Triebel, and

Henri shot out detachments parallel to him, "to secure the Bober and our right flank, and try to regain communication with the King," — still more, ever since August 22d, when Daun undertook that onerous cartage of meal for Soltikof as well as self, the manœuvring and mutual fencing and parrying, between Henri and him, has been getting livelier and livelier. Fain would Daun secure his numerous Roads and Magazines; assiduously does Henri threaten him in these points, and try all means to regain communication with his Brother. Daun has Magazines and interests everywhere; Henri is everywhere diligent to act of them.

Daun in person, ever since Kunersdorf time, has been at Triebel; Henri moved to Sagan after him, but has left a lieutenant at Schmöttseifen, as Daun has at Mark-Lissa:— here are still new planets, and secondary ditto, with revolving moons. In short, it is two interpenetrating solar-systems, gyrating, osculating and colliding, over a space of several thousand square miles, with an intricacy, with an embroiled abstruseness Ptolemeian or more! Which indeed the soldier who would know his business, — (and not knowing it, is not he of all solecisms in this world the most flagrant?), — ought to study, out of Tempelhof and the Books; but which, except in its results, no other reader could endure. The result we will make a point of gathering: carefully riddled down, there are withal in the details five or six little passages which have some shadow of interest to us; these let us note, and carefully omit the rest:

Of Fouquet at Landshut. "Fouquet was twice attacked at "Landshut; but made a lucky figure both times. Attack first "was by Deville; attack second by Harsch. Early in July,

"not long after Friedrich had left for Schmöttseifen, rash Deville (a rash creature, and then again a laggard, swift where he should be slow, and *vice versa*) again made trial on Landshut and Fouquet; but was beautifully dealt with; taken in rear, in flank, or I forget how taken, but sent galloping through the Passes again, with a loss of many Prisoners, most of his furnitures, and all his presence of mind: whom Daun thereupon summoned out of those parts, Hitherward to Mark-Lissa with your Corps; leave Fouquet alone!"*

"After which, Fouquet, things being altogether quiet round him was summoned, with most part of his force, to Schmöttseifen; left General Goltz (a man we have met before) to guard Landshut; and was in fair hopes of proving helpful to Prince Henri, — when Harsch" (Harsch by himself this time, not Harsch and Deville as usual) "thought here was his opportunity; and came with a great apparatus, as if to swallow Landshut whole. So that Fouquet had to hurry off reinforcements thither; and at length to go himself, leaving Stutterheim in his stead at Schmöttseifen. Goltz, however, with his small handful, stood well to his work. And there fell out sharp fencings at Landshut: — especially one violent attack on our outposts; the Austrians quite triumphant; till 'a couple of cannon open on them from the next Hill,' — till some violent Werner or other charge in upon them with Prussian Hussars; — a desperate tussle, that special one of Werner's; not only sabres flashing furiously on both sides, but butts of pistols and blows on the face:** till, in short, Harsch finds he can make nothing of it, and has taken himself away, before Fouquet come." This Goltz, here playing Anti-Harsch, is the Goltz who, with Winterfeld, Schnettau and others, was in that melancholy Zittau march, of the Prince of Prussia's, in 1757: it was Goltz by whom the King sent his finishing compliment, "you deserve, all of you, to be tried by Court-Martial, and to lose your heads!" Goltz is mainly concerned with Fouquet and Silesia, in late times; and we shall hear of him once again. Fouquet did not return to Schmöttseifen; nor was molested again in Landshut this

* *Hofbericht von den Unternehmungen des Fouquetschen Corps, im Julius 1759: in Seyfarth, Beylagen, II. 582-586.*

** *Templehof, III. 238: August 31st.*

year, though he soon had to detach, for the King's use, part of his Landshut force, and had other Silesian business which fell to him.

Fortress of Peitz. "The poor Fortress of Peitz was taken again; — do readers remember it, 'on the day of Zorndorf,' 'last year? This year, a fortnight after Kunersdorf, the same 'old Half-pay Gentleman with his Five-and-forty Invalids 'have again been set adrift, 'with the honours of war,' poor 'old creatures; lest by possibility they afflict the dear Russians and our meal-carts up yonder.* I will forget who 'took Peitz: perhaps Haddick, of whom we have lately heard 'so much? He was captor of Berlin in 1757, did the Inroad on 'Berlin that year, — and produced Rossbach shortly after. 'Peitz, if he did Peitz, was Haddick's last success in the 'world. Haddick has been most industrious, 'guarding the 'Russian flank,' — standing between the King and it, during 'that Soltikof march to Müllrose, to Lieberose; — but that 'once done, and the King settled at Waldau, Haddick was 'ordered to Saxony, against Wunsch and Finck: — and 'readers know already what he made of these Two in the "'Action at Korbitz, September 21st,' — and shall hear soon 'what befel Haddick himself in consequence."

Colonel Hordt is captured. "It was in that final marching of 'Soltikof to Lieberose that a distinguished Ex-Swede, Colonel Hordt, of the Free Corps *Hordt*, was taken prisoner. At 'Trebatsch; hanging on Soltikof's right flank, on that occasion. It was not Haddick, it was a swarm of Cossacks 'who laid Hordt fast; his horse having gone to the girths in 'a bog.** Hordt, an Ex-Swede of distinction, — a Royalist 'Exile, on whose head the Swedes have set a price (had gone 'into 'Brahe's Plot,' years since, Plot on behalf of the poor 'Swedish King, which cost Brahe his life), — Hordt now 'might have fared ill, had not Friedrich been emphatic, "'Touch a hair of him, retaliation follows on the instant!' He 'was carried to Petersburg; 'lay twenty-six months and 'three days' in solitary durance there; and we may hear a 'word from him again.

* Tempelhof, III. 231: 27th August.

** *Mémoires du Comte de Hordt* (à Berlin, 1789), II. 53-58 (not dated or intelligible there): in Tempelhof (III. 235, 6) clear account, "Trebatsch, September 4th."

Ziethen almost captured. "Prince Henri, in the last days of August, marched to Sagan in person;* Ziethen along with him; multifariously manœuvring 'to regain communication with the King.' Of course, with no want of counter-manœuvring, of vigilant outposts, cunningly devised detachments, and assiduous small measures, on the part of Daun. Who, one day, had determined on a more considerable thing; that of cutting-out Ziethen from the Sagan neighbourhood. And would have done it, they say, — had not he been too cunctatory. September 2d, Ziethen, who is posted in the little town of Sorau, had very nearly been cut off. In Sorau, westward, Daun-ward, of Sagan a short day's march: there sat Ziethen, conscious of nothing particular, — with Daun secretly marching on him; Daun in person, from the west, and two others from the north and from the south, who are to be simultaneous on Sorau and the Zietheners. A well-laid scheme; likely to have finished Ziethen satisfactorily, who sat there aware of nothing. But it all miswent: Daun, on the road, noticed some trifling phenomenon (Prussian party of horse, or the like), which convinced his cautious mind that all was found out; that probably a whole Prussian Army, instead of a Ziethen only, was waiting at Sorau; upon which Daun turned home again, sorry that he could not turn the other two as well. The other two were stronger than Ziethen, could they have come upon him by surprise; or have caught him before he got through a certain Pass, or bit of bad ground, with his baggage. But Ziethen, by some accident, or by his own patrols, got notice; loaded his baggage instantly; and was through the Pass, or half through it, and in a condition to give stroke for stroke with interest, when his enemies came up. Nothing could be done upon Ziethen; who marched on, he and all his properties, safe to Sagan that night, — owing to Daun's over-caution, and to Ziethen's own activity and luck,"**

All this was prior to the loss of Dresden. During the crisis of that, when everybody was bestirring himself, Prince Henri made extraordinary exertions: "Much depends on me; all on me!" sighed Henri.

* Tempelhof, III. 231: 29th August.

** Ibid. III. 233.

A cautious little man; but *not* incapable of risking, in the crisis of a game for life and death. Friedrich and he are wedged asunder by that dike of Russians and Austrians, which goes from Bober river eastward, post after post, to Hoyerswerda westward, eighty miles along the Lausitz-Brandenburg Frontier, rooting itself through the Lausitz into Bohemia, and the sources of its meal. Friedrich and he cannot communicate except by spies ("the first *Jäger*," or regular express "from the King, arrived September 13th"*): but both are of one mind; both are on one problem, "What is to be done with that impassable dike?" — and coöperate sympathetically without communicating. What follows bears date *after* the loss of Dresden, but while Henri still knew only of the siege, — that *Jäger* of the 13th first brought him news of the loss.

"A day or two after Ziethen's adventure, Henri quits Sagan, to move southward for a stroke at the Bohemian-Lausitz magazines; a stroke, and series of strokes. *September 8th*, Ziethen and (in Fouquet's absence at Landshut) Stutterheim are pushed forward into the Zittau Country; first of all upon Friedland, — the Zittau Friedland, for there are Friedlands many! *September 9th*, Stutterheim summons Friedland, gets it; gets the bit of magazine there; and next day, hastens on to Zittau. Is refused surrender of Zittau; learns, however, that the magazine has been mostly set on wheels again, and is a stage forward on the road to Bohemia; whitherward Stutterheim, quitting Zittau as too tedious, hastens after it, and next day catches it, or the *unburnt* remains of it. A successful Stutterheim. Nor is Ziethen idle in the mean while; Ziethen and others; whom no Deville or Austrian Party thinks itself strong enough to meddle with, Prince Henri being so near.

"Here is a pretty tempest in the heart of our Bohemian meal-conduit! Continue that, and what becomes of Soltikof

* Tempelhof, III. 207.

"and me? Daun is off from Triebel Country to this dangerous scene; indignantly cashiers Deville, 'Why did not you attack these Ziethen people? Had not you 10,000, Sir?' Cashiers poor Deville for not attacking; — does not himself attack: but carts away the important Görlitz magazine, to Bautzen, which is the still more important one; sits down on the lid of that (according to wont); shoots out O'Donnell (an Irish gentleman, Deville's successor), and takes every precaution. Prince Henri, in presence of O'Donnell, coalesces again; walks into Görlitz; encamps there, on the Landskron and other Heights (Moys Hill one of them, poor Winterfeld's Hill!), — and watches a little how matters will turn, and whether Daun, severely vigilant from Bautzen, seated "on the lid of his magazine, will not perhaps rise."

First and last, Daun in this business has tried several things; but there was pretty much always, and emphatically there now is, only one thing that could be effectual: To attack Prince Henri, and abolish him from those countries; — as surely might have been possible, with twice his strength at your disposal? — This, though sometimes he seemed to be thinking of such a thing, Daun never would try: for which the subsequent *Facts*, and all good judges, were and are inexorably severe on Daun. Certain it is, no rashness could have better spilt Daun's game than did this extreme caution.

Daun, Soltikof and Company again have a Colloquy (Bautzen, September 15th); after which everybody starts on his special Course of Action.

Soltikof's disgust at this new movement of Daun's was great and indignant. "Instead of going at the King, and getting some victory for himself, he has gone to Bautzen, and sat down on his meal-bags!

Meal? Is it to be a mere fighting for meal? I will march tomorrow for Poland, for Preussen, and find plenty of meal!" And would have gone, they say, had not Mercury, in the shape of Montalembert with his most zealous rhetoric, intervened; and prevailed with difficulty. "One hour of personal interview with Excellency Daun," urges Montalembert; "one more!" "No," answers Soltikof. — "Alas, then, send your messenger!" To which last expedient Soltikof does assent, and despatches Romanzof on the errand.

September 15th, at Bautzen, at an early hour, there is meeting accordingly; not Romanzof, Soltikof's messenger, alone, but Zweibrück in person, Daun in person; and most earnest counsel is held. "A noble Russian gentleman sees how my hands are bound," pleads Daun. "Will not Excellency Soltikof, who disdains idleness, go himself upon Silesia, upon Glogau for instance, and grant me a few days?" "No," answers Romanzof; "Excellency Soltikof by himself will not. Let Austria furnish Siege-Artillery; daily meal I need not speak of; 10,000 fresh Auxiliaries beyond those we have: on these terms Excellency Soltikof will perhaps try it; on lower terms, positively not." "Well then, yes!" answers Daun, not without qualms of mind. Daun has a horror at weakening himself to that extent; but what can he do? "General Campitelli, with the 10,000, let him march this night, then; join with General Loudon where you please to order: Excellency Soltikof shall see that in every point I conform."* — An important meeting to us, this at Bautzen; and breaks up the deadlock into three or more divergent courses of activity; which it will now behove us to follow, with the best

* Tempelhof, III. 247-249.

brevity attainable. "Bautzen, Saturday 15th September, early in the morning," that is the date of the important Colloquy. And precisely eight-and-forty hours before, "on Thursday 13th, about 10 A.M.," in the western Environs of Quebec, there has fallen out an Event, quite otherwise important in the History of Mankind! Of which readers shall have some notice, at a time more convenient. —

Romanzof returning with such answer, Soltikof straightway gathers himself, September 15th-16th, and gets on march. To Friedrich's joy; who hopes it may be homeward; waits two days at Waldau, for the Yes or No. On the second day, alas, it is No: "Going for Silesia, I perceive thither, by a wide sweep northward, which they think will be safer!" Upon which Friedrich also rises; follows, with another kind of speed than Soltikof's; and, by one of his swift clutchings, lays hold of Sagan, which he, if Soltikof has not, sees to be a key-point in this operation. Easy for Soltikof to have seized this key-point, key of the real road to Glogau; easy for Loudon and the new 10,000 to have rendezvoused there: but nobody has thought of doing it. A few Croats were in the place, who could make no debate.

From Sagan Friedrich and Henri are at length in free communication; Sagan to the Landskron at Görlitz is some fifty miles of country, now fallen vacant. From Henri, from Fouquet (the dangers of Landshut being over), Friedrich is getting what reinforcement they can spare (September 20th-24th); will then push forward again, industriously sticking to the flanks of Soltikof, thrusting out stumbling-blocks, making his march very uncomfortable.

Strange to say, from Sagan, while waiting two days

for these reinforcements, there starts suddenly to view, suddenly for Friedrich and us, an incipient Negotiation about Peace! Actual Proposal that way (or as good as actual, so Voltaire thinks it), on the part of Choiseul and France; but as yet in Voltaire's name only, by a sure though a backstairs channel, of his discovering. Of which, and of the much farther corresponding that did actually follow on it, we purpose to say something elsewhere, at a better time. Meanwhile Voltaire's announcement of it to the King has just come in, through a fair and high Hand: how Friedrich receives it, what Friedrich's inner feeling is, and has been for a fortnight past — Here are some private utterances of his, throwing a straggle of light on those points:

Four Letters of Friedrich's (10th-24th September).

No. 1. "*To Prince Ferdinand (at Berlin).*" Poor little Ferdinand, the King's Brother, fallen into bad health, has retired from the Wars, and gone to Berlin; much an object of anxiety to the King, who diligently corresponds with the dear little man, — giving earnest medical advices, and getting Berlin news in return.

"Waldau, 10th September 1759.

"Since my last Letter, Dresden has capitulated, — the "very day while Wunsch was beating Maguire at The Barns" (north side of Dresden, September 5th, day *after* the capitulation). "Wunsch went back to Torgau, which St. André, with "14,000 Reichs-people under him, was for retaking; him too "Wunsch beat, took all his tents, kettles, haversacks and "utensils, 300 prisoners, six cannon, and some standards. "Finck is uniting with Wunsch; they will march on the Prince "of Zweibrück, and retake Dresden" (hopes always, for a year and more, to have Dresden back very soon). "I trust "before long to get all these people gathered round Dresden, "and our own Country rid of them; that, I take it, will be the "end of the Campaign.

"Many compliments to the Prince of Würtemberg" wounded at Kunersdorf), "and to all our wounded Generals: "I hope Seidlitz is now out of danger: that bleeding fit (*ébullition de sang*) will cure him of the cramp in his jaw, and "of his colics; and as he is in bed, he won't take cold. I hope "the viper-broth will do you infinite good; be assiduous in "patching your constitution, while there is yet some fine "weather left: I dread the winter for you; take a great deal "of care against cold. I have still a couple of cruel months "ahead of me before ending this Campaign. Within that "time, there will be, God knows what upshot."* — This is "September 10th:" the day of Captain Kollas's arrival with his bad Dresden news; Daun and Soltikof profoundly quiet for three days more.

No. 2. "*To the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha*" (at Gotha). Voltaire has enclosed his Peace-Proposal to that Serene Lady, always a friend of Friedrich's and his; to whom Friedrich, directly on receipt of it, makes answer:

"Sagan, 22d September 1759.

"Madame, — I receive on all occasions proofs of your "goodness, to which I am as sensible as a chivalrous man can "be. Certainly it is not through your hands, Madame, that "my Correspondence with V." (with Voltaire, if one durst "write it in full) "ought to be made to pass! Nevertheless, in "present circumstances, I will presume to beg that you would "forward to him the Answer here enclosed, on which I put no "Address. The difficulty of transmitting Letters has made "me choose my Brother," Ferdinand, at Berlin, "to have this "conveyed to your hand.

"If I gave bridle to my feelings, now would be the moment for developing them; but in these critical times, I "judge it better not; and will restrict myself to simple assurances of —" F.

No. 3. "*To Voltaire*, at the *Délices*" (so her Serene Highness will address it). Here is part of the enclosure to "V." Friedrich is all for Peace; but keeps on his guard with such an Ambassador, and writes in a proud, light, only half-believing style:

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 544.

"Sagan, 22d September 1759.

"The Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha sends me your Letter. I never received your 'packet of the 29th:' communications all interrupted here; with much trouble I get this passed on to you, if it is happy enough to pass.

"My position is not so desperate as my enemies give out. I expect to finish my Campaign tolerably; my courage is not sunk: — it appears, however, there is talk of Peace. All I can say of positive on this article is, That I have honour for ten; and that, whatever misfortune befall me, I feel myself incapable of doing anything to wound, the least in the world, this principle, — which is so sensitive and delicate for one who thinks like a gentleman (*pense en preux chevalier*); and so little regarded by rascally politicians, who think like tradesmen.

"I know nothing of what you have been telling me about" (your backstairs channels, your Duc de Choiseul and his humours): "but for making Peace there are two conditions which I never will depart from: 1^o. To make it conjointly with my faithful Allies" (Hessen and England; I have no other); 2^o. to make it honourable and glorious. Observe you, I have still honour remaining; I will preserve that, at the price of my blood.

"If your people want Peace, let them propose nothing to me which contradicts the delicacy of my sentiments. I am in the convulsions of military operations; I do as the gamblers who are in ill-luck, and obstinately set themselves against Fortune. I have forced her to return to me, more than once, like a fickle mistress, when she had run away. My opponents are such foolish people, in the end I bid fair to catch some advantage over them: but, happen whatsoever his Sacred Majesty Chance may please, I don't disturb myself about it. Up to this point, I have a clear conscience in regard to the misfortunes that have come to me. As to you, the Battle of Minden, that of Cadiz" (Boscawen versus De la Clue; Toulon Fleet running out, and caught by the English, as we saw), these things perhaps, "and the loss of Canada, are arguments capable of restoring reason to the French, who had got confused by the Austrian hellebore.

"This is my way of thinking. You do not find me made of rosewater: but Henri Quatre, Louis Quatorze, — my

"present enemies even, whom I could cite" (Maria Theresa, twenty years ago, when your Belleisle set out to cut her in Four), — "were of no softer temper either. Had I been born "a private man, I would yield everything for the love of "Peace; but one has to take the tone of one's position. This "is all I can tell you at present. In three or four weeks the "ways of correspondence will be freer. — F."*

No. 4. "*To Prince Ferdinand.*" Two days later: has got on foot again, — end of his first march upon Soltikof again:

"Baunau, 24th September 1759.

"Thank you for the news you send of the wounded "Officers," Würtemberg, Seidlitz and the others. "You may "well suppose that in the pass things are at, I am not without "cares, inquietudes, anxieties; it is the frightfullest crisis I "have had in my life. This is the moment for dying unless "one conquer. Daun and my Brother Henri are marching "side by side" (not exactly!). "It is possible enough all "these Armies may assemble hereabouts, and that a general "Battle may decide our fortune and the Peace. Take care of "your health, dear Brother. — F."**

Baunau is on Silesian ground, as indeed Sagan itself is; at Baunau, Friedrich already, just on arriving, has done a fine move on Soltikof, and surprisingly flung the toll-gate in Soltikof's face. As we shall see by and by; — and likewise that Prince Henri, who emerges tomorrow morning (September 25th), has not been "marching side by side with Daun," but at a pretty distance from that gentleman! —

Soltikof is a man of his word; otherwise one suspects he already saw his Siege of Glogau to be impossible. Russians are not very skilful at the Warminuet: fancy what it will be dancing to such a partner! Friedrich, finding they are for Glogau, whisks across the Oder, gets there before them: "No Glogau for you!" They stand agape for some time; then think, "Well then, Breslau!" Friedrich again whisks

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 60, 61.

** *Ibid.* xxvi. 545.

across from them, farther up, and is again ahead of them when they cross: "No Breslau either!" In effect it is hopeless; and we may leave the two manœuvring in those waste parts, astride of Oder, or on the eastern bank of it, till a fitter opportunity; and attend to Henri, who is now the article in risk.

Zweibrück's report of himself, on that day of the general Colloquy, was not in the way of complaint, like that of the Russians, though there did remain difficulties. "Dresden gloriously ours; Maguire Governor there, and everything secure; upon my honour. But in the northwest part, those Fincks and Wunsches, Excellenz?" — And the actual truth is, Wunsch has taken Leipzig, day before yesterday (September 13th), as Daun sorrowfully knows, by news come in overnight. And six days hence (September 21st), Finck and Wunsch together will do their "*Action of Korbitz*," and be sending Haddick a bad road! These things Zweibrück knows only in part; but past experience gives him ominous presentiment, as it may well do; and he thinks decidedly: "Excellenz, more Austrian troops are indispensable there; in fact, your Excellenz's self, were that possible; which one feels it is not, in the presence of these Russians!"

Russians and Reichsfolk, these are a pair of thumb-screws on both thumbs of Daun; screwing the cunctation out of him; painfully intimating: "Get rid of this Prince Henri; you must, you must!" And, in the course of the next eight days, Daun has actually girt himself to this great enterprise. Goaded on, I could guess, by the "*Action of Korbitz*" (done on Friday, thirty hours ago); the news of which, and that Had-

dick, instead of extinguishing Finck, is retreating from him upon Dresden, — what a piece of news! thinks Daun: "You Zweibrück, Haddick, Maguire and Company, you are 36,000 in Saxony; Finck has not 12,000 in the field: How is this?" — and indignantly dismisses Haddick: "Go, Sir, and attend to your health!"* News poignantly astonishing to Daun, as would seem; — like an oxgoad in the lazy rear of Daun. Certain it is, Daun had marched out to Görlitz in collected form; and, on Saturday afternoon, *September 22d*, is personally on the Heights (not Moys Hill, I should judge, but other points of vision), taking earnest survey of Prince Henri's position on the Landskron there. "Tomorrow morning we attack that Camp," thinks Daun; "storm Prince Henri and it: be rid of him, at any price!"**

"Tomorrow morning," yes: — but this afternoon, and earlier, Prince Henri has formed a great resolution, his plans all laid, everything in readiness; and it is not here you will find Prince Henri tomorrow. This is his famous March of Fifty Hours, this that we are now come to; which deserves all our attention, — and all Daun's much more! Prince Henri was habitually a man cautious in War; not aggressive, like his Brother, but defensive, frugal of risks, and averse to the lion-springs usual with some people; though capable of them, too, in the hour of need. Military men are full of wonder, at the bold scheme he now fell upon; and at his style of executing it. Hardly was Daun gone home to his meditations on the storm of the Lands-

* Tempelhof, III. 276, 258-261.

** Ibid. III. 253-256 (for the March now ensuing): III. 228-234, 241-247 (for Henri's anterior movements).

kron tomorrow, and tattoo beaten in Prince Henri's Camp there, when, at 8 that Saturday evening, issuing softly, with a minimum of noise, in the proper marching columns, baggage columns, Henri altogether quitted this Camp; and vanished like a dream. Into the Night; men and goods, every item: — who shall say whitherward? Leaving only a few light people to keep up the watch-fires and sentry-cries, for behoof of Daun! Let readers here, who are in the secret, watch him a little from afar.

Straight northward goes Prince Henri, down Neisse Valley, 20 miles or so, to Rothenburg; in columns severalfold, with much delicate arranging, which was punctually followed: and in the course of tomorrow Prince Henri is bivouacked, for a short rest of three hours, — hidden in unknown space, 20 miles from Daun, when Daun comes marching up to storm him on the Landskron! Gone veritably; but whitherward, Daun cannot form the least guess. Daun can only keep his men under arms there, all day; while his scouts gallop far and wide, — bringing in this false guess and the other; and at length returning with the eminently false one, misled by some of Henri's baggage-columns, which have to go many routes, That the Prince is on march for Glogau: — “Gone north-east; that way went his wagons; these we saw with our eyes.” “North-east? Yes, to Glogau possibly enough,” thinks Daun: “Or may not he, cunning as he is and full of feints, intend a stroke on Bautzen, in my absence?” — and hastens thither again, and sits down on the magazine-lid, glad to find nothing wrong there.

This is all that Daun hears of Henri for the next four days. Plenty of bad news from Saxony in these

four days: the Finck-Haddick Action of Korbitz, a dismal certainty before one started, — and Haddick on his road to some Watering Place, by this time! But no trace of Henri farther; since that of the wagons wending northeast. “Gone to Glogau, to his Brother: no use in pushing him, or trying to molest him there!” thinks Daun; and waits, in stagnant humour, chewing the cud of bitter enough thoughts, till confirmation of that guess arrive: — as it never will in this world! Read an important Note:

“To northward of Bautzen forty miles, and to westward ‘forty miles, the country is all Daun’s; only towards Glogau, ‘with the Russians and Friedrich thereabouts, does it ‘become disputable, or offer Prince Henri any chance. ‘Nevertheless it is not to Glogau, it is far the reverse, that ‘the nimble Henri has gone. Resting himself at Rothenburg ‘‘three hours’ (speed is of all things the vitallest), Prince ‘Henri starts again, *Sunday* afternoon, straight westward ‘this time. Marches, with his best swiftness, with his best ‘arrangements, through many sleeping Villages, to Klitten, ‘not a wakeful one: a march of 18 miles from Rothenburg; ‘— direct for the Saxon side of things, instead of the ‘Silesian, as Daun had made sure.

“At Klitten, *Monday* morning, bivouack again, for a ‘few hours, — ‘has no Camp, only waits three hours,’ is ‘Archenholtz’s phrase: but I suppose the meaning is, Waits ‘till the several Columns, by their calculated routes, have ‘all got together; and till the latest in arriving has had ‘‘three hours’ of rest, — the earliest having perhaps gone ‘on march again, in the interim? There are 20 miles farther, ‘still straight west, to Hoyerswerda, where the outmost ‘Austrian Division is: ‘Forward towards that; let us astonish ‘General Wehla and his 3,000, and our March is over!’ All ‘this too Prince Henri manages; never anything more con- ‘summate, more astonishing to Wehla and his Master.

“Wehla and Brentano, readers perhaps remember them ‘busy, from the Pirna side, at the late Siege of Dresden. ‘Siege gloriously done, Wehla was ordered to Hoyerswerda,

"on the north-west frontier; Brentano to a different point in that neighbourhood; where Brentano escaped ruin, and shall not be mentioned; but Wehla suddenly found it, and will require a word. Wehla, of all people on the War-theatre, had been the least expecting disturbance. He is on the remotest western flank; to westward of him nothing but Torgau and the Finck-Wunsch people, from whom is small likelihood of danger: from the eastern what danger can there be? A Letter of Daun's, some days ago, had expressly informed him that, to all appearance, there was none.

"And now suddenly, on the Tuesday morning, What is this? Prussians reported to be visible in the Woods! 'Impossible!' answered Wehla; — did get ready, however, what he could; Croat Regiments, pieces of Artillery behind the Elster River and on good points; labouring more and more diligently, as the news proved true. But all his efforts were to no purpose. General Lentulus with his Prussians (the mute Swiss Lentulus, whom we sometimes meet), who has the Vanguard this day, comes streaming out of the woods, across the obstacles; cannonades Wehla both on front and rear; entirely swallows Wehla and Corps: 600 killed; the General himself, with 28 Field-Officers, and of subalterns and privates 1,785, falling prisoners to us; and the remainder scattered on the winds, galloping each his own road towards covert and a new form of life. Wehla is eaten, in this manner, Tuesday September 25th: — metaphorically speaking, the March of Fifty Hours ends in a comfortable *twofold* meal (military-cannibal, as well as of common culinary meat), and in well-deserved rest."*

The turning-point of the Campaign is reckoned to be this March of Henri's; one of the most extraordinary on record. Prince Henri had a very fast March *into* these Silesian-Lausitz Countries, early in July,** and another very fast, from Bautzen, to intersect with

* Tempelhof, III. 255, 256; Seyfarth, *Beylagen*; &c.

** Seyfarth, II. 545.

Schmöttseifen, in the end of July: but these were as nothing compared with the present. Tempelhof, the excellent solid man, — but who puts all things, big and little, on the same level of detail, and has unparalleled methods of arranging (what he reckons to be “arranging”), and no vestige of index, — is distressingly obscure on this grand Incident; but at length, on compulsion, does yield clear account.* In Archenholtz it is not *dated* at all; who merely says as follows: “Most extraordinary march ever made; went through 50 miles of Country wholly in the Enemy’s possession; lasted 56 hours, in which long period there was no camp pitched, and only twice a rest of three hours allowed the troops. During the other 50 hours the march, day and night, continually proceeded. Ended (*no date*) in surprise of General Wehla at Hoyerswerda, cutting up 600 of his soldiers, and taking 1,800 prisoners. Kalkreuth, since so famous,” in the Anti-Napoleon Wars, “was the Prince’s Adjutant.”**

This is probably Prince Henri’s cleverest feat, — though he did a great many of clever; and his Brother used to say, glancing towards him, “There is but one of us that never committed a mistake.” A highly ingenious dextrous little man in affairs of War, sharp as needles, vehement but cautious; though of abstruse temper, thin-skinned, capricious, and giving his Brother a great deal of trouble with his jealousies and shrewish whims. By this last consummate little operation he has astonished Daun as much as anybody ever did; shorn his elaborate tissue of cunctations into ruin

* Tempelhof, III. 253-258.

** Archenholtz, I. 426.

and collapse at one stroke; and in effect, as turns out, wrecked his campaign for this Year.

Daun finds there is now no hope of Saxony, unless he himself at once proceed thither. At once thither; — and leave Glogau and the Russians to their luck, — which in such case, what is it like to be? Probably, to Daun's own view, ominous enough; but he has no alternative. To this pass has the March of Fifty Hours brought us. There is such a thing as being too cunctatory, is not there, your Excellency? Every mortal, and more especially every Feldmarschall ought to strike the iron while it is hot. The remainder of this Campaign, we will hope, can be made intelligible in a more summary manner.

Friedrich manages (September 24th — October 24th) to get the Russians sent home; and Himself falls lamed with Gout.

Friedrich's manœuvres against Soltikof, — every reader is prepared to hear that Soltikof was rendered futile by them; and none but military readers could take delight in the details. Two beautiful short cuts he made upon Soltikof; pulled him up both times in mid career, as with hard check-bit. The first time was at Zöbelwitz: September 24th, Friedrich cut across from Sagan, which is string to bow of the Russian march; posted himself on the Heights of Zöbelwitz, of Baunau, Milkau (at Baunau Friedrich will write a *Letter* this night, if readers bethink themselves; Milkau is a place he may remember for rain-deluges, in the First Silesian War*): "Let the Russians, if they now dare, try the

* *Suprà*, vol. IV. p. 202.

Pass of Neustädte! here!" A fortunate hour, when he got upon this ground. Quartermaster-General Stoffel, our old Cüstrin acquaintance, is found marking out a Camp with a view to that Pass of Neustädte!;* is greatly astonished to find the Prussian Army emerge on him there; and at once vanishes, with his Hussar-Cossack retinues. "September 24th," it is while Prince Henri was on the last moiety of his March of Fifty Hours. This severe twitch flung Soltikof quite out from Glogau, — was like to fling him home altogether, had it not been for Montalembert's eloquence; — did fling him across the Oder. Where, again thanks to Montalembert, he was circling on with an eye to Breslau, when Friedrich, by the diameter, suddenly laid bridges, crossed at Köben, and again brought Soltikof to halt, as by turnpike suddenly shut: "Must pay first; must beat us first!"

These things had raised Friedrich's spirits not a little. Getting on the Heights of Zöbelwitz, he was heard to exclaim, "This is a lucky day; worth more to me than a battle with victory."** Astonishing how he blazed out again, quite into his old pride and effulgence, after this, says Retzow. Had been so meek, so humbled, and even condescended to ask advice or opinion from some about him. Especially "from two Captains," says the Opposition Retzow, whose heads were nearly turned by this sunburst from on high. Captain Marquart and another, — I believe, he did employ them about Routes and marking of Camps, which Retzow calls consulting: a King fallen tragically scarce of persons to consult; all his Winterfelds, Schwe-

* Tempelhof, III. 293; Retzow, II. 163.

** Retzow, II. 163.

rins, Keiths, and Council of Peers now vanished, and nothing but some intelligent-looking Captain Marquart, or the like, to consult: — of which Retzow, in his splenetic Opposition humour, does not see the tragedy, but rather the comedy: how the poor Captains found their favour to be temporary, conditional, and had to collapse again. One of them wrote an "*Essay on the Coup-d'œil Militaire*," over which Retzow pretends to weep. This was Friedrich's marginal Note upon the Ms., when submitted to his gracious perusal: "You (*Er*) "will do better to acquire the Art of marking Camps "than to write upon the Military Stroke of Eye." Beautifully written too, says Retzow; but what, in the eyes of this King, is beautiful writing, to knowing your business well? No friend he to writing, unless you have got something really special, and urgent to be written.

Friedrich crossed the Oder twice. Took Soltikof on both sides of the Oder, cut him out of this fond expectation, then of that; led him, we perceive, a bad life. Latterly the scene was on the right bank: Sophienthal, Köben, Herrnsstadt and other poor places,— on that big eastern elbow, where Oder takes his final bend, or farewell of Poland. Ground, naturally, of some interest to Friedrich: ground to us unknown; but known to Friedrich as the ground where Karl XII. gave Schulenburg his beating,* which produced the "beautiful retreat" of Schulenburg. The old Feldmarschall Schulenburg whom we used to hear of once,

* "Near Guhrau" (while chasing August the Strong and him out of Poland), "12th October 1704:" vague account of it, dateless, and as good as placeless, in Voltaire (*Charles Douze*, liv. III.), (*Œuvres*, xxx. 142-5.

— whose Nephew, a pipeclayed little gentleman, was well known to Friedrich and us.

For the rest, I do not think he feels this outmanœuvring of the Russians very hard work. Already, from Zöbelwitz Country, 25th September, day of Henri at Hoyerswerda, Friedrich had written to Fouquet: "With 21,000, your beaten and maltreated Servant has hindered an Army of 50,000 from attacking him, and compelled them to retire on Neusatz!" Evidently much risen in hope; and Henri's fine news not yet come to hand. By degrees, Soltikof, rendered futile, got very angry; especially when Daun had to go for Saxony. "Meal was becoming impossible, at any rate," whimpers Daun: "Oh Excellency, do but consider, with the nobleness natural to you! Our Court will cheerfully furnish money, instead of meal." — "Money? My people cannot eat money!" growled Soltikof, getting more and more angry; threatening daily to march for Posen and his own meal-stores. What a time of it has Montalembert, has the melancholy Loudon, with temper so hot!

At Sophienthal, October 10th, Friedrich falls ill of gout; — absolutely lamed; for three weeks, cannot stir from his room. Happily the outer problem is becoming easier and easier; almost bringing its own solution. At Sophienthal the lame Friedrich takes to writing about *Charles XII. and his Military Character*, — not a very illuminative Piece, on the first perusal, but I intend to read it again; * — which at least helps him to pass the time. Soltikof, more and more straitened, meal itself running low, gets angrier and angrier. His treatment

* *Réflexions sur les talens militaires et sur le caractère de Charles XII.* (Œuvres de Frédéric, VII. 69-88).

of the Country, Montalembert rather encouraging, is described as "horrible." One day he takes the whim, whim or little more, of seizing Herrnstadt; a small Town, between the Two Armies, where the Prussians have a Free-Battalion. The Prussian Battalion resists; drives Soltikof's people back. "Never mind," think they: "a place of no importance to us; and Excellency Soltikof has ridden elsewhere." By ill-luck, in the afternoon, Excellency Soltikof happened to mention the place again. Hearing that the Prussians still have it, Soltikof mounts into a rage; summons the place, with answer still No; thereupon orders instant bombardment of it, fiery storms of grenadoes for it; and has the satisfaction of utterly burning poor Herrnstadt; the Prussian Free-Corps still continuing obstinate. It was Soltikof's last act in those parts, and betokens a sulphurous state of humour.

Next morning (October 24th), he took the road for Posen, and marched bodily home.* Home verily, in spite of Montalembert and all men. "And for me, what orders has Excellency?" Loudon had anxiously inquired, on the eve of that event. "None whatever!" answered Excellency: "Do your own pleasure; go whithersoever seems good to you." And Loudon had to take a wide sweep round, by Kalish, through the western parts of Poland; and get home to the Troppau-Teschen Country, as he best could.

By Kalish, by Czenstochow, Cracow, poor Loudon had to go: a dismal march of 300 miles or more, — waited on latterly by Fouquet, with Werner, Goltz and others, on the Silesian Border; whom Friedrich had ordered thither for such end. Whom Loudon skilfully

* Tempelhof, III. 299, 291-300 (general account, abundantly minute).

avoided to fight; having already, by desertion and by hardships, lost half his men on the road. Glad enough to get home and under roof, with his 20,000 gone to 10,000; and to make bargain with Fouquet: "Truce, then, through Winter; neither of us to meddle with the other, unless after a fortnight's warning given."* *November 1st*, a month before this, the King, carried on a litter by his soldiers, had quitted Sophienthal; and, crossing the River by Köben, got to Glogau.** The greater part of his force, 13,000 under Hülßen, he had immediately sent on for Saxony; he himself intending to wait recovery in Glogau, with this Silesian wing of the business happily brought to finis for the present.

On the Saxon side, too, affairs are in such a course that the King can be patient at Glogau till he get well. Everything is prosperous in Saxony since that March on Hoyerswerda; Henri, with his Fincks and Wunsches, beautifully posted in the Meissen-Torgau region; no dislodging of him, let Daun, with his big mass of forces, try as he may. Daun, through the month of October, is in various Camps, in Schilda last of all: Henri successively in two; in Strehla for some ten days; then in Torgau for about three weeks, carefully entrenched,*** — where traces of him will turn up (not too opportunely) next year. Daun, from whatever Camp, goes labouring on this side and on that; on every side the deft Henri is as sharp as needles; nothing to be made of him by the cunning movements and

* Tempelhof, III. 328-331.

** Rösenbeck, I. 396.

*** Tempelhof, III. 276, 281, 284 (Henri in Strehla, October 4th-17th; thence to Torgau: 22d October, Daun "quits his Camp of Belgern," for that of Schilda, which was his last in those parts).

contrivances of Daun. Very fine manœuvering it was, especially on Henri's part; a charm to the soldier mind; — given minutely in Tempelhof, and capable of being followed (if you have Maps and Patience) into the last details. Instructive really to the soldier; — but must be, almost all, omitted here. One beautiful slap to Duke d'Ahremberg (a poor old friend of Daun's and ours) we will remember: "Action of Pretsch" they call it; defeat, almost capture of poor D'Ahremberg; who had been sent to dislodge the Prince, by threatening his supplies, and had wheeled, accordingly, eastward, wide away; but, to his astonishment, found, after a march or two, Three select Prussian Corps emerging on him, by front, by rear, by flank, with Horse-artillery (quasi-miraculous) bursting out on hilltops, too, — and, in short, nothing for it but to retreat, or indeed to run, in a considerably ruinous style: poor D'Ahremberg!* On the whole, Daun is reduced to a panting condition; and knows not what to do. His plans were intrinsically bad, says Tempelhof; without beating Henri in battle, which he cannot bring himself to attempt, he, in all probability, will, were it only for difficulties of the commissariat kind, have to fall back Dresden-ward, and altogether take himself away.**

After this sad slap at Pretsch, Daun paused for consideration; took to palisading himself to an extraordinary degree, slashing the Schilda Forests almost into ruin for this end; and otherwise sat absolutely quiet. Little to be done but take care of oneself. Daun knows withal of Hülsen's impending advent with the

* Seyfarth (*Beylagen*, II. 634-637), "*Hofbericht von der am 29. October 1759 bey Meuro*" (chiefly bey Pretsch) "*vorgefallenen Action*;" *ib.* II. 543 n.

** Tempelhof, III. 287-289

Silesian 13,000; — November 2d, Hülsen is actually at Muskau, and his 13,000 magnified by rumour to 20,000. Hearing of which, Daun takes the road (November 4th); quits his gloriously palisaded Camp of Schilda; feels that retreat on Dresden, or even home to Bohemia altogether, is the one course left.

And now, the important Bautzen Colloquy of *Saturday September 15th*, having here brought its three or more Courses of Activity to a pause, — we will glance at the far more important *Thursday 13th*, other side the Ocean:

Above Quebec, Night of September 12-13th, In profound silence, on the stream of the St. Lawrence far away, a notable adventure is going on. Wolfe, from two points well above Quebec ("As a last shift, we will try that way"), with about 5,000 men, is silently slipping in rafts; with purpose to climb the Heights somewhere on this side the City, and be in upon it, if Fate will. An enterprise of almost sublime nature; very great, if it can succeed. The cliffs all beset to his left hand, Montcalm in person guarding Quebec with his main strength.

Wolfe silently descends; mind made up; thoughts hushed quiet into one great thought; in the ripple of the perpetual waters, under the grim cliffs and the eternal stars. Conversing with his people, he was heard to recite some passages of Gray's *Elegy*, lately come out to those parts; of which, says an ear-witness, he expressed his admiration to an enthusiastic degree: "Ah, these are tones of the Eternal Melodies, are not they? A man might thank Heaven had he such a gift; almost as *we* might for succeeding here, Gentlemen!"* Next morning (*Thursday 13th September 1759*),

* Professor Robison, then a Navy-lieutenant, in the raft along with Wolfe, afterwards a well-known Professor of *Natural Philosophy* at Edinburgh, was often heard, by persons whom I have heard again, to repeat this Anecdote. See Playfair, *Biographical Account of Professor Robison*, — in *Transactions of Royal Society of Edinburgh*, vii. 495 et seq.

Wolfe, with his 5,000, is found to have scrambled up by some woody Neck in the heights, which was not quite precipitous; has trailed one cannon with him, the seamen busy bringing up another; and by 10 of the clock, stands ranked (really somewhat in the Friedrich way, though on a small scale); ready at all points for Montcalm, but refusing to be over-ready.

Montcalm, on first hearing of him, had made haste: "*Oui, je les vois où ils ne doivent pas être; je vais les écraser* (to smash them)!" said he, by way of keeping his people in heart. And marches up, beautifully skilful, neglecting none of his advantages. Has numerous Canadian sharpshooters, preliminary Indians in the bushes, with a provoking fire: "Steady!" orders Wolfe; "from you, not one shot till they 'are within thirty yards.'" And Montcalm, volleying and advancing, can get no response, more than from Druidic stones; till at thirty yards, the stones became vocal, — and continue so at a dreadful rate; and, in a space of seventeen minutes, have blown Montcalm's regulars, and the gallant Montcalm himself, and their second in command, and their third, into ruin and destruction. In about seven minutes more, the agony was done; "English falling on with the bayonet, Highlanders with the claymore;" fierce pursuit, route total: — and Quebec and Canada as good as finished. The thing is yet well known to every Englishman;* and how Wolfe himself died in it, his beautiful death.

Truly a bit of right soldierhood, this Wolfe. Manages his small resources in a consummate manner; invents, contrives, attempts and reattempts, irrepressible by difficulty or discouragement. How could a Friedrich himself have managed this Quebec in a more artistic way? The small Battle itself, 5,000 to a side, and such odds of Savagery and Canadians, reminds you of one of Friedrich's: wise arrange-

* The military details of it seem to be very ill known (witness Colonel Beatson's otherwise rather careful Pamphlet, *The Plains of Abraham*, written quite lately, which we are soon to cite farther); and they would well deserve describing, in the *Seyfarth-Beylagen*, or even in the *Tempelhof* way, — could an English Officer, on the spot as this Colonel was, be found to do it! — Details are in Beatson (quite another "Beatson"), *Naval and Military History*, II. 300-308; in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1759, the Despatches and particulars: see also Walpole, *George the Second*, III. 217-222.

ments; exact foresight, preparation corresponding; caution with audacity; inflexible discipline, silent till its time come, and then blazing out as we see. The prettiest soldiering I have heard of among the English for several generations. Amherst, Commander-in-chief, is diligently noosing, and tying up, the French military settlements, Niagara, Ticonderago; Canada all round: but this is the heart or wind-pipe of it; keep this firm, and, in the circumstances, Canada is yours.

Colonel Beatson, in his recent Pamphlet, *The Plains of Abraham*, — which, especially on the military side, is distressingly ignorant and shallow, though *not* intentionally incorrect anywhere, — gives Extracts from a Letter of Montcalm's ("Quebec, 24th August 1759"), which is highly worth reading, had we room. It predicts to a hairsbreadth, not only the way "M. Wolfe, if he understands his trade, will "take to beat and ruin me if we meet in fight;" but also, — with a sagacity singular to look at, in the years 1775-7, and perhaps still more in the years 1860-3, — what will be the consequences to those unruly English, Colonial and other. "If he beat me here, France has lost America utterly," thinks Montcalm: "Yes; — and one's only consolation is, "In ten years farther, America will be in revolt against "England!" Montcalm's style of writing is not exemplary; but his power of faithful observation, his sagacity, and talent of prophecy are so considerable, we are tempted to give the *ipsissima verba* of his long Letter in regard to those two points, — the rather as it seems to have fallen much out of sight in our day:

Montcalm to a Cousin in France.

"Camp before Quebec, 24th August 1759.

"*Monsieur et cher Cousin*, — Here I am, for more than "three months past, at handgrips with M. Wolfe; who ceases "not day or night to bombard Quebec, with a fury which is "almost unexampled in the Siege of a Place one intends to "retain after taking it." . . . "Will never take it in that "way, however, by attacking from the River or south shore; "only ruins us, but does not enrich himself. Not an inch "nearer his object than he was three months ago; and in one

"month more the equinoctial storms will blow his Fleet and him away. — Quebec, then, and the preservation of the Colony, you think, must be as good as safe?" "Alas, the fact is far otherwise. The capture of Quebec depends on what we call a stroke-of-hand" — (But let us take to the Original now, for Prediction First): —

"*La prise de Quebec dépend d'un coup de main. Les Anglais sont maîtres de la rivière: ils n'ont qu'à effectuer une descente sur la rive où cette Ville, sans fortifications et sans défense, est située. Les voilà en état de me présenter la bataille; que je ne pourrais plus refuser, et que je ne devrais pas gagner. M. Wolfe, en effet, s'il entend son métier, n'a qu'à essuyer le premier feu, venir ensuite à grands pas sur mon armée, faire à bout portant sa décharge; mes Canadiens, sans discipline, sourds à la voix du tambour et des instrumens militaires, dérangés par cette escarre, ne sauront plus reprendre leurs rangs. Ils sont d'ailleurs sans baïonnettes pour répondre à celles de l'ennemi: il ne leur reste qu'à fuir, — et me voilà battu sans ressource.*" (This is a curiously exact Prediction!) "I won't survive, however; defeat here, in this stage of our affairs, means loss of America altogether: *il est des situations où il ne reste plus à un Général que de périr avec honneur.*" — "*Mes sentimens sont français, et ils le seront jusque dans le tombeau, si dans le tombeau on est encore quelque chose.*"

"*Je me consolerais du moins de ma défaite, et de la perte de la Colonie, par l'intime persuasion où je suis*" (Prediction Second, which is still more curious); "*que cette défaite vaudra, un jour, à ma Patrie plus qu'une victoire; et que le vainqueur, en s'agrandissant, trouverait (sic) un tombeau dans son agrandissement même.*"

"*Ce que j'avance ici, mon cher Cousin, vous paraîtra un paradoxe: mais un moment de réflexion politique, un coup d'œil sur la situation des choses en Amérique, et la vérité de mon opinion brillera dans tout son jour.*" 'Nobody will obey, unless necessity compel him: *voilà les hommes; gêne of any kind a nuisance to them; and of all men in the world les Anglais are the most impatient of obeying anybody.*' 'Mais si ce sont-là les Anglais de l'Europe, c'est encore plus les Anglais d'Amérique. Une grande partie de ces Colons sont les enfans de ces hommes qui s'expatrièrent dans ces temps de

"trouble où l'ancienne Angleterre, en proie aux divisions, était
"attaquée dans ses privilèges et droits; et allèrent chercher en
"Amérique une terre où ils pussent vivre et mourir libres et
"presque indépendants: — et ces enfans n'ont pas dégénéré des
"sentimens républicains de leurs pères. D'autres sont des
"hommes ennemis de tout frein, de tout assujétissement, que le
"gouvernement y a transportés pour leurs crimes. D'autres,
"enfin, sont un ramas de différentes nations de l'Europe, qui
"tiennent très-peu à l'ancienne Angleterre par le cœur et le
"sentiment; tous, en général, ne se soucient guères du Roi ni du
"Parlement d'Angleterre.

"Je les connais bien, — non sur des rapports étrangers, mais
"sur des correspondances et des informations secrètes, que j'ai
"moi-même menagées; et dont, un jour, si Dieu me prête vie,
"je pourrai faire usage à l'avantage de ma Patrie. Pour sur-
"croît de bonheur pour eux, tous ces Colons sont parvenues,
"dans un état très-florissant; ils sont nombreux et riches: — ils
"recueillent dans le sein de leur patrie toutes les nécessités de la
"vie. L'ancienne Angleterre a été assez sotte, et assez dupe,
"pour leur laisser établir chez eux les arts, les métiers, les manu-
"factures: — c'est à dire, qu'elle leur a laissé briser la chaîne de
"besoins qui les liait, qui les attachait à elle, et qui les fait
"dépendants. Aussi toutes ces Colonies Anglaises auraient-elles
"depuis long-temps secoué le joug, chaque province aurait formé
"une petite république indépendante, si la crainte de voir les
"Français à leur porte n'avait été un frein qui les avait retenu.
"Maîtres pour maîtres, ils ont préféré leurs compatriotes aux
"étrangers; prenant cependant pour maxime de n'obéir que le
"moins qu'ils pourraient. Mais que le Canada vint à être conquis,
"et que les Canadiens et ces Colons ne fussent plus qu'une seul
"peuple, — et la première occasion où l'ancienne Angleterre
"semblerait toucher à leurs intérêts, croyez-vous, mon cher
"Cousin, que ces Colons obéiront? Et qu'auraient-ils à craindre
"en se révoltant?" * * "Je suis si sûr de ce que j'écris, que
"je ne donnerais pas dix ans après la conquête du Canada pour
"en voir l'accomplissement.

"Voilà ce que, comme Français, me console aujourd'hui du
"danger imminent, que court ma Patrie, de voir cette Colonie
"perdue pour elle."*

* In Beatson, Lieutenant-Colonel R. E., *The Plains of Abraham; Notes original and selected* (Gibraltar, Garrison Library Press, 1858), pp. 38 et seq.†

Montcalm had been in the Belleisle *Retreat from Prag* (December 1742); in the terrible *Exilles Business* (July 1747), where the Chevalier de Belleisle and 4 or 5,000 lost their lives in about an hour. Captain Cook was at Quebec, Master in the Royal Navy; "sounding the River, and putting down buoys." Bougainville, another famous Navigator, was Aide-de-Camp of Montcalm. There have been far-sounding Epics built together on less basis than lies ready here, in this *Capture of Quebec*; — which itself, as the Decision that America is to be English and not French, is surely an Epoch in World-History! Montcalm was forty-eight when he perished; Wolfe, thirty-three. Montcalm's skull is in the Ursulines Convent at Quebec, — shown to the idly curious to this day.*

It was on October 17th, — while Friedrich lay at Sophienthal, lamed of gout, and Soltikof had privately fixed for home (went that day week), — that this glorious bit of news reached England. It was only three days after that other, bad and almost hopeless news, from the same quarter; news of poor Wolfe's Repulse, on the other or eastern side of Quebec, July 31st, known to us already, not known in England till October 14th. Heightened by such contrast, the news filled all men with a strange mixture of emotions. "The incidents of Dramatic Fiction," says one who was sharer in it, "could not have been conducted with "more address to lead an audience from despondency "to sudden exultation, than Accident had here pre-

Extract from "*Lettres de M. le Marquis de Montcalm à MM. De Berryer et De la Motte: 1757-1759* (Londres, 1777)," — which is not in the British-Museum Library, on applying; and seems to be a forgotten Book.

* Lieutenant-Colonel Beatson, pp. 28, 15

"pared to excite the passions of a whole People. They
"despaired; they triumphed; and they wept, — for
"Wolfe had fallen in the hour of victory! Joy, grief,
"curiosity, astonishment, were painted in every counte-
"nance: the more they inquired, the higher their ad-
"miration rose. Not an incident but was heroic and
"affecting."* America ours; but the noble Wolfe now
not!

What Pitt himself said of these things, we do not
much hear. On the meeting of his Parliament, about
a month hence, his Speech, somebody having risen to
congratulate and eulogise him, is still recognisably of
royal quality, if we evoke it from the Walpole Notes.
Very modest, very noble, true; and with fine pieties
and magnanimities delicately audible in it: "Not a
"week all Summer but has been a crisis, in which I
"have not known whether I should not be torn to
"pieces, instead of being commended, as now by the
"Honourable Member. The hand of Divine Providence;
"the more a man is versed in business, the more he
"everywhere traces that!" . . . "Success has given us
"unanimity, not unanimity success. For my own poor
"share, I could not have dared as I have done, except
"in these times. Other Ministers have hoped as well,
"but have not been so circumstanced to dare so much."
. . . "I think the stone almost rolled to the top of the
"hill; but let us have a care; it may rebound, and
"hideously drag us down with it again."**

The essential truth, moreover, is, Pitt has become
King of England; so lucky has poor England, in its
hour of crisis, again been. And the difference between
an England guided by some kind of Friedrich (tempo-

* Walpole, III. 219.

** Ibid. III. 225; Thackeray, I. 446.

rary Friedrich, absolute, though of insecure tenure), and by a Newcastle and the Clack of Tongues, is very great! But for Pitt, there had been no Wolfe, no Amherst; Duke Ferdinand had been the Royal Highness of Cumberland, — and all things going round him in St. Vitus, at their old rate. This man is a King, for the time being, — King really of the Friedrich type; — and rules, Friedrich himself not more despotically, where need is. Pitt's War-Offices, Admiralties, were not of themselves quick-going entities; but Pitt made them go. Slow-paced Lords in Office have remonstrated, on more than one occasion: "Impossible, Sir; these things cannot be got ready at the time you order!" "My Lord, they indispensably must," Pitt would answer (a man always reverent of coming facts, knowing how inexorable they are); and if the Negative continued obstinate in argument, he has been known to add: "My Lord, to the King's service, it is a fixed necessity of time. Unless the time is kept, I will impeach your Lordship!" Your Lordship's head will come to lie at your Lordship's feet! Figure a poor Duke of Newcastle, listening to such a thing; — and knowing that Pitt will do it; and that he can, such is his favour with universal England; — and trembling and obeying. War-requisites for land and for sea are got ready with a Prussian punctuality, — at what multiple of the Prussian expense, is a smaller question for Pitt.

It is about eighteen months ago that Pownall, Governor of New England, a kind of half-military person, not without sound sense, though sadly intricate of utterance, — of whom Pitt, just entering on Office, has, I suppose, asked an opinion on America, as men do of Learned Counsel on an impending Lawsuit of magnitude,

— had answered, in his long-winded, intertwined, nearly inextricable way, to the effect, "Sir, I incline to fear, on the whole, that the Action will *not* lie, — that, on the whole, the French will eat America from us in spite of our teeth." * January 15th, 1758, that is the Pownal Opinion-of-Counsel; — and on September 13th, 1759, this is what we have practically come to. And on September 7th, 1760, within twelve months more, — Amherst, descending the Rapids from Ticonderago side, and two other little Armies, ascending from Quebec and Louisburg, to meet him at Montreal, have proved punctual almost to an hour; and are in condition to extinguish, by triple pressure (or what we called noosing), the French Governor-General in Montreal, a Monsieur de Vaudreuil, and his Montreal and his Canada altogether; and send the French bodily home out of those Continents.** Which may dispense us from speaking farther on the subject.

From the Madras region, too, from India and outrageous Lally, the news are good. Early in Spring last, poor Lally, — a man of endless talent and courage, but of dreadfully emphatic loose tongue, in fact of a blazing ungoverned Irish turn of mind, — had instantly, on sight of some small Succours from Pitt, to raise his siege of Madras, retire to Pondichery; and, in fact, go plunging and tumbling downhill, he and his India with him, at an ever-faster rate, till they also had got to the Abyss. "My policy is in these five words, *No Englishman in this Peninsula*," wrote he, a year ago, on landing in India; and now it is to be *No Frenchman*,

* In *Thackeray*, II. 421-452, Pownal's intricate Report (his "*Discourse*," or whatever he calls it, "*on the Defence of the Inland Frontiers*," his &c. &c.), of date "15th January 1758."

** Capitulation between Amherst and Vaudreuil ("Montreal, 8th September 1760"), in 55 Articles: in *Beatson*, III. 274-283.

and there is one word in the five to be altered! — Of poor Lally, zealous and furious over-much, and nearly the most unfortunate and worst-used “man of genius” I ever read of, whose lion-like struggles against French Official people, and against Pitt’s Captains and their sea-fights and siegings, would deserve a volume to themselves, we have said, and can here say, as good as nothing, — except that they all ended, for Lally and French India, in total surrender, 16th January 1761; and that Lally, some years afterwards, for toils undergone and for services done, got, when accounts came to be liquidated, death on the scaffold. Dates I give below.* “Gained Fontenoy for us,” said many persons; — undoubtedly gained various things for us, fought for us Berserkir-like on all occasions; hoped, in the end, to be Maréchal de France, and undertook a Championship of India, which issues in this way! America and India, it is written, are both to be Pitt’s. Let both, if possible, remain silent to us henceforth.

As to the Invasion-of-England Scheme, Pitt says he does not expect the French will invade us; but if they do, he is ready.**

* 28th April 1758, Lands at Pondichery; instantly proceeds upon Fort St. David. 2d June 1758, Takes it: meant to have gone now on Madras; but finds he has no money; — goes extorting money from Black Potentates about, Rajah of Travancore, &c., in a violent and extraordinary style; and can get little. Nevertheless, 14th December 1758, Lays Siege to Madras.

16th February 1759, Is obliged to quit trenches at Madras, and retire dismally upon Pondichery, — to mere indigence, mutiny (“ten mutinles”), Official conspiracy, and chaos come again.

22d January 1760, Makes outrush on Wandewash, and the English posted there; is beaten, driven back into Pondichery. April 1760, Is besieged in Pondichery. 16th January 1761, Is taken, Pondichery, French India, and he; — to Madras he, lest the French Official party kill him, as they attempt to do.

23d September 1761, Arrives, prisoner, in England; thence, on parole, to France and Paris, 21st October. November 1762, To Bastille; waits trial nineteen months; trial lasts two years. 6th May 1766, To be beheaded, — 9th May, was. See *Beaton*, ii. 369-372, 96-110, &c.; *Voltaire* (*Fragments sur l'Inde*) in *Euvres*, xxix. 183-253; *Biographie Universelle*, § Lally.

** Speech, 4th November, *supra*.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIEDRICH REAPPEARS ON THE FIELD, AND IN SEVEN DAYS AFTER COMES THE CATASTROPHE OF MAXEN.

NOVEMBER 6th-8th, Daun had gone to Meissen Country: fairly ebbing homeward; Henri following, with Hülsen joined, — not vehemently attacking the rhinoceros, but judiciously pricking him forward. Daun goes at his slowest step: in many divisions, covering a wide circuit; sticking to all the strong posts, till his own time for quitting them: slow, sullenly cautious; like a man descending dangerous precipices back foremost, and will not be hurried. So it had lasted about a week; Daun for the last four days sitting restive, obstinate, but Henri pricking into him more and more, till the rhinoceros seemed actually about lifting himself, — when Friedrich in person arrived in his Brother's Camp.*

At the Schloss of Herschstein, a mile or two behind Lommatsch, which is Henri's headquarter (still to westward of Meissen; Daun hanging on, seven or eight miles to south-eastward ahead; loth to go, but actually obliged), — it was there, Tuesday November 13th, that the King met his Brother again. A King free of his gout; in joyful spirits; and high of humour, — like a man risen indignant, once more got to his feet, after three-months oppressions and miseries from the unworthy. "Too high," mourns Retzow, in a gloomy

* Tempelhof, III. 301-305.

tone, as others do in perhaps a more indulgent one. Beyond doubt, Friedrich's farther procedures in this grave and weighty Daun business were more or less imprudent; of a too rapid and rash nature; and turned out bitterly unlucky to him. "Had he left the management to Henri!" sighed everybody, after the unlucky event.

Friedrich had not arrived above four-and-twenty hours, when news came in: "The Austrians in movement again; actually rolling off Dresden-ward again." "Haha, do they smell me already!" laughed he: "Well, I will send Daun to the Devil," — not adding, "if I can." And instantly ordered sharp pursuit, — and sheer stabbing with the oxgoad, not soft and delicate pricking, as Henri's lately.* Friedrich, in fact, was in a fiery condition against Daun: "You trampled on me, you heavy buffalo, these three months; but that is over now!" — and took personally the vanguard in this pursuit. And had a bit of hot fighting in the Village of Korbitz (scene of that Finck-Haddick "Action," 21st September last, and of poor Haddick's ruin, and retirement to the Waters); — where the Austrians now prove very fierce and obstinate; and will not go, till well slashed into, and torn out by sheer beating: — was visibly a kind of comfort to the King's humour. "Our Prussians do still fight, then, much as formerly! And it was all a hideous Nightmare, all that, and Day-light and Fact are come, and Friedrich is himself again!"

They say Prince Henri took the liberty of counselling him, even of entreating him: "Leave well alone; why run risks?" said Henri. Daun, it was pretty ap-

* Retzow, II. 168; Tempelhof, III. 306.

parent, had no outlook at the present but that of sauntering home to Böhmen; leaving Dresden to be an easy prey again, and his whole Campaign to fall futile, as the last had. Under Henri's gentle driving he would have gone slower; but how salutary, if he only went! These were Henri's views: but Friedrich was not in the slow humour; impatient to be in Dresden; "will be quartered there in a week," writes he, "and more at leisure than now." * He is thinking of Leuthen, of Rossbach, of Campaign 1757, so gloriously restored after ruin; and, in the fire of his soul, is hoping to do something similar a second time. That is Retzow's notion: who knows but there may be truth in it? A proud Friedrich, got on his feet again after such usage; — nay, who knows whether it was quite so unwise to be impressive on the slow rhinoceros, and try to fix some thorn in his snout, or say (figuratively), to hobble his hind feet; which, I am told, would have been beautifully ruinous; and, though riskish, was not impossible? ** Ill it indisputably turned out; and we have, with brevity, to say how, and leave readers to their judgment of it.

It was in the Village of Krögis, about six miles forward, on the Meissen-Freiberg road, a mile or two on from Korbitz, and directly after the fierce little tussle in that Village, — that Friedrich, his blood still up, gave the Order for Maxen, which proved so unlucky to him. Wunsch had been shot off in pursuit of the beaten Austrians; but they ran too fast; and Wunsch came back without farther result, still early in the day. Back as far as Krögis, where the next Head-quarter is to be; — and finds the King still in a fulminant condition;

* "Wilsdruf, 17th November 1759," and still more "19th November," Friedrich to Voltaire, in high spirits that way (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiii. 66).

** Tömpelhof, iii. 317, &c.

none the milder, it is likely, by Wunsch's returning without result. "Go straight to General Finck; bid him march at once!" orders the King; and rapidly gives Wunsch the Instructions Finck is to follow. Finck and his Corps are near Nossen, some ten miles ahead of Krögis, some twenty west from Dresden. There, since yesterday, stands Finck, infesting the left or western flank of the Austrians, — what *was* their left, and will be again, when they call halt and face round on us: — Let Finck now march at once, quite round that western flank; by Freyberg, Dippoldiswalde, thence east to Maxen; plant himself at Maxen (a dozen miles south of Dresden, among the rocky Hills), and stick diligently in the rear of those Austrians, cutting off, or threatening to cut off, their communications with Bohemia, and block the Pirna Country for them.

Friedrich calculates that, if Daun is for retreating by Pirna Country, this will, at lowest, be a method to quicken him in that movement; or perhaps it may prove a method to cut off such retreat altogether, and force Daun to go circling by the Lausitz Hills and Wildernesses, exposed to tribulations which may go nigh to ruin him. That is Friedrich's proud thought: "an unfortunate Campaign; winding up, nevertheless, as 1757 did, in blazes of success!" And truly, if Friedrich could have made himself into Two; and, while flashing and charging in Daun's front, have been in command at Maxen in Daun's rear, — Friedrich could have made a pretty thing of this Maxen Enterprise; and might in good part have realised his proud program. But there is no getting two Friedrichs. Finck, a General of approved quality, he is the nearest approach we can make to a second Friedrich; — and he, ill-luck too superadding itself, proves tragically inadequate. And sets all the world, and Opposition Retzow, exclaiming, "See: Pride goes before a fall!" —

At 3 in the afternoon, Friedrich, intensely surveying from the heights of Krögis the new Austrian movements and positions, is astonished, not agreeably ("What, still only here, Herr General!"), by a personal visit from Finck. Finck finds the Maxen business intricate, precarious; wishes farther instructions, brings forward this objection and that. Friedrich at last answers, impatiently: "You know I can't stand "making of difficulties (*Er weiss dass ich die Difficultäten nicht*

"*leiden kann; mache dass Er fort kommt*"); contrive to get it "done!" With which poor comfort Finck has to ride back to Nossen; and scheme out his dispositions overnight.

Next morning, Thursday 15th, Finck gets on march; drives the Reichsfolk out of Freyberg; reaches Dippoldiswalde: — "Freyberg is to be my Magazine," considers Finck; "Dippoldiswalde my halfway house; Four Battalions of my poor Eighteen shall stand there, and secure the meal-carts." Friday 16th, Finck has his Vanguard, Wunsch leading it, in possession of Maxen and the Heights; and on Saturday gets there himself, with all his people and equipments. I should think about 12,000 men: in a most intersected, intertwined Hill Country; full of gulleys, dells and winding brooks; — it is fore-court of the Pirna rocks, our celebrated Camp of Gahmig lies visible to north, Dohna and the Rothwasser bounding us to east; — in grim November weather, some snow falling, or snowpowder, alternating with sleet and glazing frosts: by no means a beautiful enterprise to Finck. Nor one of his own choosing, had one a choice in such cases.

To Daun nothing could be more unwelcome than this news of Finck, embattled there at Maxen in the inextricable Hill-country, direct on the road of Daun's meal-carts and Bohemian communications. And truly withal, — what Daun does not yet hear, but can guess, — there is gone, in supplement or as auxiliary to Finck, a fierce Hussar party, under *Grüne Kleist*, their fiercest Hussar since Mayer died; who this very day, at Aussig, burns Daun's first considerable Magazine; and has others in view for the same fate.* An evident thing to Daun, that Finck being there, meal has ceased.

On the instant, Daun falls back on Dresden; Saturday 17th, takes post in the Dell of Plauen (*Plauen'sche Grund*); an impassable Chasm, with sheer steep on both sides, stretching southward from Dresden in front of the Hill Country: thither Daun marches, there to consider what is to be done with Finck. Amply safe this position is; none better in the world: a Village, Plauen, and a Brook, Weiseritz, in the

** Friedrich's second Letter to Voltaire, Wilsdruf, "19th November 1759."

bottom of this exquisite Chasm; sheer rock-walls on each side, — high especially on the Daun, or south side; — headquarters can be in Dresden itself; room for your cavalry on the plain ground between Dresden and the Chasm. A post both safe and comfortable; only you must not loiter in making up your mind as to Finck; for Friedrich has followed on the instant. Friedrich's head-quarter is already Wilsdruf, which an hour or two ago was Daun's: at Kesselsdorf vigilant Ziethen is vanguard. So that Friedrich looks over on you from the nothern brow of your Chasm; delays are not good near such a neighbour.

Daun, — urged on by Lacy, they say, — is not long in deciding that, in this strait, the short way out will be to attack Finck in the Hills. Daun is in the Hills, as well as Finck (this Plauen Chasm is the boundary-ditch of the Hills): Daun with 27,000 horse and foot, moving on from this western part; 3,000 light people (one Sincere the leader of them), moving simultaneously from Dresden itself, that is, from northward or north-westward; 12,000 Reichsfolk, horse and foot, part of them already to south-estward of Finck, other part stealing on by the Elbe bank thitherward: here, from three different points of the compass, are 42,000. These simultaneously dashing in, from west, north, south, upon Finck, may surely give account of his 12,000 and him! If only we can keep Friedrich dark upon it; which surely our Pandours will contrive to do.

Finck, directly on arriving at Maxen, had reported himself to the King; and got answer before next morning: "Very well; but draw in those Four Battalions you have left in Dippoldiswalde; hit with the whole of your strength, when a chance offers." Which order Finck, literally and not too willingly, obeys; leaves only some light remnant in Dippoldiswalde, and reinforcement to linger within reach, till a certain Bread-convoy come to him, which will be due next morning (Monday 19th); and which does then safely get home, though under annoyances from cannonading in the distance.

Sunday 18th, Finck fails not to reconnoitre from the highest Hill-top; to inquire by every method: he finds, for certain, that the enemy are coming in upon him. With his own eyes he sees Reichsfolk marching, in quantity, south,

eastward by the Elbe shore: "Intending towards Dohna, as is like?" — and despatched Wunsch, who, accordingly, drove them out of Dohna. Of all this Finck, at once, sent word to Friedrich. Who probably enough received the message; but who would get no new knowledge from it, — vigilant Ziethen having, by Austrian deserters and otherwise, discovered this of the Reichsfolk; and furthermore that Sincere with 3,000 was in motion, from the north, upon Finck. Sunday evening, Friedrich despatches Ziethen's Report; which punctually came to Finck's hand; but was the last thing he received from Friedrich, or Friedrich from him. The intervening Pandours picked up all the rest. The *Ziethen Report*, of two or three lines, most succinct but sufficient, like a cutting of hard iron, is to be read in many Books: we may as well give the Letter and it:

Friedrich's Letter (Wilsdruf, 18th November 1759). "My "dear General-Lieutenant von Finck! I send you the "enclosed *Report* from General Ziethen, showing what is the "lie of matters as seen from this side; and leave the whole to "your disposition and necessary measures. I am your well-"affectioned King, — F." The Enclosure is as follows:

General Ziethen's Report (Kesselsdorf, 18th November 1759). "To your Royal Majesty, send" (no pronoun 'I' allowed) "herewith a Corporal, who has deserted from the Austrians. "He says, Sincere with the Reserve did march with the "Reichs Army; but a league behind it, and turned towards "Dippoldiswalde. General Brentano" (Wehla's old comrade, luckier than Wehla), "as this Deserter heard last night "in Daun's headquarter, — which is in the southern Suburb "of Dresden, in the Countess Moschinska's Garden, — was "yesterday to have been in Döhlen" (looking into our outposts from the hither side of their Plauen Dell), "but was not "there any longer," as our Deserter passed, "and it was "said that he had gone for Maxen at three in the after-"noon."*

Thus curtly is Finck authorised to judge for himself in the new circumstances. Marginally is added, in Friedrich's own hand: "*Er wird entweder mit den Reichern oder mit Sinceren "einen Gang haben,* — Either with the Reichers or with Sincere "you will have a bout, I suppose."

* Tempelhof, iii. 309

Finck, from his own Hill-top, on Sunday and Monday, sees all this of Ziethen, and much more. Sees the vanguard of Daun himself approaching Dippoldiswalde, cannonading his meal-carts as they issue there; on all sides his enemies encompassing him like bees; — and has a sphinx-riddle on his mind, such as soldier seldom had. Shall he manœuvre himself out, and march away, bread-carts, baggages and all entire? There is still time, and perfect possibility, by Dippoldiswalde there, or by other routes and methods. But again, did not his Majesty expect, do not these words “a bout” still seem to expect, a bit of fighting with somebody or other? Finck was an able soldier, and his skill and courage well known; but probably another kind of courage was wanted this day, of which Finck had not enough. Finck was not king of this matter; Finck was under a King who perhaps misjudged the matter. If Finck saw no method of doing other than hurt and bad service to his King by staying here, Finck should have had the courage to come away, and front the King's unreasonable anger, expecting redress one day, or never any redress. That was Finck's duty: but everybody sees how hard it was for flesh and blood.

Finck, truer to the letter than to the spirit, determined to remain. Did, all that Monday, his best to prepare himself; called in his outposts (“Was not I ordered?” thinks Finck, too literally); and sees his multitudes of enemies settle round him; — Daun alone has 27,000 men, who take camp at Dippoldiswalde; and in sum-total, they are as 4 to 1 of Finck: — a Finck still resolute of face, though internally his thoughts may be haggard enough. Doubtless he hopes, too, that Friedrich will do something: — unaware that none of his messages reach Friedrich. As for Daun, having seen his people safely encamped here, he returns to Dresden for the night, to see that Friedrich is quiet. Friedrich is quiet enough: Daun, at seven next morning (*Tuesday 20th*), appeared on the ground again; and from all sides Finck is assaulted, — from Daun's side nearest and soonest, with Daun's best vigour.

Dippoldiswalde is some seven miles from Maxen. Difficult hill-road all the way: but the steepest, straitest and worst place is at Reinhartsgrimma, the very first Hamlet after

you are out of Dippoldiswalde. There is a narrow gullet there, overhung with heights all round. The roads are slippery, glazed with sleet and frost; Cavalry, unroughened, make sad sliding and sprawling; hardly the Infantry are secure on their feet: a terrible business, getting masses of artillery-wagons, horse and man, through such a Pass! It is thought, had Finck garnished this Pass of Reinhartsgrünna with the proper batteries, the proper musketries, Daun never would have got through. Finck had not a gun or a man in it: "Had not I order?" said he, — again too literally. As it was, Daun, sliding and sprawling in the narrow steeps, had difficulties almost too great; and, they say, would have given it up, had it not been that a certain Major urged, "Can be done, Excellenz, and shall!" and that the temper of his soldiers was everywhere excellent. Unfortunate Finck had no artillery to bear on Daun's transit through the Pass. Nothing but some weak body of hussars and infantry stood looking into it, from the Hill of Hausdorf: even these might have given him some slight hindrance; but these were played upon by endless Pandours, "issuing from a wood near by," with musketries, and at length with cannon batteries, one and another; — and had to fall back, or to be called back, to Maxen Hill, where the main force is.

In the course of yesterday, by continual reconnoitering, by Austrian deserters, and intense comparison of symptoms, Finck had completely ascertained where the Enemy's Three Attacks were to be, — "on Maxen, from Dippoldiswalde, Trohritz, Dohna, simultaneously three attacks," it appears; — and had with all his skill arranged himself on the Maxen summits to meet these. He stands now elaborately divided into Three groups against those Three simultaneities; forming (sadly wide apart, one would say, for such a force as Finck's) a very obtuse-angled triangle: — the obtuse vertex of which (if readers care to look on their Map) is Trohritz, the road Brentano and Sincere are coming. On the base-angles, Maxen and Dohna, Finck expects Daun and the Reich. From Trohritz to Maxen is near two miles; from Maxen to Dohna above four. At Dohna stands Wunsch against the Reich; Finck himself at Maxen, expecting Daun, as the pith of the whole affair. In this triangular way stands Finck at the topmost heights of the country, — "Maxen highest, but

Hausdorf only a little lower," — and has not thought of disputing the climb upwards. Too literal an eye to his orders: alas, he was not himself king, but only king's deputy!

The result is, about 11 A. M., as I obscurely gather, Daun has conquered the climb; Daun's musketries begin to glitter on the top of Hausdorf; and 26 or 32 heavy cannon open their throats there; and the Three Attacks break loose. Finck's Maxen batteries (scarcely higher than Daun's, and far inferior in weight) respond with all diligence, the poor regimental field-pieces helping what they can. Mutual cannonade, very loud for an hour and half; terrific, but doing little mischief; after which Daun's musketries (the ground now sufficiently clear to Daun), which are the practical thing, begin opening, first from one point, then from another: and there ensues, for five hours coming, at Maxen and at the other two points of Finck's triangle, such a series of explosive chargings, wheelings, worryings and intricate death-wrestlings, as it would provoke every reader to attempt describing to him. Except indeed he were a soldier, bound to know the defence of posts; in which case I could fairly promise him that there are means of understanding the affair, and that he might find benefit in it. *

Daun's Grenadiers, and Infantry generally, are in triumphant spirits; confident of victory, as they may reasonably be. Finck's people, too, behave well, some of them conspicuously well, though in gloomier mood; and make stubborn fight, successful here and there, but, as a whole, not capable of succeeding. By 3 in the afternoon, the Austrians have forced the Maxen Post; they "enter Maxen with great shoutings;" extrude the obstinate Prussian remnants; and, before long, have the poor Village "on fire in every part." Finck retreating northward to Schmörsdorf, towards the obtuse angle of his triangle, if haply there may be help in that quarter for him. Daun does not push him much; has Maxen safely burning in every part.

From Schmörsdorf, Finck pushes out a Cavalry charge on Brentano. "Could we but repulse Brentano yonder," thinks he, "I might have those Four Battalions to hand, and try

* Tempelhof, III. 307-317. *Journal und Nachricht von der Gefangennahme des Finck'schen Corps bey Maxen, im Jahre 1759 (Seyfarth, Beylagen, II. 637-664).*

again!" But Brentano makes such cannonading, the Cavalry swerve to a Hollow on their right; then find they have not ground, and retire quite fruitless. Finck's Cavalry, and the Cavalry generally, with their horses all sliding on the frosty mountain-gnarls, appear to be good for little this day. Brentano, victorious over the Cavalry, comes on with such storm, he sweeps through the obtuse angle, home upon Finck; and sweeps him out of Schmörsdorf Village to Schmörsdorf Hill, there to take refuge, as the night sinks, — and to see himself, if his wild heart will permit him to be candid, a ruined man. Of the 'Three Attacks,' Two have completely succeeded on him; only Wunsch, at Dohna, stands victorious; he has held back the Reich all day, and even chased it home to its posts on the Rothwasser (*Red Water*), multitudinous as it was.

Finck's mood, as the November shadows gathered on him, — the equal heart may, at least, pity poor Finck! His resolution is fixed: "Cut ourselves through, this night: Dohna is ours; other side that Red Water there are roads; — perish or get through!" And the Generals (who are rallied now "on the Heights of Falkenhain and Blosschwitz," midway between Maxen and Dohna) get that Order from him. And proceed to arrange for executing it, — though with outlook more and more desperate, as their scouts report that every pass and post, on the Red Water, is beset by Reichsfolk. "Wunsch, with the Cavalry, he at least may thread his way out, under cloud of night, by the opposite or Daun side," calculates Finck. And Wunsch sets out accordingly: a very questionable, winding, subterranean march; difficult in the extreme, — the wearied *slipshod* horses going at a snail's pace; and, in the difficult passes, needing to be dragged through with bridle, and even to be left altogether: — in which, withal, it will prove of no use for Wunsch to succeed! Finck's Generals, endeavouring to rank and rearrange through the night, find that their very cartridges are nearly spent, and that of men, such wounding, such deserting has there been, they have, at this time, by precise count, 2,836 rank and file. Evidently desperate.

At daylight, Daun's cannon beginning again from the Maxen side, Finck sends to capitulate. "Absolute surrender," answers Daun: "prisoners of war, and you shall keep your

private baggage. General Wunsch with the Cavalry, he too must turn back and surrender!" Finck pleaded hard, on this last score: "General Wunsch, as head of the Cavalry, is not under me; is himself chief in that department." But it was of no use: Wunsch had to return (not quite got through Daun's Lines, after such a night), and to surrender, like everybody else. Like Eight other Generals; like Wolfersdorf of Torgau, and many a brave Officer and man. Wednesday morning, 21st November 1759: it is Finck's fourth day on Maxen; his last in the Prussian Service.

That same Wednesday Afternoon, there were ranked in the *Grosse Garten* at Dresden, of dejected Prussian Prisoners from Maxen, what exact number was never known: the Austrians said 15,000; but nobody well believed them; their last certain instalment being only, in correct numbers, 2,836. Besides the killed, wounded, and already captured, many had deserted, many had glided clear off. It is judged that Friedrich lost, by all these causes, about 12,000 men. Gone wholly, — with their equipments and appurtenances wholly, which are not worth counting in comparison. Finck and the other Generals, 8 of them, and 529 Officers, — Finck, Wunsch, Wolfersdorf, Mosel (of the Olmütz Convoy), not to mention others of known worth, this is itself a sore loss to Friedrich, and in present circumstances an irreparable.*

The outburst and paroxysm of Gazetteer rumour, which arose in Europe over this, must be left to the imagination; still more the whirlwind of astonishment, grief, remorse and indignation that raged in the heart of Friedrich on first hearing of it. "The Caudine Forks;" "Scene of Pirna over again, in reverse form;" "Is not your King at last over with it?" said and sang multifariously the Gazetteers. As counter-chorus to which, in a certain Royal Heart: "That miserable purblind Finck, unequal to his task; — that over-hasty I, who drove him upon it! This disgrace, loss nigh ruinous; in fine, this infernal Campaign (*cette Campagne*

* Seyfarth, II. 576; in *Holden-Geschichte* (v. 1115), the Vienna Account.

infernale)!" The Anecdote-Books abound in details of Friedrich's behaviour at Wilsdruf, that day; mythical all, or in good part, but symbolising a case that is conceivable to everybody. Or would readers care to glance into the very fact with their own eyes? As happens to be possible:

10. *Before Maxen: Friedrich to D'Argens and others.*

"*To D'Argens* (Krögis, 15th November," order for Maxen just given). "Yesterday I joined the Army" (day before yesterday, but took the field yesterday), "and Daun de-camped. I have followed him thus far, and will continue it "to the frontiers of Bohemia. Our measures are so taken" (Finck, to wit) "that he will not get out of Saxony without "considerable losses. Yesterday cost him 500 men taken "at Krögis here. Every movement he makes will cost him as "many."*

"*To Voltaire* (Wilsdruf, 17th November)." "We are "verging on the end of our Campaign: and I will write to you "in eight days from Dresden, with more composure and "coherency than now."**

"*To the same* (Wilsdruf, 19th November)." "The Austrians "are packing off to Bohemia, — where, in reprisal for the in-cendiary operations they have done in my countries, I have "burnt them two big magazines. I render the beatified Hero's "retreat as difficult as possible; and I hope he will come "upon some bad adventures within a few days."***

"*Same day and place, to D'Argens.*" A volley of most rough-paced off-hand Rhyming, direct from the heart; "*Ode*" (as he afterwards terms it, or irrepressible extempore *Lilt*) "*to Fortune*:"

"*Marquis, quel changement, what a change!* I, a poor "heretic creature, never blessed by the Holy Father; indeed, "little frequenting Church, nor serving either Baal or the "God of Israel; held down these many months, and reported

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, XIX. 101.

** *Ibid.* XXIII. 66.

*** *Ibid.* XXIII. 66.

"by more than one shaven scoundrel" (priest-pamphleteer at Vienna) "to be quite extinct, and gone vagabond over the world, — see how capricious Fortune, after all her hundred preferences of my rivals, lifts me with helpful hand from the deep, and packs this Hero of the Hat and Sword, — whom Popes have blessed what they could, and who has walked in Pilgrimage before now" (to Marienzell once, I believe, publicly at Vienna), — "out of Saxony; panting, harassed goes he, like a stranger dog from some kitchen where the cook had flogged him out!"† ** (A very exultant Lilt, and with a good deal more of the chanticleer in it than we are used to in this King!)

"20. *After Maxen.*

"*To D'Argens* (Wilsdruf, 22d Nov.)." "Do with that" (some small piece of business) "whatever you like, my dear Marquis. I am so stupefied (*étourdi*) with the misfortune which has befallen General Finck, that I cannot recover from my astonishment. It deranges all my measures; it cuts me to the quick. Ill-luck, which persecutes my old age, has followed me from the Mark" (Kunersdorf, in the Mark of Brandenburg) "to Saxony. I will still strive what I can. The little *Ode* I sent you, addressed *To Fortune*, had been written too soon! One should not sing victory till the battle is over. I am so crushed down by these incessant reverses and disasters, that I wish a thousand times I were dead; and from day to day I grow wearier of dwelling in a body worn-out and condemned to suffer. I am writing to you in the first moment of my grief. Astonishment, sorrow, indignation, scorn, all blended together, lacerate my soul. Let us get to the end, then, of this execrable Campaign; I will then write to you what is to become of me; and we will arrange the rest. Pity me; — and make no noise about me; bad news go fast enough of themselves. Adieu, dear Marquis."††

All this, of course, under such pressing call of actualities, had very soon to transform itself into silence;

† *Œuvres de Frédéric*, XIX. 103-106.

†† *Ibid.* XIX. 107.

into new resolution, and determinate despatch of business. But the King retained a bitter memory of it all his days. To Finck he was inexorable: — ordered him, the first thing on his return from Austrian Captivity, Trial by Court-Martial; which (Ziethen presiding, June 1763) censured Finck in various points, and gave him, in supplement to the Austrian detention, a Year's Imprisonment in Spandau. No ray of pity visible for him, then or afterwards, in the Royal mind. So that the poor man had to beg his dismissal; get it, and go to Denmark for new promotion and appreciation. — "Far too severe!" grumbled the Opposition voices, with secret counter-severity. And truly it would have been more beautiful to everybody, for the moment, to have made matters soft to poor Finck, — had Friedrich ever gone on that score with his Generals and Delegates; which, though the reverse of a cruel man, he never did. And truly, as we often observe, the Laws of Fact are still severer than Friedrich was: — so that, in the long-run, perhaps it is beautifullest of all, for a King, who is just, to be rhadamanthine in important cases.

Exulting Daun, instead of Bohemia for winter-quarters, pushes out now for the prize of Saxony itself. Daun orders Beck to attack suddenly another Outpost of Friedrich's, which stands rearward of him at Meissen, under a General Dierecke, — the same whom, as Colonel Dierecke, we saw march out of flamy Zittau, summer gone two years. Beck goes in accordingly, 3d December; attacks Dierecke, not by surprise, but with overwhelming superiority; no reinforcement possible: Dierecke is on the wrong side of the

Elbe, no retreat or reinforcement for him; has to fight fiercely all day, Meissen Bridge being in a broken state; then, at night, to ship his people across in Elbe boats, which are much delayed by the floating ice, so that daylight found 1,500 of them on that northern side; all of whom, with General Dierecke himself, were made prisoners by Beck.* A comfortable supplement to Maxen, though not of the same magnificence.

After which, Daun himself issued minatory from the Plauen Chasm; expecting, as all the world did, that Friedrich, who is 36,000 of Unfortunate against, say, 72,000 of Triumphant, will, under penalty, take himself away. But it proved otherwise. "If you beat us, Excellency Feldmarshall, yes; but till then —!" Friedrich draws out in battalia; Leo, in wild ragged state and temper, *versus* Bos in the reverse: "Come on, then!" Rhinoceros Bos, though in a high frame of mind, dare not, on cool survey; but retires behind the Plauen Chasm again. Will at least protect Dresden from recapture; and wait here, in the interim; carting his provision out of Bohemia, — which is a rough business, with Elbe frozen, and the passes in such a choked wintry state. Upon whom Friedrich, too, has to wait under arms, in grim neighbourhood, for six weeks to come: such a time as poor young Archenholtz never had before or after.** It was well beyond New-yearsday, before Friedrich could report of himself, and then only in a sense, as will be seen: "We retired to "this poor cottage" (cottage still standing, in the little Town of Freiberg); "Daun did the like; and this un-

* Tempelhof, III. 321: "3d-4th December 1759."

** Archenholtz, II. 11-13.

"fortunate Campaign, as all things do, came actually
"to an end."

Daun holds Dresden and the Dell of Plauen; but Saxony, to the world's amazement, he is as far as ever from holding. "Daun's front is a small arc of a circle, bending round from Dresden to Dippoldiswalde; Friedrich is at Freiberg in a bigger concave arc, concentric to Daun, well overlapping Daun on that southward or landward side, and ready for him, should he stir out; Kesselsdorf is his nearest post to Daun; and the Plauen Chasm for boundary, which was not overpassed by either." In Dresden, and the patch of hill country to the south-eastward of it by Elbe side, which is instep or glacis of the Pirna rock country, 70 square miles or so, there rules Daun; and this, — with its heights of Gahmig, valuable as a defence for Dresden against Austria, but not otherwise of considerable value, — was all that Daun this year, or pretty much in any coming year, could realise of conquest in Saxony.

Fabius Cunctator has not succeeded, as the public expected. In fact, ever since that of Hochkirch and the Papal Hat, he has been a waning man, more and more questionable to the undiscerning public. Maxen was his last gleam upwards; a round of applause rose again on Maxen, feeble in comparison with Hochkirch, but still arguing hope, — which, after this, more and more died out; so that, in two years more, poor Madam Daun, going to Imperial Levee, "had her state-carriage half-filled with nightcaps, thrown into it by the Vienna people, in token of her husband's great talent for "sleep."*

* Archenholtz (Anno 1762, "last Siege of Schweidnitz").

CHAPTER VIII.

MISCELLANEA IN WINTER-QUARTERS, 1759-60.

FRIEDRICH was very loth to quit the field this Winter. In spite of Maxen and ill-luck and the unfavourablest weather, it still was, for about two months, his fixed purpose to recapture Dresden first, and drive Daun home. "Had I but a 12,000 of Auxiliaries to guard my right flank, while trying it!" said he. Ferdinand magnanimously sent him the Hereditary Prince with 12,000, who staid above two months;* and Friedrich did march about, attempting that way,** — pushed forward to Maguire and Dippoldiswalde, looked passionately into Maguire on all sides; but found him, in those frozen chasms, and rock-labyrinths choked with snow, plainly unattackable; him and everybody, in such frost-element; — and renounced the passionate hope.

It was not till the middle of January that Friedrich put his troops into partial cantonments, Head-quarter Freyberg; troops still mainly in the Villages from Wilsdruf and southward, close by their old Camp there. Camp still left standing, guarded by Six Battalions; six after six, alternating week about: one of the grimmest Camps in Nature; the canvas roofs grown

* "Till February 15th;" List of the Regiments (German all), in *Seyfarth*, II. 578 n.

** (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 32. Old Newspaper rumours: in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 605, "29th December," &c.

mere ice-plates, the tents mere sanctuaries of frost: — never did poor young Archenholtz see such industry in dragging wood-fuel, such boiling of biscuits in broken ice, such crowding round the embers to roast one side of you, while the other was freezing.* But Daun's people, on the opposite side of Plauen Dell, did the like; their tents also were left standing in the frozen state, guarded by alternating battalions, no better off than their Prussian neighbours. This of the Tents, and Six frost-bitten Battalions guarding them, lasted till April. An extraordinary obstinacy on the part both of Daun and of Friedrich; alike jealous of even seeming to yield one inch more of ground.

The Hereditary Prince, with his 12,000, marched home again in February; indeed, ever after the going into cantonments, all use of the Prince and his Force here visibly ceased; and, on the whole, no result whatever followed those strenuous antagonisms, and frozen tents left standing for three months; and things remained practically what they were. So that, as the grand "Peace Negotiations" also came to nothing, we might omit this of Winter-quarters altogether; and go forward to the opening of Campaign Fifth; — were it not that characteristic features do otherwise occur in it, curious little unveilings of the secret hopes and industries of Friedrich: — besides which, there have minor private events fallen out, not without interest to human readers. For whose behoof mainly a loose intercalary Chapter may be thrown together here.

* Archenholtz (*ut supra*), II. 11-15.

Serene Highness of Würtemberg, at Fulda (November 30th, 1759), is just about "firing Victoria," and giving a Ball to Beauty and Fashion, in Honour of a certain Event; — but is unpleasantly interrupted.

November 21st, the very day while Finck was capitulating in the Hills of Maxen, Duke Ferdinand, busy ever since his Victory at Minden, did, after a difficult Siege of Münster, Siege by Imhof, with Ferdinand protecting him, get Münster into hand again, which was reckoned a fine success to him. Very busy has the Duke been; industriously reaping the fruits of his Victory at Minden; and this, the conclusive rooting-out of the French from that Westphalian region, is a very joyful thing; and puts Ferdinand in hopes of driving them over the Mayn altogether. Which some think he would have done; had not he, with magnanimous oblivion of self and wishes, agreed to send the Hereditary Prince and those 12,000 to assist in Friedrich's affairs, looking upon that as the vital point in these Allied Interests. Friedrich's attempts, we have said, turned out impossible; nor would the Hereditary Prince and his 12,000, though a good deal talked about in England and elsewhere,* require more than mention; were it not that on the road thither, at Fulda ("Fulda is half-way house to Saxony," thinks Ferdinand, "should Pitt and Britannic Majesty be pleased "to consent, as I dare presume they will"), the Hereditary Prince had, in his swift way, done a thing useful for Ferdinand himself, and which caused a great

* Walpole, *George Second*, III. 248 (in a sour Opposition tone); &c. &c.

emotion, chiefly of laughter, over the world, in those weeks.

"No Enemy of Friedrich's" says my Note, "is of feller humour than the Serenity of Württemberg, Karl Eugen, 'Reigning Duke of that unfortunate Country; for whom, in 'past days, Friedrich had been so fatherly, and really took 'such pains. 'Fatherly? *Step*-fatherly, you mean; and for 'his own vile uses!' growled the Serenity of Württemberg: — always an ominous streak of gloom in that poor man; 'streak which is spread now to whole skies of boiling darkness, owing to deliriums there have been! Enough, Karl 'Eugen, after divorcing his poor Wife, had distinguished 'himself by a zeal without knowledge, beyond almost all the 'enemies of Friedrich; — and still continues in that bad line 'of industry. His poor Wife he has made miserable in some 'measure; also himself; and, in a degree, his poor soldiers 'and subjects, who are with him by compulsion in this Enter- 'prise. The Württembergers are Protestants of old type; 'and want no fighting against 'the Protestant Hero,' but 'much the reverse! Serene Karl had to shoot a good few of 'these poor people, before they would march at all; and his 'procedures were indeed, and continued to be, of a very 'crying nature, though his poor Populations took them 'silently. Always something of perverse in this Serene 'Highness; has it, I think, by kind.

"Besides his quota to the Reich, Karl Eugen has 12,000 'more on foot, — and it is of them we are treating at present. 'In 1757, he had lent these troops to the Empress Queen, for 'a consideration; it was they that stood on the Austrian left, 'at Leuthen; and were the first that got beaten, and had to 'cease standing, — as the Austrians were abundantly loud 'in proclaiming. To the disgust of Serene Highness: 'Which of you did stand, then? Was it their blame, led 'as they were!' argued he. And next year, 1758, after 'Crefeld, he took his 12,000 to the French ('subsidy,' or con- 'sideration, 'to be paid in *salt*,' it appears*), with whom 'they marched about, and did nothing considerable. The 'Serenity had pleaded, 'I must command them myself!'

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 10

“‘You?’ said Belleisle, and would not hear of it. Next year again, however, that is 1759, the Duke was positive, ‘I must;’ Belleisle not less so, ‘You cannot;’ — till Minden fell out; and then, in the wreck of Contades, Belleisle had to consent. Serenity of Würtemberg, at that late season, took the field accordingly; and Broglie now has him at Fulda, ‘To cut off Ferdinand from Cassel;’ to threaten Ferdinand’s left flank and his provision-carts in that quarter. ‘May really become unpleasant there to Ferdinand; — and ought to be cut out by the Hereditary Prince. ‘To Fulda, then, and cut him out!’

“*Fulda, Tuesday, 30th November 1759.* Serene Highness is lying here for a week past; abundantly strong for the task on hand, — has his own 12,000, supplemented by 1,000 French Light Horse; — but is widely scattered withal, posted in a kind of triangular form; his main posts being Fulda itself, and a couple of others, each thirty miles from Fulda, and five miles from one another, — with ‘patrols to connect them,’ better or worse. Abundantly strong for the task, and in perfect security; and indeed intends this day to ‘fire *victoria*’ for the *Catastrophe* at Maxen, and in the evening will give a Ball in farther honour of so salutary an event: — when, about 9 A.M., news arrives at the gallop, ‘Prussians in full march; are within an hour of the Town Bridge!’ Figure to what flurry of Serene Highness; of the *victoria*-shooting apparatus; of busy milliner people, and the Beauty and Fashion of Fulda in general!

“The night before, a rumour of the French Post being driven in by somebody had reached Serene Highness; who gave some vague order, not thinking it of consequence. Here, however, is the Fact come to hand, in a most urgent and undeniable manner! Serene Highness gets on horseback; but what can that help? One cannon (has nothing but light cannon) he does plant on the Bridge; but sec, here come premonitory bombshells one and another, terrifying to the mind; — and a single Hessian dragoon, plunging forward on the one unready cannon, and in the air making horrid circles, — the gunners leave said cannon to him, take to their heels; and the Bridge is open. The rest of the affair can be imagined. Retreat at our swiftest, running

"fight," we would fain call it, by various roads; lost two flags, two cannon; prisoners were above 1,200, many of them Officers. 'A merciful Providence saved the Duke's "Serene Person from hurt," say the Stuttgart Gazetteers: "which was true, — Serene Highness having been inspired to "gallop instantly to rearward and landward, leaving an order "to somebody, "Do the best you can!"'

"So that the Ball is up; dress-pumps and millineries "getting all locked into their drawers again, — with abundance of teehee-ing (I hope, mostly in a light vein) from the "fair creatures disappointed of their dance for this time. "Next day, Serene Highness drew farther back, and next "day again farther, — towards Frankenland and home, as "the surest place; — and was no more heard of in those "localities."*

Making his first exit, not yet quite his final, from the War-Theatre, amid such tempests of haha-ing and teehee-ing. With what thoughts in his own lofty opaque mind; — like a crowned mule, of such pace and carriage, who had unexpectedly stepped upon galvanic wires! —

As to those poor Würtembergers, and their notion of the "Protestant Hero," I remark farther, that there is a something of real truth in it. Friedrich's Creed, or Theory of the Universe, differed extremely, in many important points, from that of Dr. Martin Luther: but in the vital all-essential point, what we may call the heart's-core of all Creeds which are human, human and not simious or diabolic, the King and the Doctor were with their whole heart at one: That it is not allowable, that it is dangerous and abominable, to attempt believing what is not true. In that sense, Friedrich, by nature and position, was a Protestant, and even the chief

* Buchholz, II. 332; Mauvillon, II. 80; *Helden-Geschichte*, v. 1184-1193; Old Newspapers, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 603.

Protestant in the world. What kind of "Hero," in this big War of his, we are gradually learning; — in which too, if you investigate, there is not wanting something of "*Protestant Heroism*," even in the narrow sense. For it does appear, — Maria Theresa having a real fear of God, and poor Louis a real fear of the Devil, whom he may well feel to be getting dangerous purchase over him, — some hope-gleams of acting upon Schism, and so meriting Heaven, did mingle with their high terrestrial combinations, on this unique opportunity, more than are now supposed in careless History Books.

What is Perpetual President Maupertuis doing, all this While? Is he still in Berlin; or where in the Universe is he? Alas, poor Maupertuis!

In the heat of this Campaign, "July 27th," — some four days after the Battle of Züllichau, just while Friedrich was hurrying off for that Intersection at Sagan, and breathless Hunt of Loudon and Haddick, — poor Maupertuis had quitted this world. July 27th, 1759; at Basel, on the Swiss Borders, in his friend Bernouilli's house, after long months of sickness painfully spent there. And our poor Perpetual President, at rest now from all his Akakia burns, and pains and labours in flattening the Earth and otherwise, is gone.

Many beautifuller men have gone within the Year, of whom we can say nothing. But this is one whose grandly silent, and then occasionally fulminant procedures, Akakia controversies, Olympian solemnities, and flamy pirouettings under the contradiction of sinners, we once saw; and think with a kind of human pathos that

we shall see no more. From his goose of an adorer, La Beaumelle, I have riddled out the following particulars, chiefly chronological, — and offer them to susceptible readers. La Beaumelle is, in a sort, to be considered the speaker; or La Beaumelle and this Editor in concert:

Final Pilgrimings of the Perpetual President. “Maupertuis “had quitted Berlin soon after Voltaire. That threat of “visiting Voltaire with pistols, — to be met by ‘my syringe “and vessel of dishonour’ on Voltaire’s part, — was his last “memorability in Berlin. His last at that time; or indeed “altogether, for he saw little of Berlin farther.

“End of April 1753, he got leave of absence; set out “homewards, for recovery of health. Was at Paris through “summer and autumn: very taciturn in society; ‘preferred “‘pretty women to any man of science;’ would sententiously “say a strong thing now and then, ‘bitter but not without “‘*bonhomie*,’ shaking slightly his yellow wig. Disdainful, “to how high a degree, of *Akakia* brabbles, and Voltaire “gossip for or against! In winter, went to St. Malo; found “his good Father gone; but a loving Sister still there.

“June 1754, the King wrote to him, ‘*Venez vite*, Come “‘quickly:’ July 1754, he came accordingly, * saw Berlin “again; did nothing noticeable there, except get worse in “health; and after eleven months, June 1756, withdrew again “on leave, — never to return this time, though he well in- “tended otherwise. But at St. Malo, when, after a month or “two of Paris, he got thither (Autumn 1756), and still more, “next summer, 1757, when he thought of leaving St. Malo, — “what wars, and rumours of war, all over the world!

“June 1757, he went to Bordeaux, intending to take ship “for Hamburg, and return; but the sea was full of English “cruisers” (Pitt’s Descents lying in store for St. Malo itself). “No getting to Berlin by the Hamburg or sea route! ‘Never “mind, then,’ wrote the King: ‘Improve your health; go to “Italy, if you can.’

“Summer 1757, Maupertuis made for Italy; got as far as “Toulouse; — staid there till May following; sad, tragically

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 49.

"stoical; saying, sparingly, and rather to women than men, "strong things, admired by the worthier sort. Renounced thoughts of Italy: 'Europe bleeding, and especially France "and Prussia, how go idly touring?"

"May 1758, Maupertuis left Toulouse; turned towards "Berlin; slow, sad, circuitous; — never to arrive. Saw "Narbonne, Montpellier, Nîmes; with what meditations. "At Lyons, under honours sky-high, health getting worse, "stays two months; vomits clots of blood there. Thence, "July 24th, to Neufchâtel and the Lord Marischal; happy "there for three months. Hears there of Professor König's "death (*Akakia König*): 'One scoundrel less in the world,' "ejaculated he; 'but what is one!' — October 16th, to the "road again, to Basel; stays perforce, in Bernouilli's house "there, all Winter; health falling lower and lower.

"April 1759, one day he has carriage at the door ('Home-ward, at all rates!'); but takes violent spasms in the carriage; can't; — can no farther in this world. Lingers here, "under kind care, for above three months more: dying "slowly, most painfully. With much real stoicism; not "without a stiff-jointed algebraic kind of piety, almost "pathetic in its sort. 'Two Capuchins from a neighbouring "Convent daily gave him consolations,' not entirely satisfactory; for daily withal, 'unknown to the Capuchins, he "he made his Valet, who was a Protestant, read to him from "'the Geneva Bible;' — and finds many things hard to the "human mind. July 27th, 1759, he died."*

Poor Maupertuis; a man of rugged stalwart type; honest; of an ardour, an intelligence, — not to be forgotten for La Beaumelle's pulings over them. A man of good and even of high talent; unlucky in mistaking it for the highest! His poor Wife, a born Borck, — hastening from Berlin, but again and again delayed by industry of kind friends, and at last driving on in spite of everything, — met, in the last miles, his Hearse and Funeral Company. Adieu, a pitying adieu to him

* La Beaumelle, *Vie de Maupertuis*, pp. 196-216.

forever, — and even to his adoring La Beaumelle, who is rather less a blockhead than he generally seems.

This of the Two Capuchins, the last consummation of collapse in man, is what Voltaire cannot forget, but crows over with his shrillest mockery; and seldom mentions Maupertuis without that last touch to his life-drama.

Grand French Invasion-Scheme comes entirely to Wreck (Quiberon Bay, 20th November 1759): of Controller-General Silhouette, and the Outlooks of France, financial and other.

On the very day of Maxen, Tuesday November 20th, the grand French Invasion found its terminus, — not on the shores of Britain, but of Brittany, to its surprise. We saw Rodney burn the Flatbottom manufactory at Havre; Boscawen chase the Toulon Squadron, till it ended on the rocks of Lagos. From January onwards, as was then mentioned, Hawke had been keeping watch, off Brest Harbour, on Admiral Conflans, who presides there over multifarious preparations, with the last Fleet France now has. At Vannes, where Hawke likewise has ships watching, are multifarious preparations; new Flatbottoms, 18,000 troops, — could Conflans and they only get to sea. At the long last, they did get; — in manner following:

“November 9th, a wild gale of wind had blown Hawke “out of sight; away home to Torbay, for the moment. ‘Now “‘is the time!’ thought Conflans, and put to sea (November “14th); met by Hawke, who had weighed from Torbay to his “duty; and who, of course, crowded every sail, after hearing “that Conflans was out. At break of day, November 20th “(in the very hours when poor Finck was embattling himself

round Maxen, and Daun sprawling up upon him through the Passes), "Hawke had had signal, 'A Fleet in sight;' and "soon after, 'Conflans in sight,' — and the day of trial "come.

"Conflans is about the strength of Hawke, and France "expects much of him; but he is not expecting Hawke. "Conflans is busy, at this moment, in the mouth of Quiberon "Bay, opening the road for Vannes and the 18,000; — in hot "chase, at the moment, of a Commodore Duff and his small "Squadron, who have been keeping watch there, and are "now running all they can. On a sudden, to the astonish- "ment of Conflans, this little Squadron whirls round, every "ship of it (with a sky-rending cheer, could he hear it), and "commences chasing! Conflans, taking survey, sees that it "is Hawke; he, sure enough, coming down from windward "yonder, at his highest speed; and that chasing will not now "be one's business!—

"About 11 A.M., Hawke is here; eight of his vanward "ships are sweeping on for action. Conflans, at first, had "determined to fight Hawke; and drew up accordingly, and "did try a little: but gradually thought better of it; and "decided to take shelter in the shoaly coasts and nooks "thereabouts, which were unknown to Hawke, and might "ruin him if he should pursue, the day being short, and the "weather extremely bad. Weather itself almost to be called "a storm. 'Shoreward, then; eastward, every ship!' be- "came, ultimately, Conflans's plan. On the whole, it was "2 in the afternoon before Hawke, with those vanward "Eight, could get clutch of Conflans. And truly he did "then strike his claws into him, in a thunderously fervid "manner, he and all hands, in spite of the roaring weather: — "a man of falcon, or accipitral, nature as well as name.

"Conflans himself fought well; as did certain of the "others, — all, more or less, so long as their plan continued "steady: — thunderous miscellany of cannon and tempest; "Conflans with his plan steady, or Conflans with his plan "wavering, *versus* those vanward Eight, for two hours or "more. But the scene was too dreadful; this ship sinking, "that obliged to strike; things all going awry for Conflans. "Hawke, in his own Flagship, bore down specially on Con- "flans in his, — who did wait, and exchange a couple of

"broad-sides; but then sheered off, finding it so heavy. French Vice-Admiral next likewise gave Hawke a broad-side; one only, and sheered off, satisfied with the return. Some Four others, in succession, did the like; 'One blast, 'as we hurry by' (making for the shore, mostly)! So that Hawke seemed swallowed in volcanoes (though, indeed, their firing was very bad, such a flurry among them), and his Blue Flag was invisible for some time, and various ships were hastening to help him, — till a Fifth French ship coming up with her broadside, Hawke answered her in particular (*La Superbe*, a Seventy-four) with all his guns together; which sent the poor ship to the bottom, in a hideously sudden manner. One other (the *Thésée*) had already sunk in fighting; two (the *Soleil* and the *Héros*) were already running for it, — the *Héros*, in a very unheroic manner! But on this terrible plunge-home of the *Superbe*, the rest all made for the shore; — and escaped into the rocky intricacies and the darkness. Four of Conflans's ships were already gone, — struck, sunk, or otherwise extinct, — when darkness fell, and veiled Conflans and his distresses. 'Country people, to the number of 10,000,' crowded on the shore, had been seen watching the Battle; and, 'as sad witnesses of the White Flag's disgrace,' disappeared into the interior."*

It was such a night as men never witnessed before. Walpole says: "The roaring of the elements was redoubled by the thunder from our ships; and both concurred in that scene of horror, to put a period to the Navy and hopes of France. Seven ships of the line got into the River Vilaine" (lay there fourteen months, under strict watching, till their backs were broken, "thumping against the shallow bottom, every tide," and only "three, with three frigates," ever got out again); "eight more escaped to different ports," into the River Charente, ultimately. "Conflans's own ship and another were run on shore, and burnt. One we took." Two, with their crews, had gone to the bottom; one under Hawke's cannon; one partly by its own mismanagement. "Two of ours were lost in the storm" (chasing that *Soleil* and *Héros*), "but the crews saved. Lord Howe, who attacked

* Beatson, II. 327-345; and Ib. III. 244-250. In *Gentleman's Magazine* (xxix. 557), "A Chaplain's Letter," &c.

"*La Formidable*, bore down on her with such violence, that her "prow forced-in his lower tier of guns. Captain Digby, in the "*Dunkirk*, received the fire of twelve of the enemy's ships, and "lost not a man. Keppel's was full of water, and he thought "it sinking: a sudden squall emptied his ship; but he was "informed all his powder was wet; "Then," said he, "I am "sorry I am safe." They came and told him a small quantity "was undamaged; 'Very well,' said he; 'then attack again.' "Not above eight of our ships were engaged in obtaining that "decisive victory. The Invasion was heard of no more."*

Invasion had been fully intended, and even, in these final days, considerably expected. In the old London Newspapers we read this notice: *Monday November 19th*: "Today there "came Three Expresses," — Three Expresses, with what haste in their eyes, testifying successively of Confians's whereabouts. But it was believed that Hawke would still manage. And, at any rate, Pitt wore such a look, — and had, in fact, made such preparation on the coasts, even in failure of Hawke, — there was no alarm anywhere. Indignation rather; — and naturally, when the news did come, what an outburst of Illumination in the windows and the hearts of men!

"Hawke continued watching the mouths of the Vilaine "and Charente Rivers, for a good while after, and without "interruption henceforth, — till the storms of Winter had "plainly closed them for one season. Supplies of fresh provisions had come to him from England, all Summer; but "were stopped latterly by the wild weather. Upon which, "in the Fleet, arose this gravely pathetic Stave of Sea-Poetry, with a wrinkle of briny humour grinning in it:

"Till Hawke did bang Monsieur Confians' (*Congflang*),

"You sent us beef and beer;

"Now Monsieur's beat, we've nought to eat,

"Since you have nought to fear."**

* Walpole, *George Second*, iii. 232. — Here is the List, accurately riddled out: 1. *Formidable*, struck (about 4 P.M.): 2. *Thésée*, sunk (by a tumble it made, while in action, under an unskilful Captain): 3. *Superbe*, sunk: 4. *Héros*, struck; could not be boarded, such weather; and recommenced next day, but had to run and strand itself, and be burnt by the English; — as did (5.) *The Soleil Royal* (Confians's Flagship), Confians and crew (like those of the *Héros*) getting out in time.

** Beatson, ii. 342 n.

The French mode of taking this catastrophe was rather peculiar. Hear Barbier, an Eyewitness; dating, *Paris, December 1759*: "Since the first days of December, "there has been cried, and sold in the streets, a Printed "Detail of all that concerns the *Grand Invasion* projected this long while: to wit, the number of Ships of "the Line, of Frigates, Galiots, — among others 500 "Flatbottomed Boats, which are to carry over, and land "in England, more than 54,000 men; — with list of "the Regiments, and number of the King's Guards, that "are also to go: there are announced for Generals-in-Chief, M. le Prince de Conti" (do readers remember him since the Broglie-Maillebois time, and how King Louis prophesied in autograph that he would be "the Grand Conti" one day?) — "Prince de Conti, Prince de Soubise" (left his Conquest of Frankfurt for this greater Enterprise), "and Milord Thomont" (Irish Jacobite, whom I don't know). "As sequel to this Detail, "there is a lengthy Song on the *Disembarkment in England*, and the fear the English must have of it!" Calculated to astonish the practical forensic mind.

"It is inconceivable," continues he, "how they have "permitted such a Piece to be printed; still more, to "be cried, and sold price one halfpenny (*deux liards*). "This Song is indecent, in the circumstances of the "actual news from our Fleet at Brest (20th of last "month); — in regard to which bad adventure M. le "Marquis de Conflans has come to Versailles, to justify "himself, and throw the blame on M. le Marquis de "Beauffremont" (his Rear-admiral, now safe in the Charente, with eight of our poor ships). "Such things "are the more out of place, as we are in a bad enough "position, — no Flatbottoms stirring from the ports,

“no Troops of the *Maison du Roi* setting out; — and
 “have reason to believe that we are now to make no
 “such attempt.”*

Silhouette, the Controller-General, was thought to have a creative genius in finance: but in the eighth month of his gestation, what phenomena are these? October 26th, there came out Four Decrees of Council, setting forth, That, “as the expenses of the War exceed “not only the King’s ordinary revenues, but the extra- “ordinaries he has had to lay on his people, there is “nothing for it but,” in fact, Suspension of Payment; actual Temporary Bankruptcy: — “Cannot pay you; part of you not for a year, others of you not till the War end; will give you 5 per cent interest instead.” Coupled with which, by the same creative genius, is a Declaration in the King’s name, “That the King compels nobody, but does invite all and sundry of loyal mind to send their Plate (on loan, of course, and with due receipt for it) to the Mint to be coined, lest Majesty come to have otherwise no money,” — his very valets, as is privately known, having had no wages from him for ten months past.

Whereupon the rich Princes of the Blood, Duc d’Orléans foremost, and Official persons, Pompadour, Belleisle, Choiseul, do make an effort; and everybody that has Plate feels uneasily that he cannot use it, and that he ought to send it. And, November 5th, the King’s own Plate, packed ostentatiously in carts, went to the Mint; — the Dauphiness, noble Saxon Lady, had already volunteered with a silver toilet-table of hers, brand-new, and of exquisite costly pattern; but the

* Barbier, iv. 386.

King forbade her. On such examples, everybody had to make an effort, or uneasily try to make one. King Friedrich, eight days after Maxen, is somewhat amused at these proceedings in the distance:

"The kettles and spoons of the French seem to me "a pleasant resource for carrying on War!" writes he to D'Argens.* "A bit of mummery to act on the public "feeling, I suppose. The result of it will be small: but "as the *Belleisle Letters*" (taken in Contades's baggage, after Minden, and printed by Duke Ferdinand for public edification) "make always such an outcry about poverty, "those people are trying to impose on their enemies, "and persuade them that the carved and chiselled silver "of the Kingdom will suffice for making a vigorous "Campaign. I see nothing else that can have set them "on imagining the farce they are now at. There is "Münster taken from them by the English-Hanoverian "people; it is affirmed that the French, on the 25th, "quitted Giessen, to march on Friedberg and repass "the Rhine" (might possibly have done so; — but the Hereditary Prince and his 12,000 come to be needed elsewhere!) — "Poor we are opposite our enemies here, "cantoned in the Villages about; the last truss of straw, "the last loaf of bread will decide which of us is to "remain in Saxony. And as the Austrians are extremely "squeezed together, and can get nothing out of Böhmen," — one hopes it will not be they!

All through November, this sending of Plate, I never knew with what net result of moneys coinable, goes on in Paris; under what astonishments abroad and at home, and in the latter region under what execrations on Silhouette, may be imagined. "*Tout le monde jure beaucoup*

* "Wilsdruf, 28th November 1759," *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 108.

"*contre M. de Silhouette*, All the world swears much "against him," says Barbier; — but I believe probably he was much to be pitied: "A creative genius, you; and this is what you come to?"

November 22d, the poor man got dismissed; France swearing at him, I know not to what depth; but howling and hissing, evidently, with all its might. The very tailors and milliners took him up, — trousers without pockets, dresses without flounce or fold, which they called *à la Silhouette*; — and, to this day, in France and Continental Countries, the old-fashioned Shadow-Profile (mere outline, and vacant black) is practically called a *silhouette*. So that the very Dictionaries have him; and, like bad Count Reinhart, or *Reynard*, of earlier date, he has become a Noun Appellative, and is immortalised in that way. The first of that considerable Series of Creative Financiers, Abbé Terray and the rest, — brought in successively with blessings, and dismissed with cursings and hissings, — who end in Calonne, Loménie de Brienne, and what Mirabeau Père called "the General Overturn (*Culbute Générale*)."
 Thitherward, privately, straight towards the General Overturn, is France bound; — and will arrive in about thirty years.

Friedrich, strange to say, publishes (March — June 1760) an Edition of his Poems. Question, "Who wrote Matinées du Roi de Prusse?" — for the second, and positively the last Time.

In this avalanche of impending destructions, what can be more surprising than to hear of the Editing of Poems on his Majesty's part! Actual publication of that

Œuvre de Poésie, for which Voltaire, poor gentleman, suffered such tribulation seven years ago. Now coming out from choice: Reprint of it, not now to the extent of twelve copies for highly special friends, but in copious thousands, for behoof of mankind at large! The thing cost Friedrich very little meditating, and had become necessary, — and to be done with speed.

Readers recollect the *Œuvre de Poésie*, and satirical hits said to be in it. At Paris, about New-year's time 1760, some helpful Hand had contrived to bring out, under the pretended date "Potsdam," a cheap edition of that interesting Work.* Merely in the way of theft, as appeared to cursory readers, to D'Argens, for example:** but, in deeper fact, for the purpose of apprising certain Crowned Heads, friendly and hostile, — Czarish Majesty and George II. of England the main two, — what this poetising King was pleased to think of them in his private moments. D'Argens declares himself glad of this theft, so exquisitely clever is the Book. But Friedrich knows better: "March 17th, when a Copy of it came to him," Friedrich sees well what is meant, — and what he himself has to do in it. He instantly sets about making a few suppressions, changes of phrase; sends the thing to D'Argens: "Publish at once, with a little prefatory word." And, at the top of his speed, D'Argens has, in three-weeks time, the suitable *Avant-propos*, or *Avis au Libraire*, "circulating in great quantities, especially in London and Petersburg" ("Thief Editor has omitted; and, what is far more, has malignantly interpolated: here is the poor

* "*Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci*:" 1 vol. 12mo, "Potsdam" (Paris, in truth), "1760."

** His Letter to the King, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 138.

idle Work itself, not a Counterfeit of it, if anybody care to read it"), and an Orthodox Edition ready.* The diligent Pirate Booksellers, at Amsterdam, at London, copiously reproduced this authorised Berlin Edition too, — or added excerpts from it to their reprints of the Paris one, by way of various-readings. And everybody read and compared, what nobody will now do; theme, and treatment of theme, being both now so heartily indifferent to us.

Who the Perpetrator of this Parisian maleficence was, remained dark; — and would not be worth inquiring into at all, except for two reasons intrinsically trifling, but not quite without interest to readers of our time. First, that Voltaire, whom some suspected (some, never much Friedrich, that I hear of), appears to have been perfectly innocent; — and indeed had been incapacitated for guilt, by Schmidt and Freytag, and their dreadful Frankfurt procedures! This is reason *first*; poor Voltaire mutely asking us, Not to load him with more sins than his own. Reason *second* is, that, by a singular opportunity, there has, in these very months,** a glimmering of light risen on it to this Editor; illustrating two other points as well, which readers here are acquainted with, some time ago, as riddles of the insignificant sort The *Démon Newswriter*, with his "*Idea*" of Friedrich, and the "*Matinées du Roi de Prusse*:" readers recollect both those Productions; both

* "Came out, April 9th" (see Mitchell, ii. 153), "and a second finer Edition in June:" in (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, x. p. x, xix. 137 n., 138; especially in *Preuss*, i. 467, 468 (if you will compare him with himself on these different occasions, and patiently wind out his bit of meaning), all manner of minutest details.

** Spring 1863.

enigmatic as to authorship; — but both now become riddles which can more or less be read.

For the surprising circumstance (though in certain periods, when the realm of very Chaos reëmerges, fitfully, into upper sunshine now and then, nothing ought to surprise one as happening there) is, That, only a few months ago, the incomparable *Matinées* (known to my readers five years since) has found a new Editor and reviver. Editor illuminated “by the Secretary of the Great Napoleon,” “by discovery of manuscripts,” “by the Duc de Rovigo,” and I know not what; animated also, it is said, by religious views. And, in short, the *Matinées* is again abroad upon the word, — “your London Edition twice reprinted in Germany, by the Jesuit party since” (much good may it do the Jesuit party! — a *Matinées* again in comfortable circumstances, as would seem. Probably the longest-eared Platitude now walking the Earth, though there are a good many with ears long. Unconscious, seemingly, that it has been killed thrice and four times already; and that indeed, except in the realm of Nightmare, it never was alive, or needed any killing; belief in it, doubt upon it (I must grieve to inform the Duc de Rovigo and honourable persons concerned), being evidence conclusive that you have not yet the faintest preliminary shadow of correct knowledge about Friedrich or his habits or affairs, and that you ought first to try and acquire some.

To me, argument on this subject would have been too unendurable. But argument there was on it, by persons capable and willing, more than one: and in result this surprising brand-new London mooncalf of a *Matinées* was smitten through, and slit in pieces, for

the fifth time, — as if that could have hurt it much! “*Mit der Dummheit*,” sings Schiller; “Human Stupidity “is stronger than the very Gods.” However, in the course of these new inspections into matters long since obsolete, there did, — what may truly be considered as a kind of profit by this Resuscitating of the mooncalf *Matinées* upon afflicted mankind, and is a net outcome from it, real, though very small, — some light rise as to the origin and genesis of *Matinées*; some twinkles of light, and, in the utterly dark element, did disclose other monstrous extinct shapes looming to right and left of said monster: and, in a word, the Authorship of *Matinées*, and not of *Matinées* only, becomes now at last faintly visible or guessable. To one of those industrious Matadors, as we may call them, Slayers of this mooncalf for the fourth or fifth time, I owe the following Note; which, on verifying, I can declare to be trustworthy:

“The Author of *Matinées*, it is nearly certain,” says my Correspondent, “is actually a ‘M. de Bonneville,’ — contrary “to what you wrote five years ago.* Not, indeed, the Bonneville who is found in Dictionaries, who is visibly impossible; “but a Bonneville of the preceding generation, who was “Maréchal de Saxe’s Adjutant or Secretary, old enough to “have been the Uncle or the Father of that revolutionary “Bonneville. Maréchal de Saxe died, November 30th, 1750; “this senior Bonneville, still a young man, had been with him “to Potsdam on visit there. Bonneville, conscious of genius, “and now out of employment, naturally went thither again; “lived a good deal there, or went between France and there: “and authentic History knows of him, by direct evidence, and “by reflex, the following Three Facts (the *second* of them “itself threefold), of which I will distinguish the indubitable “from the inferentially credible or as good as certain:

* A.D. 1858 (*supra*, I. 238 etc.)

"10. Indubitable, That Bonneville sold to Friedrich certain "Papers, military Plans, or the like, of the late Maréchal, and "was paid for them; but by no means met the recognition his "genius saw itself to merit. These things are certain, though "not dated, or datable except as of the year 1750 or 1751. "After which, for above twenty years, Bonneville entered "upon a series of adventures, caliginous, underground, for "most part; 'soldiering in America,' 'writing anonymous "Pamphlets or Books,' roaming wide over the world; and led "a busy but obscure and uncertain life, hanging by Berlin "as a kind of centre, or by Paris and Berlin as his two centres; "and had a miscellaneous series of adventures, subterranean "many of them, unluminous all of them, not courting the "light; which lie now in naturally a very dark condition. "Dimly discernible, however, in the general dusk of Bonne- "ville, dim and vague of outline, but definitely steady beyond "what could have been expected, it does appear farther, — "what alone entitles Bonneville to the least memory here, or "anywhere in Nature now or henceforth, —

"20. That, shortly after that first rebuff in Potsdam, he, "not another, in 1752, was your 'Demon News-writer,' whom "we gazed at, some time since, devoutly crossing ourselves, "for a little while!

"Likewise that, in 1759-60, after or before his American "wanderings, he, the same Bonneville, as was suspected at "the time,* stole and edited this surreptitious mischief-mak- "ing *Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci* (Paris or Lyon, "pretending to be 'Potsdam,' January 1760)," which we are "now considering! "Encouraged, probably enough, by Choiseul "himself, who, in any case, is now known to have been the "promoter of this fine bit of mischief,** and who may there- "upon" (or may as probably, *not* "thereupon," if it were of "the least consequence to gods or men)" have opened to Bonne- "ville a new military career in America? Career which led to

* "Nicolai, *Ueber Zimmermanns Fragmente*, i. 181, 182, ii. 253, 254. "Sketch of what is authentically known about Bonneville: 'suspected "both of *Matinées*, and of the *Stolen Edition*.'" "Choiseul's own Note, "To M. de Malesherbes, *Directeur de la Librairie*, "10th December 1759;" "By every method screen the King's Government "from being suspected; — and get the Edition out at once." (Published "in the *Constitutionnel*, 2d December 1850, by M. Sainte-Beuve; copied in "Preuss, (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 168 n.)

** Choiseul's own Note, "To M. de Malesherbes, *Directeur de la Librairie*, "10th December 1759;" "By every method screen the King's Government "from being suspected; — and get the Edition out at once." (Published "in the *Constitutionnel*, 2d December 1850, by M. Sainte-Beuve; copied in "Preuss, (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 168 n.)

"as good as nothing; French soldiering in America being done for, in the course of 1760. Upon which Bonneville would return to his old haunts, to his old subterranean industries in Paris and Berlin.

"And that, finally, in 1765, he, as was again suspected at the time,* he and no other, did write those *Matinées*, which appeared next year in print (1766), and many times since; and have just been reprinted, as a surprising new discovery, at London, in Spring 1863.

"30. That either after or before those Editorial exploits, Bonneville had sold the Maréchal de Saxe's Plans and Papers, which were already the King's to some second person, and been a second time paid for them. And was, in regard to this Swindling exploit, found out; and by reason of that sale, or for what reason is not known, was put into Spandau, and, one hopes, ended his life there.**

Fact No. 2, which alone concerns us here, — and which, in its three successive stages, does curiously cohere with itself and with other things, — comes, therefore, not by direct light, which indeed, by the nature of the case, would be impossible. Not by direct

* "Nicolai, *Ueber Zimmermanns Fragmente*."

** "Nicolai, *ubi suprà*; — and besides him, only the two following references, out of half a cartload: 1°. Bachaumont, *Mémoires secrets*, '7th February 1765' (see Barbier, *Dictionnaire des Anonymes*, § *Matinées*), who calls *Matinées* 'a development of the *Idée de la Personne*,' &c. (that is, of 'your *Demon News-writer*;' already known to Bachaumont, this '*Idée*,' it seems, as well as the *Matinées* in Manuscript)." 2°. "Letter of Grimm to Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha" (*our Duchess*), "dated 'Paris, 15th April 1765:' not in printed *Correspondance de Grimm*, but still in the Archives of Gotha, in company with a Ms. of *Matinées*, probably the oldest extant (see, — in the *Grenzboten* Periodical, Leipzig, 1863, pp. 473-484, 590-519, — "K. Samwer, who is Chief Malleus of this new London mooncalf, and will inform the curious of every particular)."

Matinées was first printed, 1766 (no place), and seven or eight times since, in different Countries; twice or thrice over, as 'an interesting new discovery:' — very wearisome to this Editor; who read *Matinées* (in poor London print, that too), many years ago, — with complete satisfaction as to *Matinées*, and sincere wish not to touch it again even with a pair of tongs; — and has since had three 'priceless Mss. of it' offered him, at low rates, as a guerdon to merit.

light, but by various reflex lights, and convergence of probabilities old and new, which become the stronger the better they are examined; and may be considered as amounting to what is called a moral certainty, — “certain” enough for an inquiry of that significance. To a kind of moral certainty: kind of moral consolation too; only One individual of Adam’s Posterity, not Three or more, having been needed in these multifarious acts of scoundrelism; and that One receiving payment, or part payment, so prompt and appropriate, in the shape of a permanent cannon-ball at his ankle.

This is the one profit my readers or I have yet derived from the late miraculous Resuscitation of *Matinées Royales*; the other items of profit in that Enterprise shall belong, not to us in the least measure, but to Bonneville, and to his well or ill disposed Coadjutors and Copartners in the Adventure. Adieu to it, and to him and to them, forever and a day!

Peace-Negotiations hopeful to Friedrich, all through Winter; but the French won’t. Voltaire, and his Style of Corresponding.

This Winter, there was talk of Peace, more specifically than ever. November 15th, at the Hague, as a neutral place, there had been, by the two Majesties, Britannic and Prussian, official *Declaration*, “We, for our part, deeply lament these horrors, and are ready to treat of Peace.” This Declaration was presented, November 15th, 1759, by Prince Ludwig of Brunswick (Head General of the Dutch, and a Brother of Prince Ferdinand our General’s, suitable for such case), to the Austrian-French Excellencies at the Hague. By

whom it had been received with the due politeness, "Will give it our profoundest consideration;"* — which indeed the French, for some time, privately did; though the Austrians privately had no need to do so, being already fixed for a negative response to the proposal. But hereby rose actual talk of a "Congress;" and wagging of Diplomatic wigs as to where it shall be. "In Breda," said some; "Breda a place used to Congresses." "Why not in Nanci here?" said poor old Ex-Polish Stanislaus, alive to the calls of benevolence, poor old Titular soul. Others said "Leipzig;" others "Augsburg;" — and indeed in Augsburg, according to the Gazetteers, at one time, there were "upholsterers busy getting ready the Apartments." So that, with such rumour in the Diplomatic circles, the Gazetteer and outer world was full of speculation upon Peace; and Friedrich had lively hopes of it, and had been hoping three months before, as we transiently saw, though again it came to nothing. All to nothing; and is not, in itself, worth the least attention from us here, — a poor extinct fact, loud in those months and filling the whole world, now silent and extinct to everybody, — except, indeed, that it offers physiognomic traits here and there of a certain King, and of those about him. For which reason we will dwell on it a few minutes longer.

Nobody, in that Winter 1759-60, could guess where, or from whom, this big world-interesting Peace-Negotiation had its birth; as everybody now can, when

* Declaration (by the two Majesties) that they are ready to treat of Peace, 15th November 1759, presented by &c. (as above); Answer from France, in stingy terms, and not till 3d April 1760: are in *London Gazette*; in *Gentleman's Magazine*, xxix. 603, xxx. 188; in &c. &c.

nobody now is curious on the question! At Sagan, in September last, we all saw the small private source of it, its first outspurt into daylight; and read Friedrich's *Answers* to Voltaire and the noble Duchess on it: — for the sake of which Two private Correspondents, and of Friedrich's relation to them, possibly a few more Excerpts may still have a kind of interest, now when the thing corresponded on has ceased to have any. To the Duchess, a noble-minded Lady, beautifully zealous to help if she could, by whose hand these multifarious Peace-Papers have to pass, this is always Friedrich's fine style in transmitting them. Out of many specimens, following that of Sagan which we gave, here are the Next Three:

Friedrich to the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha (Three other Letters on the "Peace").

1.

"Wilsdruf, 21st November 1759" (day after Maxen, surrender was this morning, — of which he has not heard).

"Madame, — Nothing but your generousities and your indulgence could justify my incongruity" (*incongruité*, in troubling you with the Enclosed). "You will have it, Madame, that I shall still farther abuse those bounties, which are so precious to me: at least remember that it is by your order, if I forward through your hand this Letter, which does not merit such honour.

"Chance, which so insolently mocks the projects of men, and delights to build up and then pull down, has led us about, thus far, — to the end of the Campaign" (not quite ended yet, if we knew). "The Austrians are girt-in by the Elbe on this side; I have had two important Magazines of theirs in Bohemia destroyed" (Kleist's doing). "There have been some bits of fighting (*affaires*), that have turned entirely to our advantage: — so that I am in hopes of forcing M. Daun to repass the Elbe, to abandon Dresden, and to take the road for Zittau and Bohemia.

"I talk to you, Madame, of what I am surrounded with; of what, being in your neighbourhood, may perhaps have gained your attention. I could go to much greater length, if my heart dared to explain itself on the sentiments of admiration, gratitude and esteem, with which I am, — Madame my Cousin, — Your most faithful Cousin, Friend and Servant, — F."

2.

"Freyberg, 18th December 1759.

"Madame, — you spoil me so by your indulgence, you so accustom me to have obligations to you, that I reproach myself a hundred times with this presumption. Certainly I should not continue to enclose these Letters to your care, had not I the hope that perhaps the Correspondence may be of some use to England, and even to Europe, — for without doubt Peace is the desirable, the natural and happy state for all Nations. It is to accelerate Peace, Madame, that I abuse your generousities. This motive excuses me to myself for the incongruity of my proceedings.

"The goodness you have to take interest in my situation obliges me to give you some account of it. We have undergone all sorts of misfortune here" (Maxen, what not), "at the moment we were least expecting them. Nevertheless, there remains to us courage and hope; here are Auxiliaries" (Hereditary Prince and 12,000) "on the point of arriving; there is reason to think that the end of our Campaign will be less frightful than seemed likely three weeks ago. May you, Madame, enjoy all the happiness that I wish you. May all the world become acquainted with your virtues, imitate them, and admire you as I do. May you be persuaded that... — F."

3.

"Freyberg, 16th February 1760.

"Madame, — It is to my great regret that I importune Your Highness so often with my Letters. Your bounties, Madame, have spoiled me; — it will teach you to be more chary of them to others. I regard you as an estimable Friend, to whose friendship I have recourse in straits. The question is still Peace, Madame; and were not the object of my importunities so beautiful, Madame, I should be inexcusable." — Goes then into practical considerations, about

"Cocceji" (King's Aide-de-Camp, once Keith's, who carries this Letter), about a "Herr von Edelsheim," a "Bailli de Froulay," and the possible "Conditions of Peace," — not of consequence to us just now.*

As to Voltaire again, and the new Friedrich-Voltaire Style of Correspondence, something more of detail will be requisite. Ever since the black days of 1757, when poor Wilhelmina, with Rossbach and Leuthen still hidden from her in a future gloomy as death, desperately brought Voltaire to bear upon Cardinal Tencin and this matter, without success, there has been a kind of regular corresponding between Voltaire and Friedrich; characteristic on both sides. A pair of Lovers hopelessly estranged and divorced; and yet, in a sense, unique and priceless to one another. The Past, full of heavenly radiances, which issued, alas, in flames and sooty conflagrations as of Erebus, — let us forget it, and be taught by it! The Past is painful, and has been too didactic to some of us: but here still is the Present with its Future; better than blank nothing. Pleasant to hear the sound of that divine voice of my loved one, were it only in commonplace remarks on the weather, — perhaps intermixed with secret jibings on myself: — let us hear it while we can, amid those world-wide crashing discords and piping whirlwinds of war.

Friedrich sends his new Verses or light Proses, which he is ever and anon throwing off; Voltaire sends his, mostly in print, and of more elaborate turn: they

* *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xviii. 174, 173, 172. Correspondence on this subject lasts from 22d September 1759 to 8th May 1760: *ib.* pp. 170-186. In that final Letter of 8th May, is the phrase, hardly worth restoring to its real ownership, though the context considerably redeems it there, — "the prejudice I can't get rid of, that, in war, *Dieu est pour les gros escadrons.*"

talk on matters that are passing round them, round this King, the centre of them, — Friedrich usually in a rather swaggering way (lest his Correspondent think of blabbing), and always with something of banter audible in him; — as has Voltaire too, but in a finer *treble* tone, being always female in this pretty duet of parted lovers. It rarely comes to any scolding between them; but there is or can be nothing of cordiality. Nothing, except in the mutual admiration, which one perceives to be sincere on both sides; and also, in the mutual practical estrangement: "Nothing more of you, — especially of *you*, Madam, — as a practical domestic article!"

After long reading, with Historical views, in this final section of the Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence, at first so barren otherwise and of little entertainment, one finds that this too, when once you *can* "read" it (that is to say, when the scene and its details are visible to you), becomes highly dramatic, Shakespearean-comic or more, for this is Nature's self, who far excels even Shakespeare; — and that the inextricably dark condition of these Letters is a real loss to the ingenuous reader, and especially to the student of Friedrich. Among the frequently-recurring topics, one that oftenest turns up on Voltaire's side is that of Peace: Oh, if your Majesty would but make Peace! Does it depend on me? thinks Friedrich always; and is, at last, once provoked to say so:

Friedrich to Voltaire.

"Reich-Hennersdorf, 2d July 1759" (shortly before Schmödtseifen, while waiting Daun's slow movements).

"Asking *me* for Peace: there is a bitter joke!" — (In verse, this; flings off a handful of crackers on the *Bien-Aimé*, whose

Chamberlain you are, on the *Hongroise* qu'il adore, on the Russian que j'abhorre; — then continues in prose):

"It is to him," the Well-beloved Louis, "that you must address yourself, or to his Amboise in Petticoats" (his Pompadour, acting the Cardinal-Premier on this occasion). "But these people have their heads filled with ambitious projects: these people are the difficulty; they wish to be the sovereign arbiters of sovereigns; — and that is what persons of my way of thinking will by no means put up with. I love Peace quite as much as you could wish; but I want it good, solid and honourable. Socrates or Plato would have thought as I do on this subject, had they found themselves placed in the accursed position which is now mine in the world.

"Think you there is any pleasure in leading this dog of a life" (*chienne*, she-dog)? "In seeing and causing the butchery of people you know nothing of; in losing daily those you do know and love; in seeing perpetually your reputation exposed to the caprices of chance; in passing year after year in disquietudes and apprehensions; in risking, without end, your life and your fortune?

"I know right well the value of tranquillity, the sweets of society, the charms of life; and I love to be happy, as much as anybody whatever. But much as I desire these blessings, I will not purchase them by basenesses and infamies. Philosophy enjoins us to do our duty; faithfully to serve our Country, at the price of our blood, of our repose, and of every sacrifice that can be required of us. The illustrious *Zadig* went through a good many adventures which were not to his taste, *Candide* the like; and nevertheless took their misfortune in patience. What finer example to follow than that of those heroes?

"Take my word, our 'curt jackets,' as you call them" (*habits écourtés*, peculiar to the Prussian soldier at that time), "are as good as your red heels, as the Hungarian pelisses, and the green frocks of the Roxelans" (Russians). "We are actually on the heels of the latter" (at least poor Dohna is, and poor Dictator Wedell will be, not with the effect anticipated!) — "who by their stupidities give us fine chance. You will see I shall get out of the scrape this Year too, and deliver myself both from the Greens and the Dirty-Whites" (Austrian colour of coat). "My neighbour of the Sacred Hat,

"— I think, in spite of Holy Father's benediction, the Holy Ghost must have inspired him the reverse way; he seems to "have a great deal of lead in his bottom. * * F."†

Voltaire in Answer.

"The D^{él}ices," guessed to be some time in "August 1759."

"In whatever state you are, it is very certain that you are "a great man. It is not to weary your Majesty that I now "write; it is to confess myself, — on condition you will give "me absolution! I have betrayed you; that is the fact" — (really guilty this time, and *have* shown something of your writing; as your Majesty, oh how unjustly, is often suspecting that I do, and with mischievous intention, instead of good, ah, Sire!) — "In fact, I have received that fine '*Marcus-Aurelius*' "Letter" (Letter we have just read); "exquisite Piece, though "with biting '*Juvenal*' qualities in it, too; and have shown it, "keeping back the biting parts, to a beautiful gillflirt of the "Court, *minaudière*" (who seems to be a Mistress of Choiseul's), "who is here attending Tissot for her health: *minaudière* "charmed with it; insists on my sending it to Choiseul, 'He "admires the King of Prussia, as he does all nobleness and "genius; send it!' And I did so; — and look here, what an "Answer from Choiseul" Answer lost): "and may it not have "a fine effect, and perhaps bring Peace — Oh, forgive me, "Sire. But read that Note of the great man. 'Try if you can "decipher his writing. One may have very honest sentiments, "and a great deal of *esprit*, and yet write like a cat.' — —

"Sire, there was once a lion and a mouse (*rat*); the mouse "fell in love with the lion, and went to pay him court. The "lion, tired of it, gave him a little scrape with his paw. The "mouse withdrew into his mousehole (*souricière*); but he still "loved the lion; and seeing one day a net they were spreading "out to catch the lion and kill him, he gnawed asunder one "mesh of it. Sire, the mouse kisses very humbly your beautiful "claws, in all submissiveness: — he will never die between "two Capuchins, as, at Bâle, the mastiff (*dogue*) of St. Malo "has done" (27th July last). "He would have wished to die "beside his lion. Believe that the mouse was more attached "than the mastiff." — V.††

† *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 53.

†† *Ib.* xxiii. 59, 60.

To which we saw the Answer, pair of Answers, at Sagan, in September last. This Note from Choiseul, conveyed by Voltaire, appears to have been the trifling well-spring from which all those wide-spread waters of Negotiation flowed. Pitt, when applied to, on the strength of Friedrich's hopes from this small Document of Choiseul's, was of course ready, "How welcome, every chance of a just Peace!" and agreed to the Joint Declaration at the Hague; and took what farther trouble I know not, — probably less sanguine of success than Friedrich. Friedrich was ardently industrious in the affair; had a great deal of devising and directing on it, a great deal of corresponding with Voltaire and the Duchess, only small fractions of which are now left. He searched out, or the Duchess of Sachsen-Gotha did it for him, a proper Secret Messenger for Paris: Secret Messenger, one Baron von Edelsheim, properly veiled, was to consult a certain Bailli de Froulay, a friend of Friedrich's in Paris; — which loyal-hearted Bailli did accordingly endeavour there; but made out nothing. Only much vague talking; part of it, or most of it, subdolous on Choiseul's side. Pitt would hear of no Peace which did not include Prussia as well as England: some said this was the cause of failure; — the real cause was that Choiseul never had any serious intention of succeeding. Light Choiseul, a clever man, but an unwise, of the sort called "dashing," had entertained the matter merely in the optative form, — and when it came nearer, wished to use it for making mischief between Pitt and Friedrich, and for worming out Edelsheim's secrets, if he had any, — for which reason he finally threw Edelsheim into the Bastille for a few days.*

* In *Œuvres de Frédéric*, v. 38-41, detailed account of the Affair.

About the end of March I guess it to have been that Choiseul, by way of worming out poor Edelsheim's secrets, flung him into the Bastille for a day or two. Already in December foregoing, we have seen Choiseul's Black-Artist busy upon the Stolen *Edition* of Friedrich's Verses. A Choiseul full of intrigues; adroit enough, ambitious enough; restlessly industrious in making mischief, if there were nothing else to be made; who greatly disgusted Friedrich, now and afterwards.

And this was what the grand Voltaire Pacification came to, though it filled the world with temporary noise, and was so interesting to Voltaire and another. What a heart-affecting generosity, humility, and dulcet pathos in that of the poor Mouse gnawing asunder a mesh of the Lion's net! There is a good deal of that, throughout, on the Voltaire side, that is to say, while writing to Friedrich. But while writing of him, to third parties, sometimes almost simultaneously, the contrast of styles is not a little startling; and the beautiful affectionately chirping Mouse is seen suddenly to be an injured Wild-cat with its fur up. All readers of Voltaire are aware of this; and how Voltaire handles his "*Luc*" (mysterious nickname for *King Friedrich*), when *Luc*'s back is turned. For, alas, there is no man or thing but has its wrong-side too; least of all, a Voltaire, — doing *treble* voice withal, if you consider it, in such a Duet of estranged Lovers! Suppose we give these few Specimens, — *treble* mostly, and a few of *bass* as well, — to illustrate the nature of this Duet, and of the noises that went on round it, in a war-convulsed world? And first of all, concerning the enigma "What is *Luc*?"

What the *Luc* in Voltaire is? Shocking explanations have been hit upon: but Wagnière (*Wagner*, an intelligent Swiss man), Voltaire's old Secretary, gives this plain reading of the riddle: "M. de Voltaire had, at the *Délices*" (near by Ferney, till the Château got built), "a big Ape, of excessively mischievous turn; who used to throw stones at the passers-by, "and sometimes would attack with its teeth friend or foe alike. One day it thrice over bit M. de Voltaire's own leg. "He had called it *Luc* (Luke); and in conversation with select "friends, as also in Letters to such, he sometimes designated "the King of Prussia by that nickname: '*He is like my Luc* "here; bites whoever caresses him!" — In 1756, M. de Voltaire, having still on his heart the Frankfurt Outrage, wrote "curious *Mémoires*" (ah, yes, *Vie Privée*); "and afterwards "wished to burn them; but a Copy had been stolen from him "in 1768," — and they still afflict the poor world.

To the same effect speaks Johannes von Müller: "Voltaire "had an Ape called *Luc*; and spiteful man, in thus naming "the King, meant to stigmatise him as the mere *ape* of greater "men; as one without any greatness of his own." — No; *Luc* was mischievous, flung stones after passengers; had, according to Clogenson, "bitten Voltaire himself, while being "caressed by him;" that was the analogy in Voltaire's mind. Preuss says, this Nickname first occurs, "12th December "1757." Suppose 11th December to have been the day of getting one's leg bitten thrice over; and that, in bed next morning, — stiff, smarting, fretful against the sad ape-tricks and offences of this life, — before getting up to one's Works and Correspondences, the angry similitude had shot, slightly fulgurous and consolatory, athwart the gloom of one's mood? * That will account for *Luc*.

Many of the Voltaire-Friedrich *Letters* are lost; and the remainder lie in sad disorder in all the Editions, their sequence unintelligible without lengthy explanation. So that the following Snatches cannot well be arranged here in the way of Choral Strophe and Antistrophe, as would have been desirable. We shall have to group them loosely under heads; with

* Longchamp et Wagnière, *Mémoires*, I. 34; Johannes von Müller, *Werke* (12mo, Stuttgart, 1821), xxxi. 140 (*Letters to his Brother*, No. 218, "July 1796"); Clogenson's Note, in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXVII. 103; Preuss, II. 71.

less respect to date than to subject-matter, and to the reader's convenience for understanding them.

Voltaire on Friedrich, to different Third-Parties, during this War.

To D'Argental (Has not yet heard of *Leuthen*, which happened five days before). * * "I have tasted the vengeance of consoling the King of Prussia, and that is enough for me. He goes beating on the one side, and getting beaten on the other: except for another miracle" (like *Rosbach*), "he will be ruined. Better have really been a philosopher, as he pretended to be."†

To the Reverend Comte de Bernis (outwardly still our flourishing Prime-Minister, by grace of *Pompadour*, but soon to be extinguished under a *Red Hat*. Date is six days before *Zorn-dorf*). * * "I cannot imagine how some people have gone into suspecting that my heart might have the weakness to lean a little towards *whom* you know, towards my Ingrate that was! One is bound to have politeness; but one has memory as well; — and one is attached, as warmly as superfluously, to the Good Cause, which it belongs only to you to defend. Certain it is, poor I am not like the three-fourths of the Germans in these days" (since *Rosbach*, above all)! "I have everywhere seen Ladies'-Fans with the Prussian Eagle painted on them, eating the *Fleur-de-Lis*; the Hanover Horse giving a kick to M. de Richelieu's bottom; a Courier carrying a bottle of Queen-of-Hungary Water to Madame de Pompadour. My Nieces shall certainly not have that fashion of Fans, at my poor little *Délices*, whither I am just returning."††

To Madame D'Argental (on occasion of *Minden*: Kunersdorf three days ago, but not yet heard of). * * "Truly, Madame, when M. de Contades leads to the butchery all the descendants of our ancient chevaliers, and sets them to attack eighty pieces of cannon" (not in the least, if you knew it; the reverse, if you knew it), — "as Don Quixote did the windmills! This horrible day pierces my soul. I am French to

† *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXVII, 139 ("The *Délices*, 10th December 1757").

†† *Ibid.* LXXVII, 25 ("Soleure, 19th August 1758").

"excess, especially since those new favours" (not worth mentioning here) "which I owe to my divine Angels and to M. le Duc de Choiseul.

"Luc, — you know who Luc is" (as do we), — "is probably giving Battle to Austrians and Russians" (*Kunersdorf*, 12th; three days ago, did it, and was beaten to your mind), "at the moment while I have the honour of writing to you; at least, he told me such was his Royal intention. If they beat him, as may happen, what a shame for us to have been beaten by the Duke of Brunswick! I wish you knew this Duke" (as I have done; a Duke of no *esprit*, no gift of tongue, in fact no talent at all that I could discern), "you would be much astonished; and would say, 'The people whom he beats must be great blockheads.' The truth of the fact is, that all these troops are better disciplined than ours."† — Yes indeed, my esteemed Voltaire; and also, perhaps, that *esprit*, or gift of tongue, is not the sole gift for Battles and Campaigns? —

To D'Argental (seventh day after *Kunersdorf*: "mouse upon lion's net" nearly contemporaneous). "At last, then, I think my Russians must be near Great Glogau" (might have been, one thinks, after such a *Kunersdorf*; did not start for month yet; never could get very near at all). "Who would have thought that "Barbarina" (Mackenzie's Dancer once; sent to Glogau, Cocceji and she, when their marriage became public) "was going to be besieged by the Russians, and in Glogau: Oh Destiny! —

"I don't love Luc, far from it: I never will pardon him his infamous procedure with my Niece" (at Frankfurt that time); "nor the face he has to write me flattering things twice a month; without having ever repaired his wrongs. I desire much his entire humiliation, the chastisement of the sinner; whether his eternal damnation, I don't quite know."‡‡ (Hear, hear!) —

To the same (a month after *Mazen*: "Peace" Negotiation very lively). * * "Meanwhile, if Luc could be punished before this happy Peace! If, by this last stroke of General "Beck" (tussle with Dierecke at Meissen, 4th December, cap-

† (*Euvres de Voltaire*, LXXVIII. 186, 187 ("Délices, 15th August 1759").

‡‡ *Ibid.* LXXVIII. 195 ("19th August 1759").

ture of Dierecke and 1,500; stroke not of an overwhelming nature, but let us be thankful for our mercies), "which has opened the road from the Lausitz to Berlin" (alas, not in the least), "some Haddick could pay Berlin a visit again! "You see, in Tragedy I wish always to have crime punished.

"There is talk of a great Battle fought the 6th" (not a word of truth in it) "between Luc and him of the Consecrated Hat: said to have been very murderous. I interest myself very much in this Piece" now playing under the Sun. "Whenever the Austrians have any advantage, Kaunitz says 'to Madame de Bentinck' (litigant wandering Lady, known to me at Berlin and elsewhere), "'Write that to our Friend Voltaire.' Whenever Luc has the least success, he tells me, "'I have battered the oppressors of mankind.' Dear Angel, "in these horrors I am the only one that has room to laugh: — and yet I don't laugh either; owing to the *Culs-noirs*" (Priests, I suppose), "to the Annuities, Lotteries, and to "Pondichery, — for I am always afraid about that latter!" (Going, that, for certain; going, gone, and your East Indies along with it!)+

To Perpetual Secretary Formey (in forwarding a "Letter left with me"). "Health and peace, Monsieur; and be *Secrétaire Eternel*. Your King is always a man unique, "astonishing, inimitable. He makes charming verses, in times "when another could not write a line of prose; he deserves to "be happy: but will he be so? And if not, what becomes of "you? For my own part, I will not die between two Capuchins. Hardly worth while, exalting one's soul for such "a future as that. What a stupid and detestable farce is this "world!" ++

To D'Argental ("Peace" Negotiations still at their briskest). * * "But, my dear Angel, you will see on "Tuesday the great man who has turned my head (*dont je suis fou*), M. le Duc de Choiseul. The Letters he honours me with "enchant me. God will bless him, don't doubt it," — after all! "We have at Pondichery a Lally, a devil of an Irish

† *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXVIII. 346 ("22d December 1759").

†† *Ibid.* LXXVIII. 348 (from *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, I. 302), 11th January 1760."

"spirit, — who will cost me, sooner or later, above 20,000
"livres annually." (have rents in our *India Company*, say
1,000*l.* a-year, as my Angels know), "which used to be the
"readiest item of my Pittance. But M. le Duc de Choiseul
"will triumph over Luc in one way or other; then what joy!
"I suppose he shows you my impertinent reveries. Do you
"know, Luc is so mad, that I don't despair of bringing him to
"reason" (persuading him to give up Clève, and knuckle as
he should, in this Peace Affair). "That were what I should
"call the true Comedy! I should like to have your advices on
"the conduct of that Dramatic Piece." †

The late "mouse" gnawing its mesh of net, what a subtle
and mighty hunter has it grown! This of Clève, however, and
of knuckling, would not do. Hear the stiff Answer that comes:
"Conditions of Peace," do you call them? The people that
"propose such can have no wish to see Peace. What a logic
"theirs! 'I might yield the Country of Clève, because the in-
"habitants are stupid'! What would your Ministers say if one
"required the Province of Champagne from them, because
"the Proverb says, Ninety-nine sheep and one Champagner
"make a Hundred head of cattle?" ††

Again to *D'Argental* (three or four months after; Luc
having proved obstinate, and still unsuccessful). * * "I
"conjure you make use of all your eloquence to tell him" (the
supreme Duc de Choiseul), "that if Luc misgo, it will be no
"misfortune to France. That Brandenburg will always
"remain an Electorate; that it is good there be no Elector in
"it strong enough to do without the protection of our King;
"and that all the Princes of the Empire will always have re-
"course to that august protection" (Most Christian Majesty's)
"*contra l'aquila grifagna*, — were the Prussian Kingship but
"abolished. *Nota bene*, if Luc were discomfited this Year, we
"should have Peace next Winter." †††

To supreme Choiseul (a year later). * * "He has been a
"bad man, this Luc; and now, if one were to bet, — by the
"law of probability it would be 3 to 1 that Luc will go to pot

† *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXVIII. 375 ("Délites, 15th February 1760").

†† Friedrich to Voltaire, "Freyberg, 3d April 1760:" *Œuvres de Frédéric*,
XIII. 73, 74.

††† *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXIX. 110 ("July 1760").

"(*sera perdu*), with his rhymings and his banterings, and his "injustices and politics, all as bad as himself."†

Voltaire on surrounding Objects, chiefly on Maupertuis, and the Battles.

To D'Alembert (in the Rossbach-Leuthen interval: on the Battle of *Breslau*, 22th November 1757; called by the Austrians "a Malplaquet," and believed by Voltaire to be a Malplaquet and more). * * "The Austrians do avenge us, "and humble us" (us, and our miserable Rossbachs), "in a "terrible manner. Thirteen attacks on the Prussian entrenchments, lasted six hours; never was Victory bloodier, or more "horribly beautiful" (in the brain of certain men). "We "pretty French fellows, we are more expeditious, our job is "done in five minutes. The King of Prussia is always writing "me Verses, now like a desperado, now like a hero; and as "for me, I try to live like a philosopher in my hermitage. He "has obtained what he always wished: to beat the French, to "be admired by them, to mock them; but the Austrians are "mocking him in a very serious way. Our shame of November 5th has given him glory; and with such glory, which is "but transient and dearly bought, he must content himself. "He will lose his own Countries, with those he has seized, "unless the French again discover" (which they will) "the "secret of losing all their Armies, as they did in 1741."††

To Clairaut, the Mathematician (Maupertuis lately dead). "An excellent Treatise, this you have sent me, Monsieur!" "Your war with the Geometers on the subject of this Comet "appears to me like a war of the gods in Olympus, while on "Earth there is going on a fight of dogs and cats." * * "Would to Heaven our friend Moreau-Maupertuis had "cultivated his art like you! That he had predicted comets, "instead of exalting his soul to predict the future; of dissecting the brains of giants to know the nature of the soul; of "japanning people with pitch to cure them of every malady; "of persecuting König; and of dying between Two Capuchins" (dead three weeks ago, on those terms, poor soul)!†††

† *Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXX. 313 ("Château de Ferney. 13th July 1761").

†† Ibid. LXXVII. 133, 4 ("Délices, 6th December 1757," day after Leuthen).

††† Ibid. LXXVIII. 191 ("Délices, 19th August 1759").

To D'Alembert (a week later). * * "What say you of "Maupertuis dying between two Capuchins! He was ill, this "long while, of a repletion of pride; but I had not reckoned "him either a hypocrite or an imbecile. I don't advise you "ever to go and fill his place at Berlin; you would repent "that. I am Astolpho warning Roger (Ruggiero) not to trust "himself to the Enchantress Alcina; but Roger was un- "advisable."†

To the same (two years later: Luc, on certain grounds, may as well be saved). "With regard to Luc, though I have my "just causes of anger against him, I own to you, in my quality "of Frenchman and thinking being, I am glad that a certain "most Orthodox House has not swallowed Germany, and that "the Jesuits are not confessing in Berlin. Over towards the "Danube, superstition is very powerful." * * "The in- "fâme" — — "You are well aware that I speak of superstition "only; for as to the Christian religion, I respect and love it, "like you. Courage, Brethren! Preach with force, and write "with address: God will bless you. — Protect, you, my "Brother, the Widow Calas all you can! She is a poor weak- "minded Huguenot, but her Husband was the victim of the "White Penitents. It is the concern of Human Nature that the "Fanatics of Toulouse be confounded." (The case of Calas, second act of it, getting on the scene: a case still memorable to everybody. Stupendous bit of French judicature; and Voltaire's noblest outburst, into mere transcendent blaze of pity, virtuous wrath, and determination to bring rescue and help against the whole world.)††

Friedrich to Voltaire, before and during these Peace Negotiations.

At Schmöttseifen, five days before Züllichau, ten days before that Hunt of Loudon and Haddick (Voltaire, under rebuke for indiscretion, has been whimpering a little. "My discreet Niece burnt those last verses, Sire; no danger there, at least!" Truculent Bishop Something-ac tried to attack your Majesty; but was done for, by a certain person). "In truth, you are a "singular creature. When I think of scolding you, you say

† (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, LXXVIII. 197 ("Délites, 25th August 1759").

†† Ibid. LXXVIII. 52, 53 ("Ferneoy, 28th November 1762").

"two words, and the reproach expires. Impossible to scold you, even when you deserve it." * *

"As to your Niece, let her burn me or roast me, I care little. Nor are you to think me so sensitive to what your Bishops in *ic* or in *ac* may say of me. I have the lot of all actors who play in public; applauded by some, despised by others. One must prepare oneself for satires, for calumnies, for a multitude of lies, which will be sent abroad into currency against one: but need that trouble my tranquillity? I go my road; I do nothing against the interior voice of my conscience; and I concern myself very little in what way my actions paint themselves in the brain of beings, not always very thinking, with two legs and without feathers."†

At *Wilsdruf*, just before *Maxen* (an exultant exuberant curious Letter; too long for insertion, — part of it given above). * * "For your Tragedy of *Socrate*, thanks. At Paris, they are going to burn it, the wretched fools, — not aware that absurd fanaticism is their dominant vice. Better burn the dose of medicine, however, than the useful Doctor. I, can I join myself to that set? If I bite you, as you complain, it is without my knowledge. But I am surrounded with enemies, one hitting me, another pricking me, another daubing me with mud; — patience at last yields, and one flies abroad into a general rage, too indiscriminate perhaps.

"You talk of my Verses on *Rosbach*" (my *Adieu to the Hoopers* on finding their Bridge burnt ††). "This Campaign I have had no beatific vision, in the style of Moses. The barbarous Cossacks and Tartars, infamous to look at on any side, have burnt and ravaged countries, and committed atrocious inhumanities. This is all I saw of *them*. Such melancholy spectacles don't tend to raise one's spirits." (Breaks off into metre:) "*La Fortune inconstante et fière*, Fortune inconstant and proud Does not treat her suitors Always in an equal manner. Those fools called heroes, who run the country,

"*Ces fous nommés héros, et qui courent les champs,
Couverts de sang et de poussière,*

† "Schmöttseifen, 18th July 1759;" (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 55, 56.
†† *Suprà*, p. 209.

"Voltaire, n'ont pas tous les ans

"La faveur de voir le derrière

"De leurs ennemis insolents.

Can't expect that pleasure every year! * *

"Maupertuis, say you?' Don't trouble the ashes of the "dead; let the grave at least put an end to your unjust "hatreds. Reflect that even Kings make peace after long "battling; cannot you ever make it? I think you would be "capable, like Orpheus, of descending to Hell, not to soften "Pluto and bring back your beautiful Emilie, but to pursue "into that Abode of Woe an enemy whom your wrath has "only too much persecuted in the world: for shame!"† — and rebukes him, more than once elsewhere, in very serious terms.

In Winter-quarters, on Peace and the Stolen Edition. (Starts in verse, which we abridge:) 'With how many laurels you 'have covered yourself in all the fields of Literature! One 'laurel yet is wanting to the brow of Voltaire. If, as the 'crown of so many perfect works, he could by a skilful 'manœuvre bring back Peace, I, and Europe with me, would 'think that his masterpiece!' (Takes to prose:)

"This is my thought and all Europe's. Virgil made as fine "Verses as you; but he never made a Peace. It will be a "distinction you will have over all your brethren of Parnassus, "if you succeed.

"I know not who has betrayed me, and thought of print- "ing" (the *Edition*; — not you, surely!) "a pack of rhapsodies "which were good enough to amuse myself, but were never "meant for publication. After all, I am so used to treacheries "and bad manœuvres," — what matters this insignificant one?

"I know not who the Bredow is; but he has told you true. "The sword and death have made frightful ravages among us. "And the worst is, we are not yet at the end of the tragedy. "You may judge what effect these cruel shocks make on me. "I wrap myself in my stoicism, the best I can. Flesh and "blood revolt against such tyrannous command; but it must "be followed. If you saw me, you would scarcely know me "again: I am old, broken, grayheaded, wrinkled; I am losing

† *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 61-65 ("Willsdruf, 17th November 1759").

"my teeth and my gaiety: if this go on, there will be nothing
 "of me left, but the mania of making verses, and an inviolable
 "attachment to my duties and to the few virtuous men whom
 "I know."†

In Winter-quarters, a month later (comes still on "Peace" again). ** "I will have you paid that bit of debt" (perhaps of postage or the like), "that Louis of the Mill (*Louis du Moulin*," at Fontenoy, who got upon a Windmill with his Dauphin, and caught that nickname from the common men) "may have wherewithal to make war on me. Add tenth-penny tax to your tax of twentieth-penny; impose new capitations, make titular offices to get money; do, in a word, whatever you like. In spite of all your efforts, you will not get a Peace signed by my hands, except on conditions honourable to my Nation. Your people, blown up with self-conceit and folly, may depend on these words. Adieu, live happy; and while you make all your efforts to destroy Prussia, think that nobody has less deserved it than I, either of you or of your French."††

Still in Winter-quarters (on "Peace" still; but begins with "Maupertuis," which is all we will give). "What rage animates you against Maupertuis? You accuse him of having published that Furtive Edition. Know that his Copy, well sealed by him, arrived here after his death, and that he was incapable of such an indiscretion." (Breaks into verse:)

"Leave in peace the cold ashes of Maupertuis:

"Truth can defend him, and will.

"His soul was faithful and noble:

"He pardoned you that scandalous Akakia (*ce vil libelle*

Que votre fureur criminelle

Prit soin chez moi de griffonner); he did: —

"And you? Shame on such delirium as Voltaire's!

"What, this beautiful, what, this grand genius,

"Whom I admired with transport,

"Soils himself with calumny, and is ferocious on the dead?

"Flocking together, in the air uttering cries of joy,

"Vile ravens pounce down upon sepulchres,

"And make their prey of corpses:" —

Blush, repent, alas!

† *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxiii. 69 ("Freyberg, 24th Feb. 1760").

†† *Ibid.* xxiii. 72 ("Freyberg, 20th March 1760").

These Specimens will suffice. "The King of Prussia?" Voltaire would sometimes say: "He is as "potent and as malignant as the Devil; but he is also "as unhappy, not knowing friendship," — having such a chance, too, with some of us!

Friedrich has sent Lord Marischal to Spain: other fond Hopes of Friedrich's.

In the beginning of this Year, 1759, Earl Marischal had been called out of his Neufchâtel stagnancy, and launched into the Diplomatic field again; sent on mission into Spain, namely. The case was this. Ferdinand VI. of Spain (he who would not pay Friedrich the old Spanish debt, but sent him merino rams, and a jar of Queen-Dowager snuff) had fallen into one of his gloomy fits, and was thought to be dying; — did, in fact, die, in a state nearly mad, on the 10th August following. By Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and by all manner of Treaties, Carlos of Naples, his Half-Brother (Termagant's Baby Carlos, whom we all knew), was to succeed him in Spain; Don Philip, the next Brother, now of Parma and Piacenza, was to follow as King in Naples, — ceding those two litigious Duchies to Austria, after all. Friedrich, vividly awake to every chance, foresaw, in case of such disjunctures in Italy, good likelihood of quarrel there. And has despatched the experienced old Marischal to be on the ground, and have his eyes open. Marischal knows Spain very well; and has often said, "He left a dear old friend there, the Sun." Marischal was under way, about New-year's time; but lingered by the road, waiting how Ferdinand would turn, — and having withal an important busi-

ness of his own, as he sauntered on. Did not arrive, I think, till Summer was at hand, and his dear Old Friend coming out in vigour.

August 10th, 1759, Ferdinand died; and the same day Carlos became King of Spain. But, instead of giving Naples to Don Philip, Carlos gave it to a junior son of his own; and left poor Philip to content himself with Parma and Piacenza, as heretofore. Clear against the rights of Austria; Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle is perfectly explicit on that point! Will not Austria vindicate its claim? Politicians say, Austria might have recovered not only Parma and Piacenza, but the kingdom of Naples itself, — no France at present able to hinder it, no Spain ever able. But Austria, contrary to expectation, would not: a Country tenacious enough of its rights, real and imaginary; greedy enough of Italy, but of Silesia much more! The matter was deliberated in Council at Vienna; but the result was magnanimously, No. "Finish this Friedrich first; finish this Silesia. Nothing else till that!"

The Marischal's legationary function, therefore, proved a sinecure; no Carlos needing Anti-Austrian assistance from Friedrich or another; Austria magnanimously having let him alone. Doubtless a considerable disappointment to Friedrich. Industrious Friedrich had tried, on the other side of this affair, Whether the King of Sardinia, once an adventurous fighting kind of man, could not be stirred up, having interests involved? But no; he too, grown old, devotional, apprehensive, held by his rosaries, and answered, No. Here is again a hope reasonable to look at, but which proves fallacious.

Marischal continued in Spain, corresponding, send-

ing news (the Prussian Archives alone know what), for nearly a couple of years.* His Embassy had one effect, which is of interest to us here. On his way out, he had gone by London, with a view of getting legal absolution for his Jacobitism, — so far, at least, as to be able to inherit the Earldom of Kintore, which is likely to fall vacant soon. By blood it is his, were the Jacobite incapacities withdrawn. Kintore is a cadet branch of the Keiths; "John, younger Son of William Sixth Lord Marischal," was the first Kintore. William Sixth's younger Son, yes; — and William's Father, a man always venerable to me, had (A.D. 1593) founded Marischal College, Aberdeen, — where, for a few, in those stern granite Countries, the Diviner Pursuits are still possible (thank God and this Keith) on frugal oatmeal. *Marischal-College* Keith, or *Fifth* Lord Marischal, was grandfather's grandfather of our Potsdam Friend, who is tenth and last.** Honour to the brave and noble, now fallen silent under foot *not* of the nobler! In a word, the fourth Kintore was about dying childless; and Marischal had come by London on that heritage business.

He carried, naturally, the best recommendations. Britannic Majesty, Pitt, and everybody met him with welcome and furtherance; what he wished was done, and in such a style of promptness and cordiality, Pitt pushing it through, as quite gained the heart of old Marischal. And it is not doubted, though particulars have not been published, That he sent important Spanish notices to Pitt, in these years; — and espe-

* Returned "April 1762" (Friedrich's Letter to him, "10th April 1762:" in *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xx. 285).

** Douglas's *Scotch Peerage*. pp. 448 et seq., 387 et seq.

cially informed him that King Carlos and the French Bourbon had signed a *Family Compact* (15th August 1761), or solemn covenant, to stand by one another as brothers. Which was thenceforth, to Pitt privately, an important fact, as perhaps we shall see; though to other men it was still only a painful rumour and dubiety. Whether the old Marischal informed him, That King Carlos hated the English; that he never had, in his royal mind, forgiven that insult of Commodore Martin's (watch laid on the table, in the Bay of Naples, long ago), I do not know; but that also was a fact. A diligent, indignant kind of man, this Carlos, I am told; by no means an undeserving King of Spain, though his Portraits declare him an ugly: we will leave him in the discreet Marischal's hands, with the dear Old Friend shining equally on both.

Singular to see how, in so veracious an intellect as Friedrich's, so many fallacies of hope are constantly entertained. War in Italy, on quarrel with King Carlos; Peace with France and the Pompadour, by help of Edelsheim and the Bailli de Froulay; Peace with Russia and the *infâme Catin*, by help of English bribes (Friedrich sent an agent this winter with plenty of English guineas, but he got no farther than the Frontier, not allowed even to try): sometimes, as again this winter, it is hope of Denmark joining him (in alarm against the Russian views on Holstein; but that, too, comes to nothing); above all, there is perennially, budding out yearly, the brighter after every disappointment, a hope in the Grand Turk and his adherencies. Grand Turk, or failing him, the Cham of Tartary, — for certain, some of these will be got to fasten on the heels of Aus-

tria, of Russia; and create a favourable diversion? Friedrich took an immense deal of trouble about this latter hope. It is almost pathetic to see with what a fond tenacity he clings to it; and hopes it over again, every new Spring and Summer.*

The hope that an *infâme Catin* might die some day (for she is now deep in chaotic ailments, deepish even in brandy), seems never to have struck him; at least there is nowhere any articulate hint of it, — the eagle-flight of one's imagination soaring far above such a pettiness! Hope is very beautiful; and even fallacious hope, in such a Friedrich. The one hope that did not deceive him, was hope in his own best exertion to the very death; and no fallacy ever for a moment slackened him in that. Stand to thyself: in the wide domain of Imagination, there is no other certainty of help. No other certainty; — and yet who knows through what pettinesses Heaven may send help!

* Preuss, II. 121 et seq., 292 &c.; Schöning, II. III. *passim*.

CHAPTER IX.

PRELIMINARIES TO A FIFTH CAMPAIGN.

IT was April 25th before Friedrich quitted Freyberg, and took Camp; not till the middle of June that anything of serious Movement came. Much discouragement prevails in his Army, we hear: and indeed, it must be owned, the horoscope of these Campaigns grows yearly darker. Only Friedrich himself must not be discouraged! Nor is; — though there seldom lay ahead of any man a more dangerous-looking Year than this that is now dimly shaping itself to Friedrich. His fortune seems to have quitted him; his enemies are more confident than ever.

This Year, it seems, they have bethought them of a new device against him. "We have 90 million Population," count they; "he has hardly 5; in the end, he must run out of men! Let us cease exchanging prisoners with him." At Jägerndorf, in April 1758 (just before our march to Olmütz), there had been exchange; not without haggles; but this was the last on Austria's part. Cartel of the usual kind, values punctually settled: a Fieldmarshal is worth 3,000 common men, or 1,500'; Colonel worth 130 men, or 65*l.*; common man is worth 10*s.* sterling, not a high figure.* The Russians haggled still more, no keeping of them to their word; but they tried it a second time, last year (October 1759); and by careful urging and guiding, were got dragged through it, and the prisoners on both sides sent to their colours again. After which, it was a settled line of policy, "No more exchanging or cartelling;

* Archenholtz, II. 53.

we will starve him out in that article!" And had Friedrich had nothing but his own 5 millions to go upon, though these contributed liberally, he had in truth been starved out. Nor could Saxony, with Mecklenburg, Anhalt, Erfurt, and their 10,000 men a year, have supplied him, — "had not there," says Archenholtz (a man rather fond of superlatives), —

"Had not there risen a Recruiting system," or Crimping system, "the like of which for kind and degree was never seen in the Earth before. Prisoners, captive soldiers, if at all likely fellows, were by every means persuaded, and even compelled, to take Prussian service. Compelled, cudgel in hand," says Archenholtz (who is too indiscriminating, I can see, — for there were Pfalzers, Würtembergers, Reichsfolk, who had *first* been compelled the other way): "not asked if they wished to serve, but dragged to the Prussian colours, obliged to swear there, and fight against their countrymen." Say at least, against their countrymen's Governors, contumacious Serene Highnesses of Würtemberg, Mecklenburg and the like. Würtemberg, we mentioned lately, had to shoot a good few of his first levy against the Protestant Champion, before they would march at all! — I am sorry for these poor men; and wish the Reich had been what it once was, a Veracity and Practical Reality, not an Imaginary Entity and hideously contemptible Wiggery, as it now is! Contemptible, and hideous as well; — setting itself up on that fundamental mendacity; which is eternally tragical, though little regarded in these days, and which entails mendacities without end on parties concerned! — But, apart from all this, certain it is.

"The whole German Reich was deluged with secret Prussian Enlisters. The greater part of these were not actual Officers at all, but hungry Adventurers, who had been bargained with, and who, for their own profit, allowed themselves every imaginable art to pick up men. Head and centre of them was the Prussian Colonel Colignon," one of the Free-Corps people; "a man formed by nature for this business" (what a beautiful man!) — "who gave all the others their directions, and taught them by his own example. Colignon himself," in winter-time, "travelled about in all manner of costumes and characters; persuading hundreds

"of people into the Prussian service. He not only promised "Commissions, but gave such, — nominating loose young "fellows (*Laffen*), students, merchants' clerks and the like, to "Lieutenancies and Captaincies in the Prussian Army" (about as likely as in the Seraphim and Cherubim, had they known it): "in the Infantry, in the Cuirassiers, in the Hussars, "— it is all one, you have only to choose. The renown of the "Prussian arms was so universal, and combined with the "notion of rich booty, that Colignon's Commission-manu- "factory was continually busy. No need to provide marching- "money, hand-money" (shillings for earnest); "Colignon's "recruits travelled mostly of will, and at their own charge. In "Franken, in Schwaben, in the Rhine Countries, a dissolute "son would rob his father, — as shopmen their masters' tills, "and managers their cash-boxes, — and hie off to those "magnanimous Prussian Officials, who gave away companies "like kreutzers, and had a value for young fellows of spirit. "They hastened to Magdeburg with their Commissions; where "they were received as common recruits, and put by force "into the regiments suitable. No use in resisting: the cudgel "and the drill-sergeant," — who doubts it? — "till complete "submission. By this and other methodes, Colignon and his "helpers are reckoned to have raised for the King, in the "course of this War, about 60,000 recruits."*

This Year, Daun, though his reputation is on the decline lately, is to have the chief command, as usual; the Grand Army, with Saxony for field of conquest, and the Reichsfolk to assist, is to be Daun's. But, what is reckoned an important improvement, Loudon is to have a separate command, and Army of his own. Loudon, hot of temper, melancholic, shy, is not a man to recommend himself to Kriegshofrath people; but no doubt Imperial Majesty has had her own wise eye on him. His merits are so undeniable; the need of some Commander *not* of the Cunctator type is become so very pressing. "Army of Silesia, 50,000;" that is to be Loudon's, with 40,000 Russians to coöperate and

* Archenholz, ii. 53.

unite themselves with Loudon; and try actually for conquest of Silesia, this Year; while Daun, conquering Saxony, keeps the King busy.

At Petersburg, Versailles, Vienna, much planning there has been, and arduous consulting: first at Petersburg, in time and in importance, where Montalembert has again been very urgent in regard to those poor Swedish people, and the getting of them turned to some kind of use: "Stettin in conjunction with the Swedes; oh, listen to reason, and take Stettin!" "Would not Dantzic by ourselves be the advisable thing?" answers Soltikof: "Dantzic is an important Town, and the grand Baltic Haven; and would be so convenient for our Preussen, since we have determined to maintain that fine Conquest." So thinks Czarish Majesty, as well as Soltikof, privately, though there are difficulties as to Dantzic; and, in fine, except Colberg over again, there can be nothing attempted of sieging thereabouts. A Siege of Colberg, however, there is actually to be: Second Siege, — if perhaps it will prove luckier than the First was, two years since? Naval Armament Swedish-Russian, specific Land Armament wholly Russian, are to do this Second Siege, at a favourable time; except by wishes, Soltikof will not be concerned in it; nor, it is to be hoped, shall we, — in such pressure of haste as is probably ahead for us.

"Silesia would be the place for sieges!" say the Vienna people always; and Imperial Majesty is very urgent; and tries all methods, — eloquence, flatteries, bribes, — to bring Petersburg to that view. Which is at last adopted; heartily by Czarish Majesty, ever ready for revenge on Friedrich, the more fatal and the more direct, the better. Heartily by her; not so heartily by Soltikof and her Army people, who know the Aus-

trian habits; and privately decide on *not* picking chestnuts from the fire, while the other party's paws keep idle, and only his jaws are ready.

Of Small-War there is nothing or little to be said; indeed there occurs almost none. Roving Cossack-Parties, under one Tottleben, whom we shall hear of otherwise, infest Pommern, bickering with the Prussian posts there; not ravaging as formerly, Tottleben being a civilised kind of man. One of these called at the Castle of Schwedt, one day; found Prince Eugen of Würtemberg there (nearly recovered of his Kunersdorf wounds), who is a Son-in-law of the House, married to a Daughter of Schwedt; — ancestor of the now Russian Czars too, had anybody then known it. Him these Cossacks carried off with them, a march or two; then, taking his bond for a certain ransom, let him go. Bond and bond-holder being soon after captured by the Prussians, Eugen paid no ransom; so that to us his adventure is without moment, though it then made some noise among the Gazetteers.

Two other little passages, and only two, we will mention; which have in themselves a kind of memorability. First, that of General Czetteritz and the *Manuscript* he lost. Of posts across the Elbe, I find none mentionable here, and believe there is none, except only Czetteritz's; who stands at Cosdorf, well up towards Torgau Country, as sentry over Torgau and the Towns there. On Czetteritz there was, in February, an attempt made by the active General Beck, whom Daun had detached for that object. Extremely successful, according to the Austrian Gazetteers; but in reality amounting to as good as nothing: — Surprisal of Czetteritz's first vedette, in the dawn of a misty Fe-

bruary morning (February 21st, 1760); non-surprisal of his second, which did give fire and alarm, whereupon debate; and Czetteritz springing into his saddle; retreat of his people to rearward, with loss of 7 Officers, and 200 prisoners; — but ending in re-advance, with fresh force, a few hours after;* in repulse of Beck, in recovery of Cosdorf, and a general state of *As-you-were* in that part. A sputter of Post-War, not now worth mentioning at all, — except only for one small circumstance: That in the careering and swift ordering, such as there was, on the rearguard especially, Major-General Czetteritz's horse happened to fall; whereby not only was the General taken prisoner, but his quarters got plundered, and in his luggage, — what is the notable circumstance, — there was found a small Manuscript, *Militairische Instrukzion für die Generale*, such as every Prussian General has, and is bound to keep religiously secret.** This, carried to Daun's headquarters, was duly prized, copied; and in the course of a year came to print, in many shapes and places; was translated into English, under the Title, *Military Instructions by the King of Prussia*, in 1762 (and again, hardly so well, in 1797); and still languidly circulates among the studious of our soldiers. Not a little admired by some of them; and unfortunately nearly all they seem to know of this greatest of modern Soldiers.***

Next, about a month after, we have something to

* Soyfarth, II. 655.

** Stands now in (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. 3 et seq.; was finished (the revival of it was), by the King. "2d April 1748:" see *Preuss*, I. 478-480; and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxviii. Preface, for endless indistinct details about the translations and editions of it. London Edition, 1818, calls itself the *Fifth*).

*** See, for example, in *Life of General Sir Charles Napier, by his Brother* (London, 1857), III. 365 and elsewhere, — one of the best judges in the world expressing his joy and admiration on discovery of Friedrich; discovery, if you read well, which amounts to these *Instructions*, and no more.

report of Loudon from Silesia, or rather of the Enemies he meets there; for it is not a victorious thing. But it means a starting of the Campaign by an Austrian invasion of Silesia; long before sieging time, while all these Montalembert-Soltikof pleadings and counter-pleadings hang dubious at Petersburg, and Loudon's "Silesian Army" is still only in a nascent or theoretic state, and only Loudon himself is in a practical one.

Friedrich has always Fouquet at Landshut, in charge of the Silesian Frontier; whose outposts, under Goltz as head of these, stretch, by Neisse, far eastward, through the Hills to utmost Mähren; Fouquet's own headquarter being generally Landshut, the main gate of the Country. Fouquet, long since, rooted himself rather firmly into that important post; has a beautiful ring of fortified Hills around Landshut; battery crossing battery, girdling it with sure destruction, under an expert Fouquet, — but would require 30,000 men to keep it, instead of 13,000, which is Fouquet's allotment. Upon whom Loudon is fully intending a stroke this Year. Fouquet, as we know, has strenuously managed to keep ward there for a twelve-month past; in spite, often enough, of new violent invadings and attemptings (violent, miscellaneous, but intermittent) by the Devilles and others; — and always under many difficulties of his own, and vicissitudes in his employment: a Fouquet coming and going, waxing and waning, according to the King's necessities, and to the intermittency or constancy of pressures on Landshut. Under Loudon, this Year, Fouquet will have harder times than ever; — in the end, too hard! But will resist, judge how, by the following small sample:

"Besides Fouquet and his 13,000," says my Note, "the "Silesian Garrisons are all vigilant, are or ought to be; and

"there are far eastward of him, for guarding of the Jägerndorf-Troppau Border, some 4 or 6,000, scattered about, under Lieutenant-General Goltz, in various Hills Posts, — the chief Post of which, Goltz's own, is the little Town of Neustadt, northward of Jägerndorf" (where we have billeted in the Old Silesian Wars): "Goltz's Neustadt is the chief; and Leobschütz, south-westward of it, under 'General Le Grand'" (once the Major *Grant* of Kolin Battle, if readers remember him, 'Your Majesty and I cannot take the Battery ourselves!'), "is probably the second in importance. Loudon, cantoned along the Moravian side of the Border, perceives that he can assemble 32,000 foot and horse; that the Prussians are 13,000 *plus* 6,000; that Silesia can be invaded with advantage, were the weather come. And that, in any kind of weather, Goltz and his straggle of posts might be swept into the interior, perhaps picked up and pocketted altogether, if Loudon were sharp enough. Swept into the interior Goltz was; by no means pocketted altogether, as he ought to have been!

"*March 13th, 1760*, Loudon orders general muster hereabouts for the 15th, everybody to have two-days bread and forage; and warns Goltz, as bound in honour: 'Excellenz, tomorrow is March 14th; tomorrow our pleasant time of Truce is out,—the more the pity for both of us!' 'Yea, my esteemed neighbour Excellenz!' answers Goltz, with the proper compliments; but judges that his esteemed neighbour is intending mischief almost immediately. Goltz instantly sends orders to all his posts: 'You, Herr General Grant, you at Leobschütz, and all the rest of you, make your packages; march without delay; rendezvous at Steinau, and Upper-Glogau' (far different from Great-Glogau), 'Neisse-ward; swift!' And would have himself gone on the 14th, but could not, — his poor little Bakery not being here, nor wagons for his baggages quite to be collected in a moment, — and it was Saturday 15th, 5 A. M., that Goltz appointed himself to march.

"The last time we saw General Goltz was on the Green of Bautzen, above two years ago, — when he delivered that hard Message to the King's Brother and his party, 'You deserve to be tried by Court-martial, and have your heads cut off!' He was of that sad Zittau business of the late

"Prince of Prussia's, — Goltz, Winterfeld, Ziethen, Schmettau and others. Winterfeld and the Prince are both dead; Schmettau is fallen into disaster; Goltz is still in good esteem with the King. A stalwart, swift, flinty kind of man, to judge by the Portraits of him; considerable obstinacy, of a tacitly intelligent kind, in that steady eye, in that droop of the eyebrows towards the strong cheek-bones; plenty of sleeping fire in Lieutenant-General Goltz.

"His principal force, on this occasion, is one Infantry Regiment; *Regiment Manteuffel*: — readers perhaps recollect that stout Pommern-Regiment, Manteuffel of Foot, and the little Dialogue it had with the King himself, on the eve of Leuthen: 'Good night, then, Fritz! Tomorrow all dead, or else the Enemy beaten.' Their conduct, I have heard, was very shining at Leuthen, where everybody shone; and since then they have been plunging about through the death-element in their old rugged way, — and reëmerge here into definite view again, under Lieutenant-General Goltz, issuing from the north end of Neustadt, in the dim dawn of a cold spring morning, March 15th, 5 A. M.; weather latterly very wet, as I learn. They intend Neisse-way, with their considerable stock of baggage-wagons; a company of Dragoons is to help in escorting: party perhaps about 2,000 in all. Goltz will have his difficulties this day; and has calculated on them. And, indeed, at the first issuing, here they already are.

"Loudon, with about 5,000 horse, — four Regiments drawn up here, and by and by with a fifth (happily not with the grenadiers, as he had calculated, who are detained by broken bridges, waters all in flood from the rain), — is waiting for him, at the very environs of Neustadt. Loudon, by a trumpet, politely invites him to surrender, being so outnumbered; Goltz, politely thanking, disregards it, and marches on: Loudon escorting, in an ominous way; till, at Buchelsdorf, the fifth Regiment (best in the Austrian service) is seen drawn out across the highway, plainly intimating, 'No thoroughfare to Goltz and Pommern. Loudon sends a second trumpet: 'Surrender prisoners; honourablest terms; keep all your baggage: refuse, and you are cut down every man.' 'You shall yourself hear the answer,' said Goltz. Goltz leads this second trumpet to the front; and, in Pommern dialect, makes known what General Loudon's proposal

"is. The Pommerners answer, as one man, a No of such emphasis as I have never heard; in terms which are intensely vernacular, it seems, and which do at this day astonish the foreign mind: 'We will for him something, *Wir wollen ihm was* —' But the powers of translation and even of typography fail; and feeble paraphrase must give it: 'We will for him *something ineffable concoct*,' of a surprisingly contrary kind! '*Wir wollen ihm was*' (with ineffable dissyllabic verb governing it)! growled one indignant Pommerner; 'and it ran like fire along the ranks,' says Archenholtz; everybody growling it, and bel- lowing it, in fierce bass chorus, as the indubitable vote of Pommern in those circumstances.

"Loudon's trumpet withdrew. Pommern formed square round its baggage; Loudon's 5,000 came thundering in, fit to break adamant; but met such a storm of bullets from Pommern, they stopped about ten paces short, in considerable amazement, and wheeled back. Tried it again, still more amazement; the like a third time; every time in vain. After which, Pommern took the road again, with vanguard, rearguard; and had peace for certain miles, — Loudon gloomily following, for a new chance. How many times Loudon tried again, and ever again, at good places, I forget, — say six times in all. Between Siebenhufen and Steinau, in a dirty defile, the jewel of the road for Loudon, who tried his very best there, one of our wagons broke down; the few to rear of it, eighteen wagons and some country carts, had to be left standing. Nothing more of Pommern was left there or anywhere. Near Steinau there, Loudon gave it up as desperate, and went his way. His loss, they say, was 300 killed, 500 wounded; Pommern's was 35 killed, and above 100 left wounded or prisoners. One of the stiffest day's works I have known: some twelve miles of march, in every two an attack. Pommern has really concocted something surprising, and kept its promise to Loudon! 'Thou knowest what the Pommerners can do,' said they once to their own King. An obstinate, strong-boned, heavy-browed people; not so stupid as you think. More or less of Jutish or English type; highly deficient in the graces of speech, and, I should judge, with little call to Parliamentary Eloquence." *

* Preuss, ii. 241 incorrect in some small points); Archenholtz, ii. 61;

Friedrich is, this Year, considered by the generality of mankind to be ruined: "Lost 60,000 men last Campaign; was beaten twice; his luck is done; what is to become of him?" say his enemies, and even the impartial Gazetteer, with joy or sorrow. Among his own people there is gloom or censure; hard commentaries on Maxen: "So self-willed, high, and deaf to counsel from Prince Henri!" Henri himself, they say, is sullen; threatening, as he often does, to resign "for want of health;" and as he quite did, for a while, in the end of this Campaign, or interval between this and next.

Friedrich has, with incredible diligence, got together his finance (copper in larger dose than ever, Jew Ephraim presiding as usual); and, as if by art-magic, has on their feet 100,000 men against his enemy's 280,000. Some higher Officers are secretly in bad spirits; but the men know nothing of discouragement. Friedrich proclaims to them at marching, "For every cannon you capture, 100 ducats; for every flag, 50; for every standard (cavalry flag), 40;" — which sums, as they fell due, were accordingly paid thenceforth.* But Friedrich, too, is abundantly gloomy, if that could help him; which he knows well it cannot, and strictly hides it from all but a few; — or all but D'Argens almost alone, to whom it can do no harm. Read carefully by the light of contemporary occurrences, not vaguely, in the vacant haze, as the Editors give it, his correspondence with D'Argens becomes interesting almost to a painful degree: an unaffected picture of one of the bravest human souls, weighed down with dispiriting labours and chagrins, such as

Seysfarth, II. 640, and *Bejlogen*, II. 657-660; *Tempelhof*, IV. 8-10; in *Anonymous of Hamburg* (IV. 68), the Austrian account.

* *Stenzel*, v. 236, 237; *ib.* 243.

were seldom laid on any man; almost beyond bearing, but incurable, and demanding to be borne. Wilhelmina is away, away; to D'Argens alone of mortals does he whisper of these things; and to him not wearisomely, or with the least prolixity, but in short sharp gusts, seldom now with any indignation, oftenest with a touch of humour in them, not soliciting any sympathy, nor expecting nearly as much as he will get from the faithful D'Argens.

"I am unfortunate and old, dear Marquis; that is "why they persecute me: God knows what my future is "to be this Year! I grieve to resemble Cassandra with "my prophecies; but how augur well of the desperate "situation we are in, and which goes on growing "worse? I am so gloomy today, I will cut short."... "Write to me when you have nothing better to do; "and don't forget a poor Philosopher who, perhaps to "expiate his incredulity, is doomed to find his Purgatory in *this* world."* . . . To another Friend, in the way of speech, he more deliberately says: "The difficulties I had, last Campaign, were almost infinite: "such a multitude of enemies acting against me; Pomern, Brandenburg, Saxony, Frontiers of Silesia, "alike in danger, often enough all at one time. If I "escaped absolute destruction, I must impute it chiefly "to the misconduct of my enemies; who gained such "advantages, but had not the sense to follow them up. "Experience often corrects people of their blunders: "I cannot expect to profit by anything of that kind, "on their part, in the course of this Campaign:" judge if it will be a light one, *mon cher*.**

* (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xix. 138, 139 ("Freyberg, 20th March 1760").

** To Mitchell, one evening, "Camp of Schlettau, May 23d" (Mitchell II. 159).

The symptoms we decipher in these Letters, and otherwise, are those of a man drenched in misery; but used to his black element, unaffectedly defiant of it, or not at the pains to defy it; occupied only to do his very utmost in it, with or without success, till the end come. Prometheus, chained on the Ocean-cliffs, with the New Ruling-Powers in the upper hand, and their vultures gradually eating him; dumb Time and dumb Space looking on, apparently with small sympathy: Prometheus and other Titans, now and then, have touched the soul of some Æschylus, and drawn tones of melodious sympathy, far heard among mankind. But with this new Titan it is not so: nor, upon the whole, with the proper Titan, in this world, is it usually so; the world being a — what shall we say? — a poorish kind of world, and its melodies and dissonances, its loves and its hatreds, worth comparatively little in the long-run. Friedrich does wonderfully, without sympathy from almost anybody; and the indifference with which he walks along, under such a cloud of sulky stupidities, of mendacities and misconceptions, from the herd of mankind, is decidedly admirable to me.

But let us look into the Campaign itself. Perhaps, — contrary to the world's opinion, and to Friedrich's own when, in ultra-lucid moments, he gazes into it in the light of cold arithmetic, and finds the aspect of it "frightful," — this Campaign will be a little luckier to him than the last? Unluckier it cannot well be: — or if so, it will at least be final to him!

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PRINTING OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER.

446,660

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